

THE AUSTRALIAN
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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SYDNEY



Summer Night

BY PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

There are dreams in the tangled branches,
In the sweetly soft night air,
And melodies of the pipes o' Pan
Are echoing everywhere.

And humans are breathing the star-dust
That falls from the evening sky,
And wooing the dreams from the tree-tops
Where songs of the summer sigh.

The romance of an evening garden
Is the sweetest dream of all,
When you meet your love in the shadows
Where star-dust and blossoms fall.

STORK ARRIVES ... with Australia's RICHEST BABY!

Hordern - Baillieu Millions Provide a Romantic Setting for This Little Girl

THE arrival of Australia's richest baby girl has caused a flutter of excitement among the members of two millionaire families in Australia — the famous Baillieus, of Melbourne, and the equally famous Horderns, of Sydney.

Crowds of relatives and friends in every State... heir to a family whose joint business interests represent a capital of £25,000,000... has any Australian baby ever had the background which this child will have? That old saying, "Born with a silver spoon in its mouth," seems but a feeble description of the wealth and power which circumstances, it seems, must confer upon her.

THE natural comradeship that exists between mothers has nothing whatever to do with income, and sympathy and goodwill are the dominant notes in the widespread interest being shown, especially by women, in this event.

The infant's layette, probably the most elaborate ever prepared for an Australian baby, contains all the lovely wee garments which are such a delight to every woman's heart. The spacious home which is to be built for the parents when completed will contain everything the heart of a child could desire. The child's upbringing, one can be sure, will be on the most modern lines.

Baby Will Approve!

WHEN, last April, the marriage was celebrated between Mr. Sam Hordern and Miss June Baillieu, it linked two of the most famous families in Australia—the Horderns, of New South Wales, with their century-old business interests in that State, and the equally famous Baillieus, of Victoria, whose financial interests include newspapers, mines, real estate, and other ventures.

Before their marriage both Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern were leaders of the smart young social sets in their respective States, though Mr. Hordern had not long returned from Cambridge when the

engagement was announced. He has since become a member of a Sydney firm of stock-brokers.

Sydney society still remembers the sensation caused by Mrs. Hordern, then lovely young June Baillieu, when she pioneered the beret fashion in its midst. She arrived one day, at polo, at Kensington, with a scarlet beret perched saucily on her blonde hair. So dashing did she look that, thereafter, there was a boom in berets, and within a week every society bud was sporting one of these jaunty little "tids."

Mr. Hordern, by the way, is one of the very few really flawlessly-tailored young men of Sydney. At the moment he is sponsoring, in the best Bond St. manner, the new fashion for in-offensive checks and a hat set a little off the perpendicular.

The young people, with their bright, modern outlook on life, should be very highly approved of as parents by their little daughter!

Rise to Fortune

YET, though born to such colossal wealth, this child is no more fortunate than any other Australian baby. This country, with its glorious healthy climate and immense natural resources, offers its little citizens opportunities unequalled anywhere else in the world.



A Romantic Story

THE romantic rise to fortune of both the Hordern and Baillieu families is bound up with the history and development of Australia.

The Baillieu fortunes have been amassed in the past 60 years, the founder of the family in this country having been James George Baillieu, who was once a humble lighthouse-keeper at Queenscliff, and who later entered into the hotel business.

In the past half-century huge fortunes have been amassed by the descendants of James George Baillieu, and there are few big commercial concerns in Victoria in which some member of the family is not financially interested.

The Hordern family has been associated with the business life of Sydney for well over a century.

The pioneer of the family, Anthony Hordern, came to Australia in 1811, and opened a small business in King St., Sydney.

This later developed into the huge retail emporium of Anthony Hordern and Sons, which was so successfully carried on by Samuel Hordern, grandfather of young Sam, who left an estate of £3,000,000 at his death in 1909.

MR. AND MRS. SAM HORDERN—before their marriage Mrs. Hordern was Miss June Baillieu.



He left a life interest in this huge fortune to his three sons, Sir Samuel, Anthony, and Lebbeus (deceased), and on the death of the sons the estate passes to their male issue.

The huge fortune, which has prob-

ably increased in the last years, will ultimately be divided between Sam (June Baillieu's husband), Anthony, son of Anthony Hordern (sett.), and Lebbeus, son of the late Lebbeus Hordern.



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To-day the net sales of the paper exceed 200,000 copies. Every copy sold is read by every member of the 200,000 homes into which it goes.

These figures will enable you to estimate the enormous popularity of Australia's greatest national paper.

SUCH a circulation, achieved in so short a space of time, is without parallel in Australian journalism. There are one or two newspapers in the Commonwealth that claim similar figures, but they have been in existence 30, 50, or 100 years.

The Australian Women's Weekly made its first appearance a year and eight months ago. Since then it has not looked back. Nor has the advent of imitations in the form of supplements and still more blatant copies hindered its progress. Rather it has had the opposite effect.

For the result we have to thank the loyal support and interest of readers in all the States. Their goodwill and appreciation must mean that the paper is on the right lines and supplies a public need.

Interests of women are as wide as those

of men. This paper has been first to recognise the fact. From the outset it has given space to topics of general interest, while bestowing full recognition on those matters, such as dress, hygiene, and social news, with which women are specially concerned.

Features of The Australian Women's Weekly include a special cable service giving the latest social and fashion news from overseas. This feature, conducted by Miss Muriel Segal, keeps readers in touch with what leaders of thought and of society are doing in England, Europe, and America.

Every welfare scheme of a genuine character has our support and will continue to have it. Many such schemes have inaugurated, and with the support of readers have carried to a successful issue.

On the question of woman's rights—

New Feature Bertha Maxwell's... Needlework Designs

THE wonderful original needlework designs of Bertha Maxwell are famous throughout Australia. We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the services of Bertha Maxwell exclusively for our readers. The first of her new exclusive series of needlework designs will commence in our next issue.

her rights to equality in everything pertaining to marriage, divorce, guardianship of children and social and political questions generally—this paper has stood for justice, and will always do so. It approaches all such questions without fear and without favor.

As an independent unit to the newspaper world it speaks with an independent voice. It is the product of no rich combine. It has no cliquish or capitalistic interests to serve.

In the fiction department no expense or trouble has been spared in order to give our readers the best. Australian talent has always been encouraged.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



SCREEN ARISTOCRAT.

MISS TAKAKO IRIYE is the undisputed queen of film stardom in Japan. As her real name, Miss Hideko Higashi Bejoh, indicates to the initiated, Miss Iriye comes from an old aristocratic family. She spent her early girlhood in her father's official residence in the Imperial Castle Palace.

She is unusually tall for a Japanese woman, and is in her early twenties.

She enjoys a unique place in the world of the cinema, for, as well as acting, she presides over the Iriye film productions, which she owns and operates.

Japanese girls consider Miss Iriye the ideal modern Nippon girl.



—Dickinson-Montclair.

ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES.

MISS AVIS CHAPMAN, of Burnside, South Australia, is expert in the art of illuminating. She has done some very fine pieces of work, including two beautifully-penned addresses, which were presented to the late Archbishops of Melbourne and Adelaide.

Some years ago an exquisite specimen of her work won first prize in the All-Australian Women's Exhibition of Work.

Miss Chapman, who is an English woman, has lived in Australia for many years, and is well known in artistic and musical circles in Adelaide. She has produced many plays, and is an elocutionist of well-known professional standard.



—Joseph Lusk.

TENNIS COUNCILLOR.

MRS. ROLAND CONWAY, a member of the council of the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association, was instrumental in 1928 in obtaining representation for women on the governing body of the association. She and two colleagues are the only women representatives of such a body in the world.

A member of the first international women's tennis team in 1925, and for many years a State championship representative, Mrs. Conway was also one of the prime movers in bringing the recent English women champions to Australia—a venture which was an outstanding success.

At present Mrs. Conway is trying to interest the council in the proposition of an International Cup, similar to the Davis Cup, for women players.

IT TAKES a Frenchman TO READ a Woman's SMILES

Each One of Them Has a Subtle Inner Meaning

ANDRE BIRABEAU, a celebrated French writer, is responsible for this charming essay on "Smiles," which we publish... translated from the French!



1.



4.



5.

IF I had to choose a profession other than mine, says Andre Birabeau, I believe that I would ask to be a photographer. What, indeed, is a photographer? He is a man to whom the whole world smiles. What joy in only seeing people smiling! And what a pretty trade: to fix smiles!... The smile is an adornment to a face; then "Do not move! Smile!" The photographer is a kind of aesthetic surgeon.

There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful than a smile. It is pretty to look upon, agreeable to have, delicious to bring into being. It is the perfect pleasure, as good to give as to receive.

But stop! Let us distinguish quickly. There are all sorts of little drawings of the lips which call themselves smiles, and which are by no means so. There are smiles as artificial as silk, synthetic as perfumes!

There are imitation smiles and grins in the semblance of smiles! And these are not real smiles—the courteous smile which is a shield, the enigmatic smile which is a weapon, the good-humored smile, which is a mask, the smile of the dancer which is a disguise. Neither the mean smile of hypocrites, nor the yellowed smile of cowards, nor... In short, almost all smiles? Yes. One manufactures many false notes in imitating a single real one.

Smiling Eyes

THE real smile is that in which the mouth is not the only participant. It must do it in collaboration with the eyes. In a laugh the shoulders laugh, the stomach laughs, one's bosom also, the whole head, shaken, rocking; the eyebrows, the nose, the cheeks have a part in showing anger.

But the mouth and the eyes alone enter into a smile. But you must have both, for it is the brain that makes the mouth smile. It is the heart that makes the eyes smile.

And a smile is so beautiful, that it is not necessary, in order to have a pretty smile, to have a pretty mouth and pretty eyes.

But all the same there are some mouths which find it much more easy

than others to smile. Those which have the corners turned up only need quite a little movement to make them gay. Those with the corners dropped must have the full co-operation of a tender or piquant eye in order not to appear deceptive.

Countries have their smiles. The Italian smile is serious, the Spanish is lary, the Russian is cold, the American is sad, the French is mocking... In general, I mean.

When one says the word "smile," one immediately thinks of a woman. Ah! It is the women who really smile well! A woman who would not smile would not be a successful woman. While a man need never smile and still not lose his value. But there are all the same men who smile...

Women laugh at what amuses them (listen to them laughing in a theatre: all the bursts of laughter are feminine); the men smile at them.

Happy Agreement

AN ugly woman who smiles becomes less ugly; a pretty woman who laughs often becomes frightful. Laugh, however, Madame, because it is good.

Barbarians can laugh; to smile, one must be civilised.

There are some countries where everybody smiles; others where one would believe the smile is reserved for professionals; girls before the onlooker, or politicians before the camera...

A smile is the avowal of a happy agreement.

Words come out of the lips; a smile in its passage perfumes them.



SMILES
and what he
says they say!

1. The smile which says, "Just a moment, my lad, not so fast!"

2. The smile which says, "Sait-on jamais?" — a French idiom, meaning "One never knows"—or perhaps "Oh, yeah?"

3. The smile a man loves most—the one which says, "I love you!"

4. The most lovely smile of all—the smile which says in all sincerity, "I believe in you!"

5. This is the playful smile,



3.

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

FABULOUS SUM Offered for Two SEA SHELLS

Shell Museum at Cronulla
Receives Visitor from India



A left-hand chank shell—very rare indeed.

It sounds like a tall story, but an Indian visitor to Australia offered several hundred pounds the other day for two left-hand shells from Mrs. Windsor's shell museum at Cronulla, which was recently described by The Australian Women's Weekly in a pictorial article.



An ordinary, right-hand shell—very common.

life of the people of many countries, and many widely-sundered races, tribes, and castes.

When, as occasionally happens, a left-handed or sinistral chank shell is found, it usually finds its way, at whatever cost, into one of the temples of India, China, or Thibet.

They look on the shell as a protection against the powers of evil, and it plays a most important part in all ceremonies connected with marriage and death. The larger chank shells are fashioned into bangles which must be worn by every bride at her marriage.

Among worshippers of evil spirits noise was always employed from the earliest ages to scare demons they feared, and the noise most appropriate was loud blasts from the chank shell.

This custom eventually conferred a religious significance on the shell, and right throughout India, China, and Thibet the seashell is honored and held sacred.

Used at Coronations

At the coronation of great kings the chank shell is filled with holy water and used for sprinkling it on the head of the monarch to be crowned. It is also used for making a blast to call mourners to funerals, and as a libation vessel in the service of the gods.

Other stranger powers are attributed to the seashell. In the Tamil and Malabar districts water which has come into contact with a chank shell is regarded as having supernatural power, and it is credited by the natives with being a remedy against blotches, pimples, and other skin troubles.

Powdered chank shells, moistened with human milk, are extensively used as a remedy for styes on the eyelid, and in many districts the mixture is regarded as a cure for consumption. Possibly the lime of which the shells is composed has some salubrious qualities, but it would be difficult to convince the average Australian that any seashell, sinistral or otherwise, could be a panacea for all the ills of the flesh. Such, however, is the faith of many of the native tribes of Asia.



BETTY GOW, who was the Lindbergh baby's English nurse at the time of the kidnapping, photographed on her arrival in America the other week to act as witness at the trial of Richard Hauptmann, who was charged with having kidnapped the Lindbergh baby.

"Of course, it's a leg pull," everybody said, but The Australian Women's Weekly got in touch with Miss Joyce Allen, assistant conchologist at the Australian Museum, an authority on shells, and she was not at all surprised.

Apparently left-hand shells are extremely rare. There are supposed to be only about 60 of them in the world.

Miss Allen referred us to Hornell's work, "Marine Zoology," which book made it quite clear why the Indian visitor was so anxious to see Mrs. Windsor's shell museum.

It is not generally known that the ordinary sea shell is what is known as a right-handed shell, and that the sinistral or left-handed shell is one of the freaks of nature, occurring once

in every six and a quarter million shells found.

The object of the visit of the Indian visitor to the Cronulla museum, now owned by Mrs. F. Wright, was to ascertain if by any chance, Mrs. Windsor, the original collector, had managed to pick up a sinistral or left-handed shell.

An exhaustive search, extending over several days, was made of the collection, and two sinistral shells were found.

DATING back to a period thousands of years before the Christian era, the shell has always been regarded by the Hindus as sacred. The chank shell, which is found in the waters off the island of Madras, is particularly sacred, and is said to bear an intimate relationship to 100 common incidents in the ordinary

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AT THE Paris Spring OPENINGS

Important Changes in the Silhouette
Emphasise Curves

By Beam Wireless from MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special
Representative in Europe.

PARIS, February 5, 1935.

Paris spring openings reveal many interesting changes, and a strong Regency influence is discernible in the new mode.

Prophecies of the Mae West contour have not been justified. Nevertheless there is a definite emphasis being placed on curves.

ONCE again the waistline has been markedly modified. Waists are narrower and much lower. The line is accentuated by an increased width in the belts.

Very interesting, too, is the change in the shoulder treatment, which is much fuller than that of last season. All these trends have vanquished the narrow, stinky type of silhouette. As I said before, this does not mean that curves will be allowed to run riot and diet discipline may be disregarded. But it does decidedly mean a return to feminine curves and sounds the deathknell of the flat chest and snake-hip types.

This is particularly striking in the evening mode, where skirts are extremely voluminous, and important-looking fabrics, such as stiff corded silks, plain or heavily embroidered in sequins, are used.

Necks are cut very low, recalling the days of Beau Brummel, and generally imparting that Regency air which is specially noticeable in evening fashions. The décolletage is not only low at the back, but usually right round and often off the shoulders.

Plaids are much used in silks and other fabrics.

Printed Silks

ALL printed silks made a sensational comeback. For formal wear shot tafetas and corded silks are easily the first favorites.

Skirts for day wear are one inch and a quarter shorter. Except in strictly tailored garments all sleeves are short and cut in one with the shoulder. They are gathered very full just below the elbow.

Many capes, jackets, and plaid waistcoats are featured. Favorite colors include green, red, and mustard yellow

for day wear, and for evening all the delicate moonlit pastel shades. Hats which are off the face are mostly bonnet shapes.

BACKWARD GIRL Has Unique BRAIN

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special
Representative in Europe

A most extraordinary discovery has set London wondering who are nit-wits and who have genius.

A POOR girl recently had a severe nervous breakdown and was taken to the Institute of Medical Psychology. She suffered from acute "anxiety hysteria," possessed little or no memory, and seemed decidedly dull-witted.

She was treated and cured. Moreover, she passed the intelligence tests so easily that she was given more and more difficult examinations till at length it was proved that she possessed one of the most brilliant brains in Britain, equal to or even surpassing a University professor's.

One of the principals of the Institute said: "It would be shameful to allow so brilliant a brain to be wasted, and at the moment we are considering how we can best fit her for a position in which her intelligence would be of value. Finance is the main obstacle. She is a working girl, and in very poor circumstances, and cannot afford to devote her time to training, which, in itself, would be expensive."

"Her case is unique. The marks she obtained in our tests were amazing. The average person obtains 120 or 130 marks in these tests. Only 0.02 per cent. of the people tested get more than 180, but she scored 175."

Victorian Family ROBINSON

Our Enthralling New Serial

By BEATRICE
GRIMSHAW



Illustrated
by WEP

CHAPTER 1

IFE was good in those days.

They were wonderful days. Steam had been discovered, and had transformed the earth, doing away with distance, and welding into one harmonious family the whole of human kind (they said).

Of course there had been the Crusades, and the Muffins, both somewhat discouraging. But there had been two Great Exhibitions since, and what with the exhibitions, and with the soon-to-be-opened Suez Canal, and steam (wonderful thing steam, sir, and only in its infancy yet) it seemed quite plain that the Golden Age, the reign of everlasting plenty and of peace, was here (they said).

Nobody doubted anything. The Vicar, the Divine Right of Kings, the Secret of England's Greatness, the Position of the Landed Gentry—everything was set, safe, and stable; fit to last for another five hundred years (they said).

In those days, days were long. Nobody minded that; people liked to have plenty of space and time in which to turn around; hours and hours for doing nothing, busily or idly. Girls at home, cheerfully spent half a day writing the notes, and doing the flowers. Mamma "saw the cook," went to the pantry with a jingling bunch of keys, and gave out the stores. That was housekeeping.

The pantry, high and cool, was provisioned as if for a siege; with five whole miles to town, telephones and motors still undreamed of, one had to look ahead. There were presses and presses, shelves and shelves, drawers, glasses, china jars; tantalising, these last, with their legends, black and plain—raisins, currants, candied peel, almonds, crystallised sugar, and twenty more, some of them deceiving, such as arrowroot, which was desert plums, and barley, sugared cherries; you had found out all about that on the happy

"Adeline involved in scandal; talked about (horror!) with a married man!"

day when Mamma forgot the keys; the happy day that was to end in storms, slaps, and Gregory's abhorred powder. . . .

GIVING things out—that was Mamma's work, besides the pretty sewing work she did, piercing holes in fine linen and sewing them up again; creating wreaths of roses on a tambour frame. Mamma was not idle. Provisions for the family to be given out, provisions for the servants (nobody called them maids in those days), inferior, of course, to the family provisions, but quite good enough (just think what they are accustomed to in their own horrid homes; and I give you my word some of them actually expect puddings, and won't eat good cold meat for dinner!)

Laundry to be given out; Mamma, with a servant to help, checked that, because one never knew, and anyhow, you should not lead people into temptation; think what comes of a taste for fluff! Laundry to be taken back, all the multitudinous frilled chemises, and hole-and-silletto worked drawers, and petticoats, and petticoats, three or four worn at once, piles and piles of them in the baskets. Count them all; do not tempt Mary Ann with one stray lace-frilled skirt; only ladies can wear these things, and yet remain morally pure.

All this Mamma did, and also gave orders for the carriage when required. Papa gave orders for the "machine," called by some people a governess. It was not a machine, and it never carried governesses; it carried Papa to church and back, and about the parish. Papa was the Vicar. The carriage was a brougham; it cost two hundred and fifty pounds, and weighed perhaps half a ton.

The "machine" you could have pur-

chased for fifty pounds; it was light and handy, with two sidewise seats, on which you sat as the end man of the Christy Minstrels used to sit, or as ladies of the day sat on a horse. It was bright yellow, and very neat. It never sprang going up hills, as the "carriage" did, and it did not smell heavily of leather and stuffing and wool-mat dye. But you could not go calling in a "machine"; a mere cob drew it, and cobs were hardly decorous.

Visitors came in carriages; you could hear them a long way off, rumbling on the road and crashing on the avenue, making a last-minute rush at seven or eight miles an hour. When Mamma heard visitors, she stepped to the Venetian mirror, set straight her lace and ribbon cap, spread her huge skirts becomingly, and waited, with a company smile upon her lips.

Ladies awoke into the hall, heads up, spines flexed in the fascinating Grecian Bend. Gentlemen paced after, fine with floating whiskers and white waistcoats, trousers of Dundreary check, large gold watchchains, jewelled links and pins. Refreshments (delightful word) were handed round; at three in the afternoon everyone parloked (and that was also a delightful word, leisurely, delicate as the days that gave it birth) of port and sherry, with plum-cake and seedcake, each indissolubly wedded to its proper partner. No one, of course, parloked of seedcake with port, or drank sherry while eating plum.

Afterwards, one talked, for hours and hours. The horses were taken out. The coachmen and groom had bread and beer in the kitchen. In the kitchen they talked. Everyone talked. No doubt the horses talked in the stable, where they, too, were partaking of refreshments of oats and water, until John and James came in, slapped them on the flank, told them to "come up

Romance and Comedy

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW, masterly spinner of South Sea yarns, makes the utmost of her ingeniously-woven story of castaways on a South Sea isle. The novel palpitates with romance and rocks with comedy. Tragedy stalks the pages, and is caught by "Laughter holding both his sides."

REV. JAMES ROBINSON, widower and model of mid-Victorian propriety, has two beautiful daughters, ELEANOR, the elder, is handsome and conventionally-minded; ADELINE, the younger, is timid, clinging, frail, and romantic.

There is a furore in the household when Adeline falls in love with a dashing cavalry officer who is MARRIED! The vicar receives an appointment to an Australian bishopric and sails with his girls "out of harm's way!" They are cast away on a remote South Sea island with LADY GILLHARD, wife of the Governor-General of Australia, CHARLIE CHAINE, the very same cavalry officer whom Adeline so indiscreetly loved, brawny sailorman BUZACOTT, and MR. and MRS. GERALD BLACK. Mr. Black is a champion runner.

A boatload of amazing, English-speaking men—themselves descendants of castaways and suffering, in their island Paradise, from an acute shortage of Eves—is an unusual dramatic touch.

there," and "get over," and took them out to be harnessed.

The visitors went away, bowing fast, with a great noise of wheels, down an avenue that had been carefully bordered with white stones, and finished with white-painted gateposts for the good of any late dinner guest who might find the driving a little difficult, going home at night. And when everyone was gone, Mamma and the girls sat down again, and talked the whole thing over. . . .

IN those days, springs and summers were longer, warmer; winters brighter and colder—ask anyone who still survives. Roads were not yet blacktopped and manacled; you knew when spring was coming, because highways suddenly

grew white, and carts sounded rattling, a long way off, and above the hedges bright with buds of children's "bread-and-cheese," pale, heartening puffs of dust began to rise. People used to like this pleasant dust of spring. They said it made them feel cheerful. And no one, yet, had heard the word "bacteria."

In those days, life was long. The Queen was on the throne, had been forever, and forever would be. Everyone in one's own immediate set was good; nobody was divorced and married couples were always supposed to be happy. All men were brave and noble, all women (ladies, rather) were gentle and pure. That was the creed; at your peril you denied any part of it.

Please turn to Page 28

ROMANCE Comes BACK

Illustrated
... by ...
FISCHER

ADRIAN... the world's perfect lover and the idol of thousands of girls!



ALL along Neuville's sunnier beaches, through the multitude of hotels, from the cheap pensions on the outer fringes of the town, to the heart of the glittering, gigantic Hotel Royale, there ran a flutter and stir of excitement and expectation. Page boys polished their buttons, chambermaids had their hair rewaved, chic women hurried out to buy even more chic clothes, and in everyone's mind there blossomed the thought: "Perhaps I'll be the one that he'll notice. Perhaps this is going to be the turning point of my whole life..."

In the Hotel Royale, the best suite was being put in order, for it was to be occupied for three whole weeks by Adrian Kildare, the film idol of millions; Adrian, the superb-figured, laughing-eyed, golden-voiced Irishman who had become the World's Perfect Lover and whose new picture, "As Ye Sow," was to be made entirely on the Riviera.

The entire company was to stay at the Hotel Royale during the shooting of the film, and there were yachts and cars and aeroplanes chartered for their use awaiting them.

Toni Saville, standing on the hotel terrace, felt a queer, cold shiver run down her back, in spite of the heat of the sun. To be actually on the point of staying in the same hotel as Adrian; to see him in the flesh, perhaps—more than perhaps—almost certainly to meet him—it left her feeling limp and feeble, mentally and physically.

How many times in her silly, fantastic, secret dreams had she rehearsed just such a meeting, what he would say to her and she to him, how they would recognise instantly in each something that they had missed and longed

Complete
Short Story
By --
**Margaret
Ferguson**

vently. "I hoped you'd say that. I rather thought it myself. Besides, so many wear green and not so many yellow. It's not everyone's complexion that can stand it, is it?"

Parky glanced up at the softly brown and rose face above her and smiled very faintly.

"No," she said. "I think you'll be the only person who'll dare to wear yellow."

She bent her head over the page again and drew a neat red line under a word.

"Oh, Parky!" Toni said. "I wish I didn't feel all curdled inside—as though I might be sick. Excitement always makes me feel like that. Does it you?"

Parky smoothed down a strand of smooth brown hair that the warm breeze had lifted out of its orderliness.

"No, I can't say that it does," she said gravely. "But then I've got nothing to be excited about. I'm not likely even to see this wonder man, much less come within speaking distance of him. And if I did I'm afraid it wouldn't mean anything very much to me."

Toni was powdering her nose meditatively, but she put the puff down and stared at Parky incredulously.

"Do you mean to say, Parky, that you aren't thrilled at the idea of seeing Adrian Kildare in the flesh?"

"Not at all," Parky said calmly. "I've never even seen him on the screen. I never go to films."

"You're marvellous," Toni perched on the balustrade. "You're so utterly calm and cool and—settled. Don't you ever get sick of governesses stupid kids like Leila, and long for—for romance and adventure? Don't you ever want your whole life to turn inside out and upside down, Parky?"

Miss Parkins sharpened the point of a pencil tidily. When she bent her head, her long, thick brown lashes that were quite straight made soft fringes of shadow on her pale cheeks.

"I can't say that I ever do," she answered. "I'm very lucky. I'm in a good job, doing work that I like—what more can I expect? I'm comfortable and safe—and when you get to my age, Toni, that's what matters most in life, I suppose."

"Your age! You talk as though you were an old woman of sixty or so!"

Toni lit a cigarette and swung her slim legs. "How old—"

But her question was cut short by Parky getting up briskly with a pile of exercise books under her arm. "It's time for Leila's bath. Excuse me, Toni!"

SHE went across the terrace and disappeared into the hotel. Toni sat still for a little while, her thoughts distracted from her own seething excitement. She was thinking about Mary Parkins. A mysterious person, Parky, when one came to think of her as a human being, not as a very efficient and smoothly running machine. A young woman—in spite of the way she talked. She couldn't be a day more than twenty-six or seven, and when one looked at her carefully one saw that she was extremely pretty in a cool, ivory-white and smoky-brown way.

Could she be content with this life that she led, sunk in a deep rut of governing?

Didn't she ever rebel, ache for something more?

How could she go on and on with nothing in view but endless years of the same job, with no rebellions, no dreams, no escape. She must be only half alive.

And then a slim, white-sailed yacht glided gracefully across the glittering blue-and-gold water and Parky was blotted clean out of her mind, and the whole world was full of only one vast,

throbbing expectation—Adrian Kildare.

Toni wore her yellow frock that night, very slim and tight in the bodice, very full and fluttery round the knees. She wore a gold Alice-in-Wonderland hair bandeau and little gold studs in her ears, and her grey eyes looked enormously wide and clear. There was a gala dance in the hotel that night, and the Lamonds gave a party for it, but Toni slipped out round about midnight and went down alone on to the terrace.

She was tired of dancing and talking to completely ordinary and unimportant young men. Out here it was cool and silent and blue and silver, and she sat on the balustrade and looked at the harbor and thought: "I wonder if he's arrived? I expect he has and went to bed. I expect he hates all the publicity and fuss everyone makes. I'm sure he's a very simple person inside who likes old pipes and bedroom slippers and is scared of strange, gushing young women. If—if I meet him, I won't scare him—"

"Lovely out here, isn't it? Would you think me terribly impertinent if I offered you a cigarette and shared the view with you?"

It was a wonder that she didn't fall over the edge of the terrace with panic and amazement. But she didn't. She took the cigarette out of the gold case and lit it at the gold lighter and smiled.

"Of course not, Mr. Kildare. Yes, I do know who you are, but I'm not

Toni and her partner, strolling romantically in the moonlight, walked right into Adrian Kildare, the glamorous lover, the film idol, absorbed in the business of kissing his own wife.

going to ask you to give me a chance as your next leading lady or whether you think I've got a film face. I should hate to act, anyhow."

Adrian Kildare laughed and seated himself beside her.

"Well, I feel safe with you," he said gaily. "I won't even offer you an autographed photo. In fact, we'll both forget that I'm a film star and pretend that I'm just an ordinary human being. Is that a bargain?"

Toni lifted long, curved lashes and smiled softly.

"That suits me!"

"Then let's go in and dance."

PARKY, sitting on the terrace under the huge gay umbrella, looked down at the bathing beach and the cocktail terrace with a faint frown creasing her smooth forehead. All those gaudy colors and extravagantly shaped garments, bell-bottomed trousers, handkerchief bodices, striped shorts and bathing dresses—they made one's head ache a bit. She wore pale grey linen with a demure white spotted muslin collar and a soft black bow tied under it, and her hair was brushed down till it shone in its smoothness.

She never wanted to see orange or jade green again.

Please turn to Page 30

By a Girl of 17

Nobody Loves Me

Nobody loves me, and Nobody wants me,
Nobody calls me his own,
Nobody tells me he can't do without me.
Kneels in delight at my throne,
Nobody cares if I'm wistful and lonely.
Nobody's ready to jest,
Willing to comfort and soothe me in sorrow,
Pillow my head on his breast,
Nobody's eager to tell me he loves me.
Sad with despair when we part,
Happy am I in a world of my dreaming,
For Nobody's captured my heart.
YVONNE WEBB.

for all their lives. He especially would feel that. Because one could see at once in his acting, underneath the laughter and gaiety, something wistful and lonely, something that wanted sympathy and understanding. One felt that he had suffered—still did, in spite of all his fame and glamor.... It couldn't be true that this very evening, before she went to bed, she would have seen him, that he would have become real to her.

"Parky," she said, "which do you think suits me best, yellow or green?" Miss Parkins, who was governess to Toni's ten-year-old sister, looked up from the French exercise she was correcting and studied Toni for a careful moment before she answered:

"The yellow. It brings out the yellow in your hair. Green dulls it."

"Bless you, Parky!" Toni said fer-

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

Youth to Youth

She was beautiful and romantic... He was young, and madly in love with her, but... She had a husband!



BUT, darling, if we have Peggy out here she'll make me look so old! A daughter of seventeen.

Lillian Parquar, with that sort of still vitality that is like the reflection of a flame on smooth water, smiled at her husband in the long cane chair at her side.

Fair hair waved smoothly about her serene face, where care and shady hats or lowered lights held the brand of time successfully at bay.

Hubert Parquar's gaze was fixed out beyond the hanging fern baskets, past the rhododendrons of their compound and the gulf beyond them, on the line of the eternal snows, glittering blue and amethyst in the sunset.

He was an immense Englishman, with that sort of humorous, frosty face which is more charming than the blonde beauty of an Adonis.

"But she'd love it so," he protested, drawing together eyebrows which grew straight out away from his forehead into two mobile, brisk little horns.

"And we'd give her such a good time. Have half the station head over heels in love with her at once."

Lillian was wise enough to be able to smile to herself.

"And her mother would be a back number!" she supplemented.

Hubert Parquar guffawed.

"You're not going to make me jealous of young Sherring, old lady. Cheeky young monkey, makin' love to my wife!"

"Don't you dare laugh at Tony."

"Dear heart, I'll treat him as seriously as you do. What would all our little sub-lutes do without you to get 'em through the pangs of first love? You've been applauding his polo this evening, I suppose?"

She nodded. "And you?"

"I was sweating like a pig at my work while my wife flirted with the whole station."

My Favorite Poem

Counsel to Girls

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles
to-day,

To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,

The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;

But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times will succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,

And while ye may, go marry;

For having lost but once your prime,

You may for ever tarry.

—By R. Herrick.

Sent by L. B. Chapman, 520
Forest Rd., Fenshurst, N.S.W.

"Darling,"

He patted her hand. "Only teasing."

Their eyes met in perfect understanding.

"Well, I must go and change. Tony's coming to dinner. You've remembered?"

"Not likely to forget anyone who turns up every day," he chaffed her.

"And what about Peggy?"

"Oh, we'll have her out some time. She ought to taste a finishing school first," she dismissed him.

LILLIAN had cocktails ready on the verandah by the time Sherring arrived.

"Hubert is always late," she apologized. "What's yours?"

He stood, a very stiff and straight young soldier, while she concentrated on the drinks, his serious young eyes on her face, one hand on the back of a chair, the other chinking keys in his pocket.

She looked up and caught his stare. "Hot in evening kit for us," he stammered, bringing out a handkerchief to wipe his suddenly flushing face. "And you look so cool in that green thing, Lillian."

"She was cool. She looked like a long, cool drink. She saw his fingers take hold of the cocktail and he glared at something to do."

He was a very fair, slim boy... so young that the only woman who wrote to him was his mother. But India would make rather a splendid man of him, thought Lillian. It would square him out and cook him brown.

"Put up a shocking game to-day," he apologized.

"My dear, I thought you were wonderful."

He threw her a grateful look.

They all said he could play polo. Lillian had never seen him play well. When he knew she was there he

By
**NORAH
BURKE**

fumbled his shots, swore at first under his breath, and afterwards, our loud, flushing hotly with anger and disappointment.

Sitting among the men, and even the women who had crowded round her at the club that afternoon, Lillian had watched the game. None of those people knew her daughter was seventeen.

"My little girl," she had always been used to saying.

The club would boil over with thrill and astonishment if she produced a young woman as her daughter now...

...but she would be expected not to dance at their hops with the "sub-lutes" any more, and to play bridge instead.

Tony was speaking. "Awfully good of you to ask me again to-night, Lillian. What about your... what about your husband?"

Hubert brought the word out with venom.

"What about him?"

"He won't mind?"

"Mind? Why should he? He likes visitors."

Hubert appeared then to cover Tony's sudden embarrassment...

Sherring treated him at dinner with respect, but Lillian saw the veiled surges behind it. Most visitors laughed... at Hubert's face, if not at his jokes.

AFTERWARDS they sat on the verandah in the warm, sapphire dusk, watching lights blossoming on the surrounding hills and in the deep, shadow-drowned valleys.

In spite of the appeal in his wife's eyes, Hubert Parquar left her alone, with Sherring.

"I've just got to get a few papers into order before the morning, darling. If you'll excuse me, Sherring..."

He winked at his wife, but she did not see it.

"Cigarette?" Lillian offered her guest. The twilight was being very kind to her pale beauty, as her extravagantly large hat had been that evening at the club.

"Thanks. For you?" He leant over her to light it. The match so close made his eyes look smouldering. Lillian managed her cigarette as deftly as court coquettes used to manage their fans... a sort of frail shield.

"Tell me," she said quickly, "about yourself, Tony. Have you any parents, brothers, or sisters at home?"

"Where do they live? I know so little about you."

"No brothers and sisters. And only a mother," he told her.

Lillian felt a flood of sympathy for that mother. Peggy was an only child, too, and all these thousands of miles away.

"No one but your mother. Tell me about her."

"She's rather marvellous," he admitted. "And, of course, she's just living for the day when I go home again. Now I come to think of it, she's rather like you."

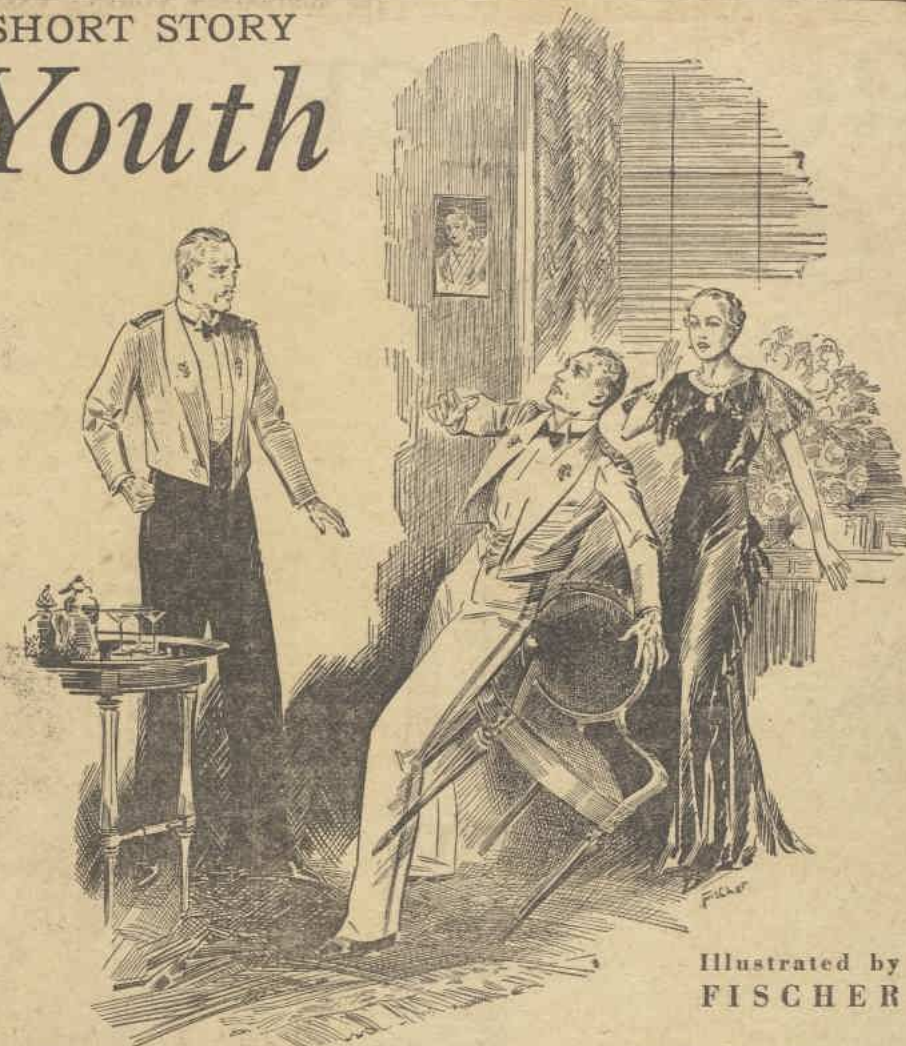
"I expect she looked just as marvellous as you do when she was younger."

"And the girl friend?" Lillian prompted hurriedly.

He swung his gaze round at her like a revolver.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Sometimes it helps to tell someone about it. So many men out here,



Hubert let him go and the boy reeled back against a chair.

young like you, who haven't got enough to get married on, are breaking their hearts over a girl at home."

"There isn't a girl at home," Briefly.

"I'm glad. It's..."

"Glad?" he threw back at her and drew in his breath.

"It's nice to be young and free to fall in love."

"I'm not free," he said shortly through set teeth, as if she had touched a wound.

Lillian turned her head away so that he should not see the grimace she could not help making, just as she could not help it when she had gulped down a dose of quinine. She thought, "God-fathers, I'll kill Hubert when I get him alone!"

"She called out, 'Darling, can't you leave the old papers till morning?' and moved to get up and fetch him. Sherring caught her arm."

"No—wait!" in a whisper as hot and dark as the night. "I've got to talk to you. Please, Lillian. It may be the only chance I'll get. I'll tell you about the girl friend."

His urgency communicated itself from him to her like an electric spark leaping between twin points.

"All right, Tony." With fingers almost steady she held her cigarette between them, a small, forbidding fire.

"Tell me."

"At Woolwich most of the other chaps had girls," he began abruptly.

"I didn't. I thought about it a lot,

with a married woman, but I couldn't go!"

He sat leaning forward now, fists clenched on his knees and staring out at the dusky mountains with their glittering lights. His voice was hard and brittle, cracking as easily as glass under pressure.

"Suddenly there was a harsh sob in it. 'Oh God, Lillian, if you weren't married...'"

"Hush!" she cried, startled by his violence.

"It's no use saying hush to me," fiercely. "You've got to hear it all now. If I were rich I'd win you yet, but nobody has any money till they're old. I'd never rest till I'd married you. Yes, I would marry you. We're not slaves these days. There's divorce. But I'd get turfed out, I suppose, and I couldn't even offer you my pay then. That's why I'm going to leave you alone... if I can."

She could see his mouth working. The words that came out were distorted.

"If you knew what hell this is. I can't sleep thinking of you. I can't work or even play polo. When you're not there I'm counting the hours until we meet again, and imagining you in his arms. And then when I do see you it only makes everything worse, because I want you... to kiss..."

After a moment he went on again, "You're wasted married to a man twice your age. I could give you love and

away she could hear Hubert whistling cheerfully out of tune. Hubert wanted Peggy out here as soon as possible, Lillian winced. Her youth was going. With Peggy's arrival it would be gone.

Suddenly she felt the white-hot, freezing terror of age.

This might be the last time a young man would quiver before her with passion making violent his words. Wasn't she entitled to a last fling? A last adventure? Why not taste again that mad, sweet wine? Afterwards she and Hubert would retire to an English chicken farm, and build temples to comradeship.

She threw her cigarette away, half smoked.

"Tony..."

Something in her voice made him see that he had won. He caught her up into his arms hungrily.

"Lillian!"

The triumphant laugh of his had a sob in it. A madness ran in his veins. She felt it as he kissed her.

Then she heard Hubert coming, and tried to push Tony away in terror.

He held her tight, a wild, red light in his eyes.

"Let him see us! Let him! I'm going to get you from him."

He only let her go when Hubert, immense and amazed, appeared on the verandah.

There was a screaming silence.

"WELL?" Sherring threatened, chin out.

"Young fool," Hubert commented. "Why can't you behave yourself in someone else's place?"

"I won't be insulted!" Sherring cried, advancing.

The horn-like eyebrows shot up. "You insulted! My dear young sir..."

"If you were younger I'd hit you!" Sherring egged him on.

Hubert lit a cheroot. "I must ask you to leave the bungalow immediately," he countered.

"Yes. And leave you to give her hell instead of me, you... you coward."

Hubert dealt with "sub-lutes" before. He looked at his wrist. "I give you half a minute."

Sherring flung himself on the older man, a young male impassioned to fight.

Hubert's giant hands twisted him round and jerked one of his arms up behind his back, so that the color went out of Sherring's face and he threw his fair head up in agony.

"Let me go. You... you..."

"Are you going to behave?" Hubert asked him. "Or are you going to make a fool of yourself and get into a row?"

Please turn to Page 36

A Woman Finds Happiness

of course, and I used to... used to ask God to bless the woman who would one day be my wife. Although I was jealous of the good time others had, I never made any effort to take it for myself. I used to imagine telling my wife I'd never... even... kissed anyone else. I don't think men think of that as a rule so much as girls do they?"

She marvelled before the wisdom of youth.

He went on, "It was pretty foul leaving England and all that seemed to make life worth while... mother, the dogs and horses. But I thought, 'Well, they say a bachelor has a good time out East, p'raps I'll meet her there.' And I did. You don't mind listening, Lillian? It's the damndest cheek telling you, but you've got to know. I suppose I ought to have left you alone as soon as I knew I was falling in love

passion that he forgot probably before he ever knew you."

An inarticulate hurt was in her face. Hubert was only three years her senior.

Sherring did not know that if Hubert had forgotten the fires of youth it was she who had once shared them with him.

"Tony, please..."

"Listen. I've not finished yet. I love you, I love you, Lillian. If you ever want me for anything I'll come. There'll always be me there. Remember that. Will you do one thing for me?"

"And that is?"

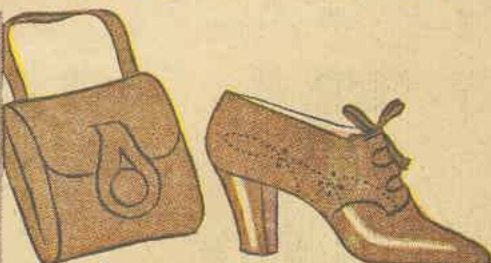
"Let me kiss you. Let me just have that one remembrance to take away with me, because I am going," savagely.

"It hurts like hell, but it's worse to stay."

He had turned towards her. Burning hands crushed her own on her lap. Par

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait, sketched by Petrov



SPORTS HAT of tan felt trimmed with quill. The accompanying bag is of tan calf, and the sports Oxfords of tan calf and suede.

PETROV



TO WEAR with a tailor or simple wool frock—court shoes of bottle-green calf, bag of green calf with monogram, and green felt hat.



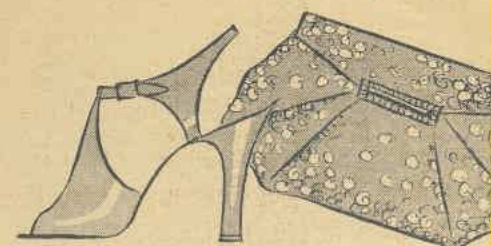
FOR AFTERNOON wear—a French model in mulberry velvet, with high crown. Bag and shoes of matching suede.



FOR FORMAL afternoon, cinema, or dinner wear—these blue accessories. High-cut shoe of crepe-de-chine, gathered bag of velvet, and Lemonnier model hat of velvet.



NAVY SATIN is allied to silver kid for these evening accompaniments. Bag has silver threads through material, and silver clasp. Satin sandals piped with kid.



THE DIRECTOIRE period inspired these high-cut blue satin evening shoes. The bag and belt are embroidered with blue sequins.



ACCESSORIES MAKE or MAR

Choose Your Shoes with an Eye on Your Hat

To be well dressed you must pay just as much attention to your accessories as you do to your frock. When you see well-dressed American and French women, you will notice that their shoes, bags, stockings, and gloves are perfect. All that is needed is a lot of thought, a little time, and—yes!—a little extravagance!

No matter how smart your dress is, it isn't going to look smart without the right accompaniments.

DIFFERENT types of clothes demand different types of accessories; the pastel wool coats and skirts and tailormades that you will wear this autumn require semi-sports shoes with high Cuban heels, stitched fabric, or washing gloves, simple leather handbags, and felt or fabric hats. With silk dresses or ensembles you will wear a high-heeled court shoe or one of the high-cut lace-ups, a suede or fabric bag, suede gloves, and the new high-crowned hats.

The style of hats has changed again. Last winter we wore low crowns and berets. This summer, crowns were so shallow as to be almost negligible. The coming autumn and winter models show a majority of high-pointed crowns. There are very high squared-off ones for the smartly gowned women, many varieties of peaked hats that can be draped to suit the individual that are much easier to wear, sports hats with brims, feathers, and conical points, which are really becoming.

shirts. They, too, have metal and crystal frames. For evening, bags may be large or small, and either flat or on a frame. They are made of satin, velvet, lame, brocade, gold and silver kid to match your shoes. They are embroidered with sequins. They do not have to match your dress, but it is smart if they do.

Shoes are as important as the frock to all well-dressed women. Above all, keep to plain shoes for day wear. Keep away from spectacular trimmings and two-tone effects. The simple court shoe is always good for every occasion except active sports—then, of course, wear a brogue or low-heeled Oxford.

This season we will see a new type of shoe. Your sports shoes, street shoes, dance shoes, and afternoon shoes all have slightly lower heels and are higher cut. Street shoes are Oxfords with many variations—in some instances they climb almost as high as the ankle. Instead of the two or three eyelet Oxford you will see the four, five and six eyelet. These shoes either lace up the centre front or up one side; they are made of suede, kid, patent and calf, and of black and brown, crepe-de-chine for cocktail and cinema and dinner wear.

These shoes have Cuban, high Cuban or narrow heels. You may think they

look "sporty," but they're being worn abroad with the most formal clothes. The usual colors—brown, black and navy-blue—have been supplemented by dark green and wine-color calf—these to wear with the new winter woollens.

The ever-smart court shoe is cut a little higher this season. See that it is not scooped out at either side. It may have a little buckle in front or a discreet piping round the edge.

For evening, the closed-in shoe is seen again. There are plenty of sandals and court shoes still, but the covered effects are newer; you will see one sketched on this page. Velvet, satin, and crepe-de-chine are the smarter fabrics with gold and silver kid often combined with satin or lame. To wear with the new brocade and metal-trimmed evening frocks shoes are often covered with the same material. Colored satin court or sandal shoes, dyed to match the dress or the sash of the dress, are still unbeatable for smartness.

Handles Are Larger

THE newest street bags are large and have handles; they are flat, pouchy, square, oblong—in fact, any shape. They have metal or crystal mounts, metal initials, large glass or silver blobs that serve as clasps. Above all, they should be big enough to hold all your gadgets such as powder, lipstick, purse, mirror, cigarette case, comb.

"The bigger, the better," seems to be the new rule for out-of-door bags. These are usually made of leather or felt. With coats and skirts and tweeds, big leather bags with no trimmings except for initials are correct, or you might have a tweed bag on a metal frame—or a felt bag to match your hat. For afternoon there are big bags, too—of suede or calf.

There are smaller bags of dark suede and antelope and velvet—a "black dress" fabric for "party" wear. They are tucked and pleated and gathered and

Shoes Are Simple

SHOES are as important as the frock to all well-dressed women. Above all, keep to plain shoes for day wear. Keep away from spectacular trimmings and two-tone effects.

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These shoes have Cuban, high Cuban or narrow heels. You may think they

Stranded Pearls ...Are Smart

THREE or four strands of pearls lying flat at the base of the throat are chic in Paris at the moment. The more strands the smaller the pearls, the fewer the larger.

Harmonious Ideas

FOR morning and spectator sports wear, to go with tweeds and coats and skirts, choose plain court shoes, two or three eyelet Oxfords, in calf or kid—both with Cuban heels and punched holes as the only trimming. For afternoon and "party" wear, again court shoes or the new high-cut shoes with high heels, in suede, calf or kid or patent.

For evening, the closed-in shoe is seen again. There are plenty of sandals and court shoes still, but the covered effects are newer; you will see one sketched on this page. Velvet, satin, and crepe-de-chine are the smarter fabrics with gold and silver kid often combined with satin or lame. To wear with the new brocade and metal-trimmed evening frocks shoes are often covered with the same material. Colored satin court or sandal shoes, dyed to match the dress or the sash of the dress, are still unbeatable for smartness.

Now! The Aeroplane Silhouette . . .



• "COMET." This appropriate name was chosen by Ronald Morrel, one of London's successful young dress designers, for the frock pictured above. The new "aeroplane" silhouette it features caused a sensation in London. The wing effects at the sides are actually slenderising, but, of course, they have to be very skillfully cut and placed.



• "MEMORIES." The romantic flavor which the Royal wedding infused into fashion is shown in this artistic hostess gown of dove-grey tulle. This Morrel model features his new "sauce-boat" neck, which is very kind to the not-so-slim.



These photographs were selected in London by MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative Abroad, and sent by Air Mail.

• THIS BEAUTIFUL formal evening gown by Lucien Lelong is in satin of an elusive grey-beige shade. A large flat bow spreads across the shoulders at the back and drops to the lower panels, where it forms a basque effect at the waist and flows into a short train. The belt is encrusted with cabochons of emeralds.

THE SAFE, EASY WAY to wave your own hair!

Save time and money . . . and avoid all risk of injury . . . by waving your hair at home! With Hinde's Wavers you can give it the real professional finish. Dainty curls, soft attractive waves . . . all are easily produced with Hinde's Wavers and Curlers.

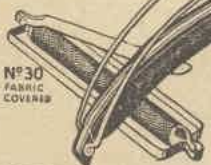


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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 9, 1935.

WINGS AND THE WAR GOD



HERE to-day. Tomorrow? London, Paris, Moscow, Cairo, Kenya, Buenos Ayres, Bethlehem? Take your choice. That is, in effect, the song of the airships of to-day.

When the pilot steps into the cockpit Time flies out of the throttle. As to distance — well, they say the chat among the passengers goes like this: "So this is India? Nice place, wasn't it?"

One of these days a plane will out-speed old mother earth and, ere to-day's sun has set, will meet to-morrow's dawn — which will be most embarrassing!

Britain is developing aviation to such an extent that the Commonwealth Government is out of breath in the mere effort of trying to keep pace with the flying-boat and aircraft news of the moment.

Our own "Smithy" is busying himself with a fifteen-hour Transaustralian mail plan. The eyes of the nations are all turned to the skies.

But many are haunted by the fear that this new King Speed may not be such a jolly old soul. If his aviator's cap becomes the helmet of Mars, it will not be at all jolly for anyone. He will flout frontiers and devour women and children and noncombatants...

Yet he has his benevolent aspects, and, given a fair chance, may prove to be the noblest Roman of them all. For he has it in his power to turn strangers into friends and so make democracy safe for the world.

For all this obliterating of distance must make for a better understanding between peoples. In the days when every range of the hills enclosed its own little kingdom, the plain-dweller was a foe and a stranger to the hill-dweller, and both loathed and dreaded the men living over the ranges.

Such physical barriers bred differences in languages and customs, which further fostered strife. To fear the stranger is natural, and imagination always peoples strange lands with giants, monsters, hobgoblins. Our enemies in the Great War committed fearful atrocities, and so, according to them, did we.

Barriers are down now. The plane has flattened the frontiers and the radio is talking in all tongues. We are next door to Calcutta and Seoul hard by Vienna. This being so, there will be a more general fraternising, and we must get to know each other better.

When we do, our war complex may be overcome. It is hard to hate people you know and practically impossible to make war on your neighbor.

King Speed thus is giving human nature a chance and so making possible that wider mutual understanding which alone can dethrone Mars forever.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Not Quite All

MR. STEVENS, Premier of N.S.W., who is not a humorist, says that "all Australia will be behind Mr. Lyons" when that fortunate politician goes to London for the King's jubilee. Of course, there is a fairly large part of Australia that will be very close behind him—so close as to be travelling on the same ship and stepping off in London from the same train.

These favored individuals, whom we are privileged as taxpayers to send to England, are important, no doubt, but they can hardly be described as "all Australia." Most of us will be so far behind Mr. Lyons and his entourage that we shall lose sight of him before he gets to the coast. Even if we were nearer it would be hard to catch a glimpse for the encompassing crowds.

A bigger proportion of Australia would be behind the Prime Minister if he made it a less expensive party.

Well, Why Not?

"SHOULD French women be enfranchised?" is the question one Paris newspaper is asking its readers. It sounds rather archaic these days. The paper apparently has no clear view of its own and wants to find out, by means of a referendum of readers, how public opinion is shaping.

The answer should be interesting, though a lot will depend on the class of people among whom the paper circulates. We are not told the name of the enterprising sheet, nor whether it is the organ of the Socialists—in which case you would expect an affirmative majority—or of the Nationalist die-hards, who correspond to readers of the London "Morning Post" and may be relied upon to register a shocked "No."

If a majority of Frenchwomen are not anxious for the vote you can explain it by the quick changes and somersaults that are part of the French political system. If voting were compulsory the charming daughters of France would spend half their time running to the polling booth.

Care Free, Sometimes!

IT is interesting to see ourselves as others see us. Sometimes it is amusing. To Major Strassman, American globe-trotter and ex-service man, we are a charming and care-free people, who have not much to do except laugh the happy hours away. "It is refreshing," he said on arrival in Australia last week, "to find a city like Sydney where everyone has the time and inclination to play."

In contradistinction, he sees America as a country where "anxiety and strain have made men and women forget how to relax and enjoy themselves." So now you know the difference between the over-strained Yank and the joyous Sydneyite. A difference as wide as the Pacific itself.

It doesn't always work out like that. Generalisations never do. There are plenty of care-free Americans, and Sydney's million and a quarter include a good half that has any amount of strain in keeping the wolf from the door. But there is something in what the visitor says.

Furniture Man's Way

A MAN who will not be popular in New Zealand, if he is ill-advised enough to return there, is Mr. E. Lachman, owner of a large furniture store in San Francisco. Mr. Lachman, who is now in Australia on a holiday visit, spent a few days in New Zealand on his way over. And being in that line of business, he looked at the furnishing of New Zealand homes. "Shabby and out-of-date" is his devastating verdict on what he saw.

This is the sort of thing that our sisters over there will resent, and have a right to resent. For artistic sense of what is becoming in a home we would back the average New Zealand housewife against any profit-seeking, globe-trotting person from the Pacific coast of America. The worst of some of these busy people is that they talk too much with too little knowledge.

FROM SUE TO LOU

At a Cost of £3000

MISS RITA MILLER, an Australian singer who has just returned from Europe, says it is unwise to tempt fortune on the other side of the world unless you have about £3000 at the back of you. Miss Miller's advice is a reminder from one who has been there that the door to artistic success in England or Europe takes a lot of time and money to open—and not many can open it at all.

Despite warning, the young man and young woman of ambition will go on "giving it a try," and not many of them will wait till they have £3000. There is really no money qualification that will help if you have not "the goods"; if you have you will not be prevented from following the gleam by the story of other people's hardships and failures.



BEATRICE GRIMSHAW, celebrated novelist at present visiting Australia, whose latest novel, "Victorian Family Robinson," starts as a serial in *The Australian Women's Weekly* this week.

—Sidney Riley photo.

"Lyric of Life"

The Later Knowledge

There is a sleep from which we never wake.
Perhaps, who knows? the sweetest sleep of all.
And yet I think shall dreams of knowledge fall
From Time's unfettered wings for sleep's sweet sake.
Knowledge that burns the unresponsive mind
With vision vaster than in life can know.
With sight no longer needed now to throw
Weakness and fear and self-contempt behind.

And in that sleep to see with dreaming eyes
The Tower of Babel we thought was fame,
And sleeping know the searing brand of shame
That once we'd lived to build those walls of lies.
Then from the sleeping dust of flesh and mind
Shall rise the soul . . . with eyes no longer blind.

P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

A Bright Girl's Letters

Dear Lou -
It isn't a question
nowadays whether
two can live as
cheaply as one -
but whether two
can live at
all!
Yours,
Sue.

Pen Sketch of a Famous Woman Novelist

Beatrice Grimshaw's Unique Experiences

Imagine travelling round the world, first class, free of charge! Beatrice Grimshaw, the celebrated novelist, whose latest book, "Victorian Family Robinson," starts as a serial in *The Australian Women's Weekly* this week, has had this unique and pleasant experience.

IT came about this way. When Miss Grimshaw was in her early twenties, the Cunard and White Star shipping companies were desperate rivals. They are now merged into one, and recently built the Queen Mary, but at that time they were competing for the growing passenger trade across the Atlantic, and the Cunard people were getting the worst of it.

In those days publicity was in its infancy, and advertising was still in an undeveloped stage.

Miss Grimshaw was engaged by the Cunard Company to travel on the big liners and pick up news about passengers and freight, thus making the name of Cunard better known to the travelling public.

Before taking on this work, she had been sporting editor of a woman's paper in Dublin, and later, editress of another woman's journal, so that she was well trained for the job.

Her efforts were so successful that the Cunard Company soon increased its business, and Miss Grimshaw acquired a reputation among shipping companies.

Later, when she wanted to travel, other shipping firms offered her free passages in return for publicity, and she went round the world for nothing!

Irish Birth

MISS GRIMSHAW, who was born in North Ireland, fell in love with the Pacific Islands at an early age, and settled in Papua.

She has lived there 30 years, and has taken part in every form of island activity, from goldmining to exploring.

She was the first white woman to ascend the notorious Fly and Sepik Rivers, and face the danger of head-hunters; to say nothing of wild animals, snakes, death-dealing insects and fever.

She claims to be the only author who has ever lived, almost a lifetime, in the Pacific, though, of course, she has travelled frequently to other parts, and has been round the world three times.

Visiting Australia, at present, to recover from an attack of malaria, Miss Grimshaw is taking an enthusiastic interest in Australian people. She thinks they all look so happy, and she is very impressed by the fine physique of the beach crowds—which, she considers, is almost the best in the world.

She has written 33 novels, among which are some well-known titles, such as "Little Red Speck," "Valley of Never Comeback," "Nobody's Island," and "Kris-Girl."

Soft spoken, and courteous, Miss Grimshaw is a gifted conversationalist, and is very sympathetic towards the interests of young people.

Living Quicker

SHE thinks that the pulse of the world has been accelerated considerably since the war.

Everything happens much more quickly except in Papua, where the old pre-war tempo goes on, with its peace and quiet, and time for making friends.

"The art of conversation has not died in the islands," says Miss Grimshaw. "People will gather together for an evening and just talk about everything. Bridge and wireless have not yet robbed people of their time for other people."

Unquestionably one of the most popular of living writers, Miss Grimshaw has won for herself a special niche for her skill in weaving South Sea romances. But of her own achievements she speaks most modestly. "I am just a spinner of yarns," she says. She writes because she likes it, and, perhaps, this is why she does it so well; so well, indeed, that many of her books have been translated into four or five different languages, and her total sales must run into very large figures.

She regrets the tendency of modern writers to explore the unpleasant and stony side of life, but she is encouraged by the attitude of the reading public which has proved, over and over again, that decent, moral books are still the world's best sellers.—P. W. L. Each.



CATCH Your Man THIS EASY WAY!

L. W. LOWER Tells
How ... and How
He Tells

I'VE got wads of IT and life is a burden to me. Women follow me around and I spend most of my waking hours fighting them off. It costs me thirty-five pounds a week for gloves.

I've even rooted up palings and sciped them on the bean, but they staggered to their feet, and, wiping the blood out of their eyes, have asked me to do it again. It naturally follows that I know something about women, I'll say!

JUDGING by the number of women who keep on monotonously throwing themselves at my feet, it seems to me that there are a lot of spare women about who don't understand the technique of man-snaring.

Once you learn the various gambits, it's easy.

For instance, ask him questions he can answer. Look up at him with those bright blue eyes and say, "What's to-day, dear?" He'll say, "Wednesday." Then you say, "Oh, darling! How clever of you! You seem to know everything!"

Fling a bit of soul into it when you're



Don't run after your man like this! Be more subtle.

getting this kind of stuff off the chest. It doesn't take long to convince him that he does know everything and he begins to wonder how that illiterate cow who wrote the "Encyclopedia Britanica" ever got

away with it. It gets a bit wearing after a while, but put up with it. Once you've got him safely married you can soon trounce all that rot out of him.

While they're only nibbling you've got to be very careful. Don't jerk at the line.

If you are out walking, don't stop at a shop window and say, "What a ducky little bedroom suite. Wouldn't it look

BY
L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

lovely with pale green curtains and fawn cushions? ... You'll scare the devil out of him and if he has any sense at all, he'll leave for another part of the country.

Straightening his tie is a good luck. Tell him while you're doing it that he's just a great, big, lovable baby. It goes down like beer. If he's living at a boarding house it's not a bad idea to darn a sock or two for him.

Before I was married I had one girl darning my socks, another doing my shirts up and another one sharing with me the chocolates her boy friend gave her. Never cost me a bean for chocolates. Of course, the inevitable showdown came, but a fat lot I cared with my nickel-plated personality.

Another thing: if you see him shift a table or anything like that, that you could do on your ear, say, "Gee, you're strong aren't you?"

It's been worked on me ever since the days when I used to smoke brown paper in the wood shed and I still fall for it.

His Moustache

THERE are a couple of tests you can make when you feel that you've got him interested. For instance you can just mention casually that you like moustaches on men. Most likely you hate the sight of them, but that doesn't matter. If you see him making a furtive attempt to grow a moustache, you're around the turn and you can dig the spurs in and go flat out for the post.

Mind you, a girl suffers a lot before she lands her man. When she feels like jumping up and down on his face she's got to look rapt and soulful and say, "Of course, dear," but once you're well away from the church with the marriage certificate tucked down in the sock, you've got him up against the ropes. It's your turn. Before you're married, when he pounds you on the back playfully he's just a big cave man. After you're married, if he does the same thing you give him in charge for assault.

These are just a few hints. I can't go into the thing fully in this limited space, but any of you girls are welcome to come up and practise on me some time. Any time.

TREAT Partners as Allies in CONTRACT

By ELY CULBERTSON, World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

THE feeling existing between two partners should be one of co-operation. The player that Fate has chosen to face you for any given rubber should be treated not as an enemy who must be out-guessed and out-manoeuvred, but as an ally who at the moment has the same mission in life as you.

However, to prove that even this rule has its exception, I saw a most unusual incident take place the other day. The South player, as a result of having made a shaded bid on an early round, suddenly found himself in a position where he had to think of a way of out-guessing his partner, and thus preventing that player from making what would normally be a sound and correct bid but what in this instance would force the North and South partnership to too high a contract. South did this in a most unconventional albeit ingenious way.

East, dealer.

North and South vulnerable.

S: K Q 6 4

H: A K 10 6 3

D: 9 5 4

C: 7

S: 9 8

H: 9

D: J 10 7 6 3

C: Q J 10 6 2

N	E
W	S

S: A J 10 7 3
H: Q J 7 2
D: K Q
C: 8 3

The bidding: (Figures after bids refer to numbered explanatory paragraphs.)

East	South	West	North
1C	Dbl. (1)	4C (2)	5C (3)
Pass	5D (4)	Pass	5H (5)
Pass	Pass (6)	Pass	Pass

(1) A minimum takeout double, but with very fine support for both majors. South cannot be greatly criticised for choosing the double rather than the simple overcall, despite the fact that the hand contains a bare three honor-tricks.

(2) A deliberate shut-out overbid and quite an overbid at that. West merely wishes to make it hard for the opponents to get together at their best final contract. He hopes that by cutting out several rounds of bidding he will make North and South get either too high or not high enough.

(3) Melodramatic, but sound. With a partner who has made a vulnerable double, North is naturally interested in

a slam in one of the major suits. North realises that if he bids only four hearts or four spades the bidding will probably die there and he will thus not have a chance to show both suits. He decides therefore to force his partner to pick the suit, after which he himself can raise it to six. Although the five-club bid is a lie in that North cannot control the first round of the suit, the lie is of the "little white" variety.

Liberal Bidder

(4) South knows his partner is a very liberal bidder who usually does not allow much leeway, and who would not allow for a possibly shaded takeout double. He also knows the meaning of North's bid and knows he can bid five of either major suit in safety, but he fears that the moment he bids five, North will bid six, and realises from his own hand that this contract almost certainly cannot be made. South therefore decides to take a gambling chance to get out at a makeable contract. He decides that if he can get his partner to bid five of one of the majors that will give him (South) the last say and a chance to pass. The only way to do this, of course, is to make a bid under five hearts or five spades, and the only possible bid is five diamonds. Of course, if North passes, this will be most disastrous. But from the way bidding has proceeded, South is practically certain that North has both major suits, and that the latter, knowing that South must have at least one of the majors himself, will certainly show his best major over five diamonds. Although he knows he is playing with fire, South goes ahead with his plan.

(5) I don't know whether, when North bid five hearts, he knew what his partner was doing or whether he just wanted to deny diamonds. I do think, however, that five hearts was North's correct bid for a combination of the above reasons. On this most unusual bidding I believe an imaginative North player should suspect that his partner is passing the buck back and asking him to choose the major suit as it is most unlikely that South's double was predicated on a good, long diamond suit and only indifferent major suit support.

(6) South has achieved the result he was looking for. By adroit manipulation he has succeeded in trapping his own partner. He has forced the latter to show the suit and give South himself the last say. This last say, of course, is a pass.



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Dark SOLACE

A TEN-MINUTE STORY

By
Adelaide
FOSTER



FOR three days the screen had been drawn round John Winchester's bed, although he was not aware of it. He was past being aware of anything. The desperate attempts of his subconscious mind to link up once again with the conscious became more and more infrequent with the passing of time. Indeed, John Winchester was in a very bad way and the nurses drew down their lips at the corners when they glanced from his face to each other.

All except Margery Brown. She was the youngest nurse in the ward and was on duty, this glorious gold and blue day, for the first time since her holiday, which had ended only yesterday.

As she peeped round the screen which enveloped John Winchester's bed it so happened that she glanced upon one of those moments when the urge to live momentarily defeated the approach of death.

Seeing his hand waving weakly in

the direction of the locker beside his bed, and seeing that it is the custom of the medical profession never to "say die" until you are dead, she gently slipped a hand beneath his head and with the other directed the spout of the drinking cup towards his lips.

The water ran down the grooves of pain had engraved each side of his mouth. A little found its way into his throat. He opened his eyes.

"That better?"

Little Nurse Brown smiled brightly and withdrew her hand. As she put down the cup her roving eye caught the pile of unopened letters on the locker. Now little Margery Brown had just become engaged to the Finest Man in the World. It therefore goes without saying that letters, with all their potential possibilities, made a powerful and alluring appeal to her imagination.

"Why, look," she cried, "you haven't opened your letters!"

And because John Winchester's eyes were still open, she poured them in a little heap on the coverlet before flitting away to other pressing duties. And because they fell under his hand he stopped plucking at the coverlet and picked at the letters instead.

For hours, at long intervals, his fingers, which were already the hue of wax, moved feebly among the letters. One by one in endless repetition, he picked and rejected them. One after another they fell away from his nerveless fingers, while the spectre of death waited.

But perhaps Nurse Brown's fresh young voice had penetrated to his inner consciousness—had communicated to his subconscious mind some of the invigilant excitement the sight of a letter produced in her. Or perhaps it was his vision already clarifying in death. Who knows?

But suddenly from the stupor into which he repeatedly relapsed came the urge once more. This time for a fraction of space mind and body met and from one to the other flashed a command. The sick man's hand, picking at one of the letters, carried it to his eyes; and his eyes carried a message to his brain.

Beatrice! Just the sight of a beloved handwriting, unatched back his wavering spirit. The urge strengthened and grew and death fell back a pace. But the flesh was weak and the hand clutching the unopened letter dropped on to the coverlet.

Aeons passed and John Winchester became conscious of voices.

"Not gone yet?"

The words seemed, somehow, familiar. Ah, yes! They were talking about the poor devil in the next bed. No! The poor devil in the next had gone. He had seen him wheeled out. Who then...

But it was too much bother to think...

Once again he heard voices. Someone was bending over him. The doctor was saying:

"I really think he is going to pull through. A positive miracle!"

They were talking about him. What nonsense! Of course he was going to pull through.

Beatrice! The thought of Beatrice grew until it obscured everything. It blotted out pain and weariness and eventually lulled him into deep, health-giving slumber.

In the fullness of time John Winchester sat by the open window drawing into his lungs deep breaths of fresh air. His mind was occupied with Beatrice and the letter she had written. It had been a long time since he had heard from her and he could remember, before this wretched accident, being rather anxious at her silence. Still, Beatrice had always been a poor correspondent, and he had consoled himself with the knowledge that when she did write it would be well worth the waiting for.

A doctor, going his round of the ward, stopped by John's bed.

"Well, young man!" he said, heartily, "by all the laws of nature you shouldn't be here. A most marvellous recovery."

His eyes twinkled. "But we give all the credit to your best girl, or whoever it was wrote you that letter."

He hurried away and John looked after him with all the intensely perverted hatred of the still very sick for the too blatantly healthy.

The thought returned to a certain passage in Beatrice's letter, and a wry smile hovered about his lips as he coupled the doctor's words with what she had written.

—and so you see, John dear, as I have realised I can never care for you as a woman should care for the man she is to marry, perhaps you will be generous and release me from our engagement...

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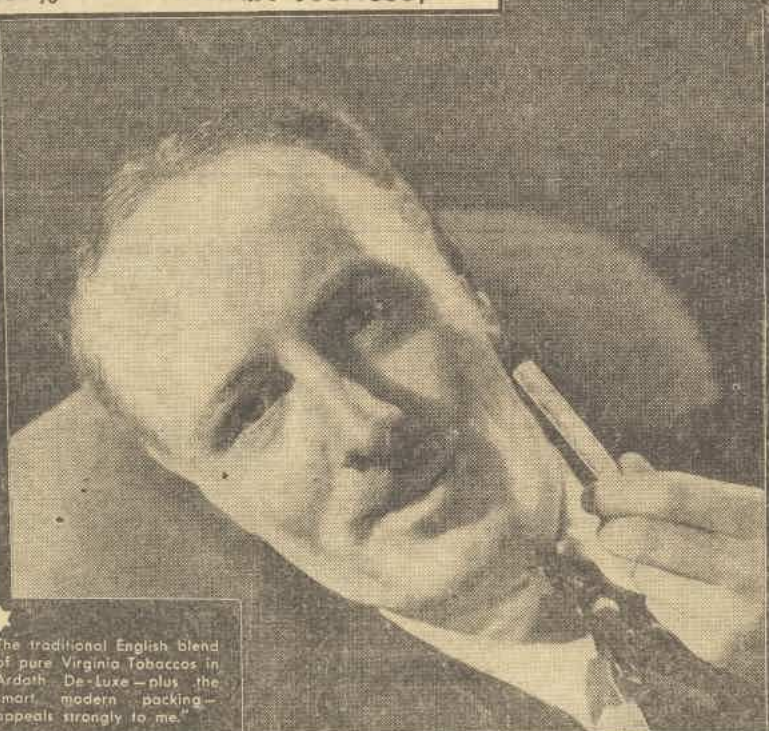
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The GAY Dog

He sang looking at her, and was pale with the intensity of his longing. People went mad about him, clapping and cheering.



His father had been an officer, but never a gentleman, and his mother, who had been a darling in every way, had died from weariness of heart when Dickie-boy had been a year old.

Since to work he was most loath, and to beg was a daily habit with him, Dickie-boy's father married on second noes, Lil Leslie, of the Halla, a large, peony-pink young woman, of very catholic affections, and very easy-going manners.

It had been she who had given Dickie-boy his nickname, and she would indeed have given him everything she possessed, for whatever Lil's manner might be, she had a mother's heart, and Dickie-boy, with his absurd fluff of daffodil hair, his infectious smile, and his helplessness filled it to capacity. She even paid his father an allowance to make him give up Dickie-boy to her, and upon that worthy's death, hastened on by most injudicious drinking of mixed and all inferior drinks, she set about providing for Dickie-boy's future in grim earnest.

When he was eight, Lil sent him off, both of them weeping bitterly, to Ramsgate. And when he had gleaned wisdom from his Ramsgate school, on to Westminster, which seat of learning had been chosen by Lil because it possessed the dual advantage of permitting Dickie-boy to nip home to the flat in Shaftesbury Avenue every afternoon, and also, so Lil had ascertained, conferred the cachet of extreme respectability upon its pupils.

"I'll make a perfect gentleman of you, ducky, you wait!" she told Dickie-boy.

That Dickie-boy had somewhat mixed ideas as to the qualifications necessary to attain this altitude, is

Spendthrift Wishes

What shall I wish for you before you go.
Where waiting vague the Great Adventure lies?
Not true desires that leave no lasting glow.
When dimmed are golden dreams and memories!
But lovely changeless things I wish for you:
Abiding love to light the dusty ways.
The dear companionship of friendship true,
And perfect understanding all your days.
Laughter and song, and humor! Saving Grace!
Untrammelled faith in beauty shining clear:
A tireless eager will the heights to face.
With high-born courage trampling lowly fear.
Soft joy be yours in Nature's fragrant Spring,
In flaming sunset, magic misting dawn.
A deathless charm that will forever bring
Gladness and zeal to greet each day new-born.
So this—and thus—and thus I wish for you,
Trusting that life will hold its thrilling fire.
That all you ever dreamed, aspired or knew
Will meet you in the Land of Heart's Desire.
—A Great Lover.

scarcely surprising, for, if he lived a normal schoolboy's life during the day his evenings were spent generally at some music hall, half the time in a dressing-room with Lil, or else as a guest at somebody's house where liquid refreshment circulated with remarkable freedom.

Dickie-boy used to sit on an up-turned dressing basket, pulled close to the make-up table, and watch and listen with delight. In the glare of the blue-white electric lights he bore a striking resemblance to those old-fashioned lithographs of choristers, with his golden hair, his dark blue eyes, and angelic profile, and his expression,

the while his small, closely-set ears drank in every joke and cheeky swear, one of charming innocence.

To Westminster must belong the discovery of his gift. It was in the choir there that he first sang, his beautiful young voice cleaving a clear way to the stars, holding the hearts of those who heard it in thrall.

And, of course, inevitably, the subject of a career on the halls cropped up.

Dickie-boy, eighteen now, and dressed too wonderfully for words (I like a spot of color about the feet, Lil would tell him, presenting him with silk socks of wondrous hue) was welcomed by Abey Levi, and strolled, not suffering a pang of nervousness, on to the huge stage of the Pantheon, and lifted up his voice and sang, "I Hear You Calling Me!" with such divine diction, such heart-breaking purity, that Abey cried unrestrainedly.

"You're the goods, ole man; you're the goods," he sobbed, and only dried his tears when it came to settling terms.

So at nineteen we find the name, "Richard O'Ray, the golden singer," billed in good-size letters on the boards.

And at this ripe age Dickie-boy became known as "The Gay Dog."

His doggishness evidenced itself in the angle of his hat, which was always the latest style, in the flower he wore in his buttonhole, in his debonairness, his openhandedness, his too expensive suits, and cigarette cases, and in his orange car which shone upon the dark roads of London with startling effect.

"Keep the little old village cherry, boys and girls," Dickie-boy laughed. "Me for the brightlights every time."

HE was born generous, and he spent his money like water, running the flat, where Lil now lay crippled with rheumatism, helping countless friends who were "resting," enjoying every hour of his fit, bustling young life, pleased with himself and his singing, and his crowd.

Then by chance Longworth Adams heard him sing somewhere and sought him out.

Lil and Dickie-boy were giving what they called a ramble that Sunday evening, and Adams, waiting for the door to be opened, could hear through the cheap wood and plaster Dickie-boy's wonderful voice rendering that master-piece: "Could you be true to eyes of blue—if you looked into eyes of brown?"

Adams suffered in his soul, and he felt stifled, too.

He hammered on the knocker, and the singing stopped, for which Adams thanked God aloud and fervently, and Dickie-boy flung wide the door, his good-looking face ready to smile a welcome; his evening kit so wasted and braided; his tie so marvellously new and correct that it seemed a tragedy he should ever have to move and thus disturb a single crease or angle.

His speaking voice was an agreeable surprise, too, even if his first greeting did happen to be "Cheerio!"

"Cheerio!" Adams responded limply. He pulled himself together and added: "Mr. O'Ray, I believe?"

"For long," Dickie-boy responded blithely. "Dickie, for short. Do come on in. We're having a bit of a rag."

Adams liked his friendly eagerness. He liked Dickie-boy quite suddenly, extremely, and he said:

"One minute. You know, O'Ray, you have a marvellous voice," and his own voice was almost reverential.

"Do-re-mi—oh, I can warble a bit," Dickie responded, grinning all over his face, "and it's awfully decent of you to call and tell me. Do come on in and—"

"What are you going to do about it?" Adams shot at him. "Look here, I am Longworth Adams, the head of the Music College, a partner in Kennedy's. You can sing O'Ray. Try to realise it. You can sing—and few men of any nationality can really do that; fewest of all, Englishmen. I should say."

Dickie-boy was rather nonplussed. Of course, he could sing. Good lord, didn't every audience from the Elephant and Castle to Golden's Green know that, and all the provinces. Hadn't old Blank gone potty over him at Westminster? Wasn't he swamped with invitations to sing here, there, and everywhere? He should say he could sing. If not, why were people so ravin' about his voice?

... By ...
OLIVE WADSLEY

He looked at Adams out of puzzled, but friendly blue eyes.

"Well, what about it?" said Dickie-boy.

He could hear the rattle going on in the drawing-room uproariously. He betted they were having a binge of a time—his fair head turned back a little.

Adams was considering him all the while. His mind was concentrated on this youth with the voice he knew would be a revelation to the world of music—his appearance, too, the youth and slenderness of him; his gay, fair hair. Adams could vision with the inspiration of his mind a Lohengrin such as had never yet been seen—in his pocket reposed the official request to find the tenor for the coming season.

He shot out a lean hand and gripped Dickie-boy's wrist.

"Look here, you can't stop now. I see you are impatient. I daresay with justice. Please call on me to-morrow, at any time you choose, at my place in Westminster. Will you do this?"

"Yes, all right," Dickie-boy agreed. A chorus of "Dickie" rang out as he spoke. Someone added: "Where is our wandering boy to-night?"

"All right," Dickie-boy repeated, his brilliant smile flashing out again as he closed the door.

Of course he had seen other kinds of houses, Trewin's, his pal's at Westminster, for instance—Trewin had lived in Onslow Square, and Dickie-boy had thought his house musty, fusty, and a "hole." Trewin's mother was dead, and his father was a solicitor, apparently without a keen sense of beauty. Dickie-boy had returned to the cramped cheeriness of the flat with feelings of mingled scorn for Trewin's home, and content with his own. But after Adams had welcomed him in a cool, dim house he took Dickie-boy to one which, Dickie admitted to himself, rather "windied" him.

It, too, was in Westminster, and it contained every modern luxury and every loveliness of the past. The walls were panelled, the floors of dimly-gleaming oak, flowers were everywhere in vases nearly as tall as Dickie-boy, in specimen glasses so fragile they would only hold one bloom. Adams and Dickie-boy were shown into an amazingly beautiful room which contained, on a wide dais, a piano in an ebony case. There were a few chairs in the room, some old gilt music cases, and two rose trees in full flower.

"The acoustics of this room are possibly the best in London," Adams said austere.

Dickie-boy was quite willing they should be, but rather uncertain if Adams were ratty or not. His voice sounded a bit "off." He drew his best cigarette case from his pocket.

"NOT here—not in this room," Adams stated harshly.

Dickie-boy's mind registered: "Good Lord!" Then Lady Chadwick entered, and Viola followed her.

Extra Complete Short Story

Dickie-boy had heard of Lady Chadwick, and his quite naturally bright mind had deduced the fact she must be wealthy. He also had a hazy idea she had financed English opera last year, and at once, and for ever, he thought Viola a miracle.

He felt glad he had his best blue suit on, and his blue tie and socks to match, and his diamond pin, and that he had brought his gold cigarette case. He twiddled his hankie, which was of crepe-de-chine (in two shades of blue) a bit higher out of his pocket, and smoothed down his thick, fair hair, rejoicing in the scented brillianine he had brushed into it.

Lady Chadwick looked at him, and smiled, murmured "my daughter," and then turned to Adams.

For once Dickie-boy felt tongue-tied. Viola began to talk about his voice. She had a voice, he decided, like—well, anyway, it was like no one's he had ever heard, but he would have been furious had it been, and neither

was Viola the least like anyone he had ever seen.

Dickie-boy was quite right about one thing. Viola was lovely with that goodness which is indisputable. People had described her eyes variously, as hyacinth blue, delphinium blue, and one man, who had been quite mad about her, and a poet as well, had said that she was like a spray of clematis. There was something of a flower's sheer loveliness about Viola, and on the day Dickie-boy met her she was wearing a pale green chiffon dress and a floppy green hat with an absurd, big silk bow trailing on it. She looked about twelve in that hat, and was actually nineteen, three years younger than Dickie-boy.

"What are you going to sing?" she asked him in a voice which seemed to stray across his heart like a touch. Dickie didn't know, and Adams, over a peaked shoulder, told him abstractedly: "Oh, an 'Ave,' I think, Gounod's."

"Would you like me to sing something else?" Dickie asked Viola, stung to speech by being told he was to sing what he had called "some of that old Abbey stuff."

"Something of Hahn's, Erich Wolf's," Viola suggested.

"I Hear You Calling Me," I sing pretty well," Dickie stated, his eager blue eyes seeking those other blue eyes. "Or 'The Little Nigger Boy,'" Viola laughed. Dickie saw nothing to laugh at. He had brought down a lot of houses with his rendering of that.

Adams turned abruptly, sought among music, produced the "Ave," and Dickie-boy stepped on the dais.

THERE had been languid amusement in Viola's eyes, a certain courteous acceptance of any eventuality in Lady Chadwick's; when Dickie began to sing, both expressions were swept away as the sea sweeps away light wreckage.

Dickie-boy, his head up, sang on with utter purity, utter truthness; and he sang effortlessly; he could do what he liked with his voice. He stood there on the dais, his fair head out-



THIS ELEGANT EVENING GOWN of white crepe satin features sumptuous wide sleeves, which show the prevailing Russian influence. The neckline treatment is also new and very graceful. The waistline is undefined, and the gown is slim-fitting to the knees, where fullness is achieved by clever cutting.

—Photo by Air Mail.

lined against the dark walls, and sang out of an untroubled heart, as easily, as freely, as perfectly, as if to sing were as simple as to breathe, or walk. Adams listened with his eyes afloat. Viola was stirred, lifted out of herself. Lady Chadwick felt that awe and passion only the real musician ever knows.

DICKIE-BOY finished, stood, and smiled; he knew he had sung well, and felt pleased with himself; he swaggered a bit, stepping down off the dais, and suggested easily:

"What about something a bit less classy?"

But it appeared he had sung enough, according to Adams, so he gravitated at once towards Viola, and, when he stood beside her, was again stricken dumb. He could not explain it, even to himself; generally, he could "put it all over" any girl, generally they gushed over him, and he let 'em.

To-day, in this palely golden room, looking at Viola's magnolia-petal skin, the inexpressible lovely lines of her mouth, he felt as if he were worshipping, as if were he to speak, he would profane this moment.

It was Viola who said:

"You know, Mr. O'Ray, you have a quite divine voice. It goes to one's heart."

All Dickie-boy could think of was: "Fancy!" said with arch jocularly, and he was too nervous, or something, to say that, so he remained tongue-tied, he who had been wont to keep the conversational shuttlecock continually on 'air; he who had never lacked a very ready answer, and had, indeed, been noted for topical repartees.

Viola was speaking again. She said now:

"I believe you are to study here with Adams—and to sing here next week, so I shall hear you again. I am so glad."

Then Dickie-boy did speak; he said huskily:

"So'm I," and coughed. Soon he was walking home with Adams, and Adams was propounding amazing things to him.

He was to be trained for eight months, at not a penny cost to himself, to sing at Covent Garden in grand opera.

Adams harangued him, bewailed him, berated him, implored him.

Please turn to Page 32

You'll NEVER KNOW

the thrilling triumphs in your reach until you know the magic dominant in a woman's hair! This new Secret Shampoo formula works miracles—it is Kathleen Court's Soapless Shampoo. No soap at all—no soda—no alkali—none of the old drawbacks of soaps or shampoo washes! When blondes use this shampoo, the hair leaps to life in a fusion of spun gold, platinum, amber, and the reflection of fire in flashing chromium! When an auburn or brown-haired girl uses it, bronze, copper, chestnut and Capri-coral engage in a battle of brilliance. When a girl with deep brown or black tresses uses Kathleen Court's Soapless Shampoo, then do Spanish jet, black sequins, and ebony invite the moonbeams and the neon lights to revel in the unutterably lovely glow of contrast between ethereal light and the dark of an Argentine night! Per-fect! You won't say so if you try this extraordinary new invention. No dye. Just a perfect way to cleanse the hair without burning it and, at the same time, a way to give the hair to reflect light and shadows. . . . MARVELLOUSLY!



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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Marriage or a Career? Problem Many Women Have to Face

The strong silent type of man is always an acceptable hero and readers of Margaret Marsh's latest book, "Ann of Carthage," will learn of one that meets all their requirements in this respect.

The theme of the story is not a new one, but it is dealt with in an interesting way, and women will be able to get new sidelights on a problem which presents itself to many members of their sex to-day.

ALICE GALE, a successful young school marm, was travelling home from an important educational conference when she saw John Varley. He was obviously different from his noisy companions, who were just as obviously of the racing, adventurous type.

She heard Varley's name, and recognised it as one which had fallen into disrepute in the village of Clarfield, where she resided. She suspected that he was of the same clan, probably the son of the last resident of the old home, who had departed from his birthplace in a storm of disgrace and dishonor.

It was not the fact of his probable ancestry, however, that interested Alice. A curious, inexplicable attraction for the young man compelled her to an age-old trick of attracting his notice, and ultimately enabled her to invite him to her home.

John Varley, however, had too much on his mind to be conscious of strange young women. He had just attained his

majority, and had returned from abroad with a gang of racing swindlers, who were determined to make him their decoy and trade on his name.

The charm of the old village, the haunting memories that came when he visited his ancestral home wrought a change in John. He desired to return to respectability, to throw off the shackles that old associations imposed and to earn his livelihood as a self-respecting Englishman.

It wasn't easy to make the break, nor to pursue his plans, even after Edward Staveling, an old friend of his family, gave him employment in his big manufactory.

John found shortage of money a difficulty, he had to live down the gossip associated with his father's misbehaviour, and he was handicapped in many other ways.

HE renewed his friendship with Alice in course of time, and ultimately fell in love with her. She returned his affection a hundred-fold, but being of a practical turn of mind and ambitious,



MICHAEL ARLEN, whose latest novel, "Hell, Said the Duchess," has provoked much comment. He is famous for his epigrammatic style. Mr. Arlen is an Armenian by birth. His wife was the Countess Atalanta Mercati, and their children are named Michael and Venetia.

she persuaded him to wait on and on, arguing that the money she was earning would help to establish them.

She argued that a career and marriage were reconcilable, but John thought otherwise. "A full time job" was what he thought of marriage for a woman.

Meanwhile the years went by, difficult years for John and years in which he proved his integrity, his capacity and other sterling qualities.

He never forgot a friend, and was always sympathetic to those in need. He became partner in the firm and pulled it out of many difficult situations in times when other industrial concerns were being wrecked in the wave of depression that was sweeping over England.

Meanwhile, too, Ann of Carthage, otherwise Ann Staveling, had entered into the picture. Poor lonely little Ann, wild and untamed, who had led a wandering life in Europe with an unscrupulous mother. Ann was destined to marry her cousin, Noel Staveling, the said marriage to bring money into the family. But fate ordained otherwise.

John was sent to Europe to fetch her, and he had literally to capture her before he brought her home to her old uncle. She captured his heart before many months, and the position became critical for Alice, John and Ann.

But the story of these three is not all that the book yields. There are numbers of other well-drawn characters, which one feels, regretfully, fade out all too quickly, but which contribute in no small measure to an absorbing story.

"Ann of Carthage." Margaret M. Brash. (Jarrolds.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"OUT OF THE WRECK." Ethel

George. A strong sense of duty towards his widowed mother causes Richard Maxwell, a young doctor, to sacrifice himself continually for her happiness. Selfish to the core, his mother endeavors to break up the romance between her son and Ursula Gray, a charming and sincere young woman.

Conrad Harriet, a kindly but eccentric person, leaves her fortune to Richard providing that a certain Mary Smith does not come within a year to claim it. Richard is charged with the task of finding this missing heiress, and it is through his earnest efforts to locate her that trouble descends upon him. Complications develop when Mary Smith, veiling her identity, becomes an inmate of the doctor's home, and ultimately disappears.

A body believed to be that of Mary is discovered, and Richard is charged with her murder. When things look blackest, Ursula finds a way to save her lover and clear his name, and the reader feels that the characters deserve the happiness that comes to them. (Stanley Paul. Our copy from Swains.)

"THREE-ACT TRAGEDY." Agatha

Christie. Hercule Poirot, famous Belgian detective, unravels the mystery surrounding three murders, after the efforts of others, more directly interested, have failed. An obscure, kindly English clergyman, unaccustomed to strong liquor, is persuaded to drink a cocktail, and after one or two sips he dies in full view of the house party. The other two deaths follow at intervals, and readers are set a baffling task in their attempts to identify the perpetrator of the crimes. (Crime Club novel.)

"JANE AND SATURDAY." D. H.

Lawrence. Mr. Bruin, well-known London solicitor, learns from his family doctor that he has only a few days to live, and Saturday of the current week is the furthest he can look forward to. Bruin, in addition to this burden of knowledge, is called upon to answer to one of his clients for certain trust moneys, and the story deals largely with the clever finesse he employs to stave off the day of reckoning and retain in the short time that remains his reputation for integrity. The Jane of the title is the little housemaid who has overheard the doctor's prediction, and she is one of the best-drawn characters in the book. (Stanley Paul. Our copy Swains.)

"HOW LIKE AN ANGEL." A. G.

Macdonell. A brilliant satire, dealing with the publicity methods of film stars, but involving many English institutions and organizations that are familiar to most people. The theme does not sound an original or attractive one, but surely no writer has presented it more humorously, or more cleverly. (Macmillan. Our copy Swains.)

"UNCONFESED." Mary Hastings

Bradley. Leila Seton was a member of the Kellers' house-party in her professional capacity as an art expert, but it was not long before she became unwillingly involved in many tragic events. Nora Harriden, one of the guests, was murdered, and her husband accused Alan Deek, another guest of the crime. Circumstantial evidence was very strong against him, until certain missing diamonds were found in Leila Seton's possession. Things were looking very black for her, when events took a further turn and a servant in the household was strangled to death. Thanks to Monty Mitchell, a celebrated criminal lawyer who was also in the party, the mysteries were solved and Leila Seton gained a lover as well as absolution from any suspicion of crime. (Appleton-Century.)

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Midget Cars : Queen's Gift : Lighthouse Home



ABOVE: Specially painted cups and saucers were presented to 600 children in various English hospitals at Christmas time, by the Queen and the Duchess of York. This one has a Mickey Mouse design.



ABOVE: An exclusive photo of the first British troops in the Saar. They are seen marching through the streets of Brebach. The Tommies were very popular among the residents.



ABOVE: A wedding in Skansen (Sweden) where they do things in picturesque style. The bride and groom ride to church on horseback.

RIGHT: This Abbatian Police Dog owned by General Evangelin Booth, of the Salvation Army, is seen being awarded the American Humane Society's Honor Medal for saving the life of her mistress.



MISS NANCY O'NEILL, the young Australian actress who is making a name for herself in London, is the daughter of Dr. S. A. Smith, of Sydney. She has taken up squash racquets and sun-ray treatment as an English winter pastime.



VISCOUNT ELMLEY, of East Norfolk, England, lives in a lighthouse four miles from Yarmouth. He is a member of Parliament.

HERE IS ANOTHER of those little midget motor cars which are making their appearance in England. It looks ridiculously small compared with the wheel of a modern air-liner.



MISS SOUERETTE STEVENS, a Californian sports girl, has mastered the art of this difficult trick. Somebody throws a tennis ball in the air and she pierces it with an arrow while it is still going up. Try it yourself and see how you get on.



A BANQUET was given by the Royal Aero Club at Grosvenor House, London, recently, in honor of the Centenary air race competitors. Parmentier and Moll are seen in the photo with their wives. Mr. and Mrs. Parmentier are on the left.

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Great Novel**



SIX men have each ex-
pressed a wish. Cap-
tain Haggis desires
Courage; Colonel Har-
rington-Spenn, Wealth;
Captain Wogan, Happi-
ness; Major Walling-
ford, Long Life; Cap-
tain Burlesome, Health;
and Lieutenant
Easterwood, Great
Strength.

So far the wishes of three have been
attained, but Fate has given each a
peculiar twist. Colonel Spenn has his
great wealth—his wife, whom he deeply

loves, has inherited a fortune, and he
is haunted by the fear that it will
come to him through her death;
Easterwood, who desired great strength,
after becoming one of the strongest men
in the world, has met his death;
Wogan, as a flying ace in the world
war, became notorious for his happy
spirits and general levity under all cir-
cumstances—a state of mind that was
eventually declared to be insanity.

Now Captain Burlesome is realizing
the disadvantages of good health. Fol-
lowing a shipwreck he is accused of
having helped himself to more than his
share of the provisions.

tained in the anonymous letters that
they had received.

To each Member of the Court it was
unpleasantly unpleasant and distan-
tial, and to none more so than to Ad-
miral John Fleming and Colonel Den-
wood, the latter of whom knew Captain
Stacey Burlesome by sight, the former
by name.

To them at least the thing was un-
thinkable.

Absolutely incredible. And whatever
immense, insinuation, or indeed, accu-
sation, might be made, the fact re-
mained that the provisions outlasted
the voyage, and that there were still
both food and water in boat Number 3
when it was picked up.

Messrs. Karoulan, Kyprion and Sku-
tani didn't make a particularly favor-
able impression upon the Court; and
it was generally felt that any arrange-
ments, whatever, would have failed to
meet with the approval of these gentle-
men.

As for the lady-passenger, well, many
lady-passengers are notoriously diffi-
cult.

Captains Banning and Barr, who had
spent the greater part of their lives on
liners, were particularly well aware of
this fact; and she might have been
light-headed. There was a certain
type of woman—and Mr. Commissioner
Brabazon, K.C., knew the type well—
who in honeyed tones, gentle accents
and flattering words would ask you a
favor, and, failing to get it, would turn
and rend you like a wild-cat. Her
uninvited condemnation of Captain
Burlesome's stewardship might be
based not so much upon his unduly
favoring himself, as upon his refusal
unduly to favor her.

But Mr. Commissioner Brabazon,
K.C., was a hard-bitten cynic and some-
thing of a misogynist, whereas Admiral
John Fleming and Engineer-Lieutenant
Commander Moorson were, on the con-
trary, typically kind-hearted and
chivalrous sailormen. Upon their soft
and susceptible hearts Mrs. Easterwood
made a deep impression. Still, she
couldn't be allowed to introduce irre-
levant matter in no way germane to
the questions asked.

So at the end of that part of the
proceedings dealing with the manning
and conduct of boats, Captain Stacey
Burlesome, who had given valuable evi-
dence throughout the proceedings, was
congratulated by Mr. Commissioner
Brabazon, K.C. He was complimented
upon his evident coolness, and upon
the exercise of considerable powers of
observation at the time of the loss of
the King Emperor, and thanked for
his great helpfulness in the absence of
all-important official witnesses.

And left the Court with a dark stain
on his character.

Well, there was one thing to
thank God for, that none of
the uninvited comments, innuendoes,
insinuations or accusations of the
Levantine gentlemen; or of the skull-
cracked Quartermaster, O'Rourke; or
of the lady-passenger, Mrs. Easterwood,
were reported in the Press.

No, not even in the "Journal of Com-
merce and Shipping Telegraph."

Thanks to the time-saving prompti-
tude, mental clarity, and impatience of
verbosity and irrelevance, for which
Mr. Commissioner Brabazon was noted,
all extraneous matter, unacceptable as
evidence useful to the Court, was re-
jected and quashed—and, in conse-
quence, ignored by the reporters pre-
sent at the inquiry.

Thus, although the stain was there—
the stain on his character that grew
ever deeper and darker, that spread
and spread unceasingly, in and through
and over and around his own mind—
it was not visible to the public eye.

Not yet.

Naturally it would gradually grow
and spread, by word of mouth; for
every person present at the inquiry
would talk. It would be known, of
course, in the Club and throughout the
harbour and to all his friends.

IN spite of Stacey
Burlesome's determination to face
this horrible situation calmly, squarely,
and easily, it was not long be-
fore he found himself waking up
and down his library at home, his
hotel bedroom or sitting-room, or his
club bedroom, delivering speeches about
addressing Mr. Commissioner Braba-
son, a general meeting at his club, the
crowd in Hyde Park, and telling them
that the thing was incredible, absurd;
that, far from appropriating to his own
use the provisions for which he was
responsible he had given part of his
own proper ration to other people, to
a woman, to a crying child. On one
occasion, to the very woman who had
accused him of stealing water in the
night.

Good God, what could he do?

Please turn to Page 28

FOR SPORT



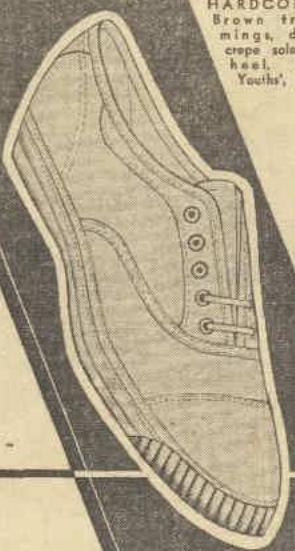
LEISURE



AND BEACH



HARDCOURT
Brown trim-
mings, drab
crepe sole, flat
heel. Men's,
Youths', Boys'.



LEISURE
White or brown
trimmings, crepe
sole, wedge
heel. Women's
only.



TENNIS SET
Sponge heel lift, super
crepe sole. All white,
or with black or brown
trim. Men's only.



PLAYER
Crepe sole, wedge heel
for Women, Misses,
Children.



SUNBEAM
Crepe sole, flat heel.
Men's, Youths', Boys'.
Wedge heel for Men.

The ease your feet require for
active or idle hours; the satisfac-
tion of craftsman quality and fin-
ish; the lasting wear; the snug fit;
the distinctive styling—all the
features you look for in rubber
soled footwear are here in Dun-
lop Sport shoes. Ask to see them
at all leading shoe stores. Prices
are extremely moderate.

Dunlop SPORT SHOES
& SAND SHOES

PRODUCT OF DUNLOP PERDRIAU

EACH member of the
Court had received anonymous letters
all referring to the same subject, that
of the provisioning of the boat and of
the issuing of such provisions as it
contained. These anonymous letters
each member of the Court read, and
having read them, destroyed—and
having destroyed them, endeavored to
dismiss the contents from his mind.

It is notoriously true that the more
one endeavors to dismiss something
from one's mind, the more persistently
it returns, the more tenaciously it re-
tains its hold. You cannot direct your
attention towards the removal of any-
thing without directing your attention
to the thing itself.

Neither the Commissioner nor any
one of his five assisting Assessors could
fail to know that at least one of the
crew and more than one of the passen-
gers were anxious—or if not anxious,
definitely inclined—to give more in-
formation than was asked for, on the
subject of the issue of provisions. Nor
could they fail to notice that such sup-
plementary and uninvited information
bore out the substance of that con-

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER



"The man who saved you from drowning is outside. Will I give him five shillings?"
"No, two and six. I was half dead when he pulled me out."



"And you're to be Lady Godiva in the pageant!"
"Oh, I can't, I've never been on a horse in my life."



"But you know he's a thoroughly bad egg."
"Yes, that's why I'm afraid to drop him."



"Is it Sydney you want to go to?"
"No, sir, it's Cuthbert."



EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOOS

Australian Agents: R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne

"What's your little brother's name?"
"His name would be Jack if he was my brother, but he ain't, an' her name is Ruth."

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WE have been married a year, and we never quarrel. If a difference of opinion arises, and I am right, Felix always gives in immediately."
"And if he is right?"
"That never occurs."

"YOUNG MOTHER: The doctor says people shouldn't kiss the baby; it isn't sanitary."
"Callie: Poor little fellow! Why don't you wash him?"

"THE boss is beginning to take an interest in me."
"How do you know?"
"He's just asked me if I work here."

"WHAT sort of a chap is Brown, anyhow?" asked Jones.
"Well," replied Smith, "if ever you see two men in conversation, and one looks bored to death, the other one is Brown."

"MAGISTRATE: Fined two pounds!"
"But, your Worship, times are very bad, couldn't you make a reduction?"
"What is your occupation?"
"Draper, your Worship."
"Very well, fined £1/10/11."

"MISTRESS (engaging new servant): Why did you leave your last place?"
"Servant: The mistress was so nervous."
"Mistress: In what way?"
"Servant: She could not stand the noise of breaking china."

Does Your Wife Complain

That housework ruins her hands? If so, then you won't have any peace until she uses Mirpil. Take home a bottle of this soothing lotion without delay. You can use it too, as it is splendid for after shaving.

Mirpil Skin Balm may be used frequently with every confidence for Rough, Chapped, and Chafed Skin, Chilblains, Windburn and Sunburn, Sore Tired Feet, as a base for powder, and after shaving.

Sitting Too Much



Induces Constipation

Are you one of the thousands of men and women who, either through their class of occupation or some physical disability, are compelled to lead a more or less sedentary life?

If so, you will no doubt find such a method of living prevents sufficient exercise being obtained and a constipated condition naturally exists. In cases of that type something is needed to assist Nature.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are excellent for this purpose. You will find them used and praised far and wide. They stir the Liver, cleanse the Stomach, and stimulate the Bowels, thus opening and toning the clogged-up system and making it better able to combat Life's Little Daily Ills.

COMSTOCK'S
"DEAD SHOT"
WORM PELLETS

For Stomach & Thread Worms

PRICE ONLY **2!** TIN

HERE IT IS

4 Point Hot Water System (installed) complete

for £30

As modern as to-morrow entirely automatic and as dependable as the day. Takes up very little room, fits snugly into the building scheme and seldom needs attention.

This gas automatic storage hot water system gives a new meaning to hot water service and will be installed complete—on the most up-to-date lines—for £30 cash—or on easy terms. Come and see it. The average monthly running cost for 20 gallons per day is only 9/6. For 30 gallons per day it is only 11/6, whilst the average monthly cost of 40 gallons per day is only 13/6.

Remember, this system is entirely automatic it is thermostatically controlled it supplies 4 points day and night, and will be installed complete for £30. Come and see this wonderful hot water service—or phone M6503 (Hot Water Section) and our experts will gladly furnish free information and advice.

At your service always
THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY
(Hot Water Section) Phone M 6503
HAYMARKET, SYDNEY



THAT NEW Male Voice . . . at 2GB Young Englishman who Has Them All Listening

A new male voice has lately been noticed at 2GB. An interesting voice—an amusing voice with a laugh in it—an English voice, but not too English. It is the voice of Harry Dearth!



HARRY DEARTH, of 2GB.

THE lates who presided at the birth of Harry Dearth might well have smiled at his mother's determination that her son should not go on the stage. It was no place for a man to earn a steady living, she said.

His father was the late Harry Dearth, actor and singer, whose recorded voice is still heard on the air. His mother was Edith Bristow, an even greater musician and singer than her husband.

The two of them loved the stage, as all actors and singers do. But they knew the way the theatre takes hold of a man, pays him less than he spends, and refuses to let him go for the rest of his life. They agreed that their children were never going to know the hardships of the theatre. So young Harry was brought up with other ambitions.

It must have been to his parents' relief that he showed little desire for the theatre, and beyond singing in the school choir as a matter of course, made no attempt to shine in amateur theatricals. He was going to be a farmer.

In 1919, Harry Dearth, senior, came to Australia for a concert tour. He liked the land and its people, and decided that here was the land for his son to settle in when he left school. In due course, Harry Dearth, junior, set sail for Australia.

Australia did not treat him kindly at first, and he soon lost all ambition to be a farmer.

If you want to know what it is like to be in quick succession usher at a cinema, clerk in an office, and a dozen other things, Harry Dearth can tell you. He tried them all without success. The depression came and jobs melted away like snow in sunshine.

At last in despair, Harry Dearth thought himself of the theatre, probably for the first time in his life. With a borrowed five pounds he took a course in singing, and before long he graduated from the chorus to playing small parts and understudying the leads.

At 2GB you'll most likely find him gathered on conclave with Mr. Mason Wood, another actor recruit to radio, discussing some knotty problem in stagecraft or the merits of some mutual friend as an actor.

He might even tell you how he would have been playing a big part in one of the current shows, if radio hadn't claimed him.

So that whilst what the old-timers say about the theatre getting one in the end, is true enough, they have reckoned without radio's winning trump.

Features for the Week From 2GB

SATURDAY (February 9)—7.45 p.m., "An Evening with Darry and Joan"; 8.15, "Frank and Archie"; 9.15, "Feature Session: Music of the Continents of the World: America."

SUNDAY—1.45, "Highlights of Opera"; 2.0, "My Book, My Pipe, My Dog"; 6.45, "Threads of Tradition: Boycott"; Miss V. K. Maddox; "Women and Freemasonry"; 7.40, Miss Beatrice McDonald; "The Glory of Greece"; 8.45 George Edwards in "The Fall of the Hapsburgs"; 9.15, "Famous Continental Stars" and "Jones and Hare."

MONDAY—10.0, A. E. Bennett; Applied Psychology; 10.45, George Edwards in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"; 11.45 Dorothea Vautier; "People in the Limelight"; 2.45, "The Radio School of Domestic Science"; 7.15, "Chandu the Magician"; 9.0, Ellis Price presents "Yellow Ranges"; 9.45, Walter Kingsley; "Four Love Songs of Germany"; 10.0, Notable British Trial; "The Trial of Steine Morrison"; 10.15, 2GB Political Commentator.

TUESDAY—10.0, Richard Want, B.A.; "Child Psychology"; 6.0, "Old Hans, the Happy Hollander"; 8.0, Gil Dech at the Piano; 8.45, "Threads of Tradition: Don't Muff This"; 9.15, Ethel Daw; "Red Letter Days"; 9.30, George Edwards as "Atilla the Hun."

WEDNESDAY—11.45, Dorothea Vautier; "What the World is Talking About"; 4.30, Richard Want, B.A.; "Psychology"; 9.0, Harry Bloom's Tango Orchestra; 9.45, Jack Lumsdaine, The Radio Rascal; 10.15, "The Man About Town."

THURSDAY—12.15, Hettie Templeton; Nomenclature; 1.45, Ellis Price, the Story Teller; 7.30, Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys; 9.0, Ellis Price in "His Worship's Portrait"; 9.30, Clement Q. Williams in "Ballad Memories."

FRIDAY—11.45, Dorothea Vautier; "Life in a Harem"; 8.0, The Two Octaves, Piano Duo; 8.45, Cyril James; Songs of the Evening; 9.30 A. M. Pooley; International Affairs; 10.15, Motorist's Service.

If I Were Dictator

HEALTH would be the first field to be considered. I would make provision for extra milk for all school children. For the compulsory incorporation in bread, of all requisite necessary foodstuffs, both vitamins and mineral salts.

"For special kitchens which would supply properly balanced diets at cost. For sun-bathing and for large-scale organisation of outdoor sport and recreation."—Julian Huxley, from "Harper's Magazine."

RHEUMATISM

Joints Stiff, Swollen and Painful

If your joints are stiff, swollen and filled with pain, you are so badly handicapped that you are little better than a prisoner or a slave. You cannot be a success either socially or commercially, and you certainly cannot enjoy life as you should. You will find it hard to believe that your suffering is unnecessary, but surely you will be willing to make an effort to get well, and your effort will not be in vain if you get a box of De Witt's Pills from the chemist and take them as directed.

No doubt you have already tried all sorts of things—embrocations, liniments, oils, medicated baths, purgative salts—and perhaps you are disappointed, and disgusted as well, because they have failed to give you the relief you desire, but, just for one week, forget your disappointments, and decide that you will give De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills a fair trial.



TAKE TWO TO-NIGHT

Take two of De Witt's Pills to-night and in the morning you will see and feel and know for certain that they must do you good.

Throughout your future life you will be glad if you do this, because De Witt's Pills never disappoint, and you can take them with absolute confidence in their ability to do you good.

Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pain, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Pills from the chemist and taking them as directed.

They cost only 3/6, or the larger size, containing 2 1/2 times the quantity, 6/6. All chemists sell them in the blue, white and gold boxes, so that you will have no difficulty in obtaining supplies. You will derive certain benefit from the first dose, and as you continue, the pain and stiffness will leave your limbs and joints, and in a very short time you will fully regain your health and strength. These results have been obtained by many thousands of men and women who were tortured by rheumatism and joint pains. Be persuaded to do as they did—take



De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

NAME REFORM NEEDED

IN the matter of surnames, a Name Reform Crusade is long overdue. I know of girls who dread to meet strangers, the introduction being almost more than they can bear, since their name is what it is. Also teachers who feel keenly the ridicule heaped upon them by unthinking scholars for the same reason.

This is, of course, a delicate matter, for family names are held almost as sacred among us, but since often a man marries and has to pass on to his bride a ridiculous name—whilst hers was stately and euphonious—I think it a matter for serious reform.

Why, in these days of woman's equality with man, should he not take her name and thus save his descendants from the humiliation he has had to bear? Surely this is but a sane solution of the difficulty! Do readers not agree with me that generations yet unborn would arise and call "blessed" the man who dares thus fling convention aside and hand down to them the better name?

£1 for this letter to N. Gibson, 29 Bosanquet Avenue, Prospect, S.A.

LEAVE BOOKS AT HOME!

THERE are circumstances in which a good book is the ideal companion, but why do so many of our girls bury themselves in the pages of novels while travelling to and from work each day? If we lived in an unpleasant climate and had to shut ourselves off from the wind and weather, this would be comprehensible, but with so much of interest going on around us all the time, so much beauty in sunbathed parks and gardens—so much to be seen, to be heard, to be scribbled down in our mental notebooks, it seems a sin to be missing any part of it.

And yet we see these otherwise normal members of the Younger Set preferring fiction to fact!

They are missing the real adventures, the real mysteries, and even the real love stories written in the eyes of happy youth around them.

My advice is: Leave your books at home.

Miss Cleo Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne.

POCKETS FOR WOMEN

YESTERDAY I lost my purse. Some months before I had left my handbag on a shop counter, and although I eventually retrieved it, it did not contain the money it had held when I lost it.

If we had pockets in our frocks we wouldn't be forever mistaking our purses and handbags, nor would we suffer from the nervous tension of having to have them in mind continuously when shopping. The fashion of carrying handbags, moreover, gives incentive to one of the most caudal of crimes—that of the bag-snatcher, who is one of the worst and most dangerous of public enemies.

A man, with his convenient pockets, always has his exchequer at his fingertips. Why shouldn't we?

Mrs. J. Conneland, 71 Oaks Avenue, Deewhy, N.S.W.

WIRELESS A MENACE

IS a further cause for divorce rapidly developing—the masculine proclivity for the wireless?

A wife's nerves may be frayed raw by the blaring noise of this wonderful modern invention, but if her husband happens to be a lover of the wireless, then, for her, his presence in the home at all must come to mean the end of all sweet quiet and peacefulness—and the onslaught of the wireless.

When the reactions of husband and wife are diametrically opposed in respect to such an intruder in the home, what is to be done? The wife who protests merely lays herself open to charges of nagging, of being unadaptable and of unjustifiably restricting her husband's freedom in his own home—and to be found guilty of all of these faults is abhorrent to the average woman.

D. Hamilton, 41 Story Street, Parkville, Vic.

So they Say

Braving the City Streets, Bare-Legged

MRS. CLARK seems very peeved about stockless girls. I fail to see where they spoil a perfect toilet. Myself, I never wear them in the summer if I can possibly help it, and I think people look much cooler without them; and with the long frocks that are worn these days there is only the ankle and instep showing—you can hardly call this "their legs."

Mrs. J. Brand, Pine Avenue, Mildura, Vic.

Aesthetically Wrong

I AGREE with Mrs. D. O. Clark (19/1/35) that the craze for bare legs is going a bit too far. It is the contour, not the texture, of a woman's leg that is beautiful. A pair of flesh-colored silk stockings enhances that beauty. Bare legs are quite in order on the beach, but they certainly are out of place with a pretty frock or evening gown.

Miss G. J. Boorman, 3 Gray St., Pt. Neerlung, S.A.

How "Indecent"?

I THINK women have the right to go about with legs unclad, for it not only saves them inconvenience, but also saves their purse.

Two friends of mine, both very smart girls, do not wear stockings, giving the reason that their long walk to and from the tram wears them out in no time. I am sure that nobody seeing these two girls would find anything "indecent" about them.

As for wearing no stockings in travelling to the beach only, as Mrs. Clark sponsors, well, this attitude is absurd. If there is anything indecent in bare legs in the streets every day, why not on occasions such as this?

Also, I am sure that ninety-nine per cent. of evening dresses worn to-day are far more indecent than a pair of brown, bare legs!

Mrs. W. Anderson, 72 Champlon Rd., Gladstone, N.S.W.

I Detest Them

I DON'T know what other readers' opinions are, but I detest the sight of stockless legs in the street and in the ballroom.

What could be prettier than a dainty, well-shaped pair of legs in thin silk stockings? To me the sight of hairy legs with heavy and ugly muscles is truly revolting; and, strangely enough, the girls who possess such legs are generally the offenders who display them.

Miss J. Millar, Dumbarton Flats, Lutwyche Rd., Windsor, Brisbane.

Screen Oddities

Can Work Be Man's Damnation?

I, FOR one, agree with Miss Parkhill's letter (19/1/35). I think it is ridiculous that so many people are compelled to spend the greater and the best part of their lives with their noses to the grindstone merely in order to earn sufficient money to go on slaving. We could all do with far more leisure than we have in which to enjoy life, to see places, to get to know one another better.

I don't believe those people who are always preaching about the benefits of work, and they probably would be the ones to reveal most to increased leisure. Anyone fortunate enough to be doing work he or she loves is, of course, in a different category altogether, but the majority of people find themselves bound to tasks which—to put it mildly—they find irksome; and while under present social and economic conditions there does not seem any help for it, it all amounts to the meaningless cycle re-counted by the old Greek laborer who, when asked what he was doing, replied that he was digging a ditch to earn some money to buy some food to make him strong to dig the ditch.

Miss M. Harvey, 6 Carlislebrook Flats, Wentworth St., Manly, N.S.W.

It All Depends

WORK, Miss V. Parkhill, when we must do it or cease to exist, is damnation. When it keeps us out of mischief and prevents our slipping into ways of sloth and ease, then, perhaps, it is salvation. That is all I have to say.

Miss H. M. Carmody, Thengool, E.M. Line, Qld.

Work Good for Everyone

MISS V. PARKHILL (19/1/35). That work which you condemn is your salvation, although you do not realise it. What young person does?

The fact of your being cooped up in an office most of the year makes you look forward to those holidays you mention and appreciate them all the more when they are due. If life were one long round of pleasure it would become very monotonous and you would find yourself longing for the seven hours flitting away at the typewriter just for a change. If we did not work we would never enjoy a rest, and isn't it gratifying to know that you have earned your holiday?

Mrs. B. Rede, 437 Rathdown St., Carlton, Melbourne.

Repaying Parents for Their Duty Done

I HEARTILY endorse Mrs. C. R. Coleman's sentiments re so-called "ungrateful children." In most cases, when people have children it is their delight and pleasure to dress, educate and feed them as well as finances will permit.

To expect, and, more, demand repayment for what has been, or should have been, a source of enjoyment to oneself is, in my opinion, to drag the natural outpouring of generous parental love down to the level of cold, calculating selfishness.

Some parents seem to regard their children as so many investments from which they expect a harvest of gain.

Mrs. E. W. Jeremy, Aikens Rd., West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

It's Their Obvious Duty

THAT children "should repay parents" is an obvious duty, not to be queried. Surely it is only proper that children should repay in the fullest measure the often sacrificial parental kindness! It should be in two directions—an overwhelming spirit of affection and, where required, if possible, an equally, if not more abundant, sacrificial monetary recompense. Whether the parents be wealthy or otherwise, it were better for the independent spirit of the children were they guilty of generosity in both spiritual affection and temporal recompense.

Nurse (Mrs.) E. Rollins, The Towers, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

A Necessary Reminder

UNLIKE Mrs. C. R. Coleman, I consider the children of the present age need to be reminded—and somewhat forcibly at times—of all their parents have done for them.

'Tis true, whilst they are tiny they

INQUISITIVE PARENTS?

A FRIEND of mine always opens up any letters that are addressed to her children. She contends that they should not receive letters that they do not wish their mother to see. I have seen grown-up daughters welcomed with, "There's a letter for you from . . . and she says" (all the contents of the letter follow here).

To my idea this is rather unfair, as there is something about a letter that is personal, and when it has been opened and read by somebody else the joy of receiving it is lost. What do other readers think?

Miss E. Fulton, 8 Silver St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

seem appreciative, but the majority of sons and daughters, as soon as they are old enough to earn a little, assume a very independent air. The old "Home, sweet home" is too often looked upon by them as a cheap boarding-house or a free soup-kitchen.

Despite the efforts of the parents to make their surroundings attractive, with the aid of wireless and modern conveniences, the young are lured away by the variety of outside pleasures, and little interest is reserved for home.

Surely the reminder is justifiable. Mrs. J. Appley, 49 Victoria St., Peterborough, S.A.

Continually Grumbling

I HEARTILY endorse the sentiments of Mrs. C. R. Coleman on this subject, as it has always been a source of irritation to me to hear so many parents continually grumbling about the financial drag of their offspring. Children cannot help being created, and it is only our duty to attend to their upbringing and its attendant costs without any notion of repayment.

It is something of an achievement nowadays to have produced a self-supporting citizen, and that fact (combined with the many hours of delight we have been afforded through our children) should be remuneration enough.

I do not think many of our children are really ungrateful to us and this is usually proved in time of stress. They may be a little thoughtless—but who would have them otherwise whilst young? Marriage is a combination of joy and pain, so let us not dwell too much upon the shadow of child-rearing, but rejoice in the sunshine which has been added to our lives with the advent of our babies.

Mrs. L. Stanton, North St., Cleveland, Qld.

DRESS FOR MOODS

THE Japanese—ever a picturesque race—are said to dress according to their moods.

Personal appearance plays a greater part in our mental outlook than many of us realise. It may be color or it may be the particular style of a frock which has the effect of depressing us, or the reverse.

And so we could probably make things considerably easier for ourselves if we were to give due attention to temperament in the matter of clothes.

The best results would be obtained, I should think, by dressing in opposition to our moods. Thus our spirits could soar to joyous heights, or be fittingly quelled, as the occasion warranted, by the donning of a frock!

Miss M. Wilson, Box 67, Benmark, S.A.

ETIQUETTE



TO SEE a woman filing her nails in public is just as unpleasant as a man cleaning his.

A LOST ART

HAS bridge reached the zenith of its popularity? When the day's work is done, for both sexes, is there really any recreation in bridge?

I cannot see how bridge—played seriously—can possibly extend our social contacts. That precious time we can devote to friends should be spent leisurely, graciously, and in a relaxed state of mind.

Can we not do something to revive the lost art of conversation? It is really wonderful what knowledge and wisdom some of our friends carry, quite unknown to us.

Conversation is a mental stimulant, whereas much-played bridge must be fatiguing. Let us then ring the changes and ask our friends round to have a good old talk. It's delightfully intimate and so exhilarating. Try it!

Mrs. A. J. Hoeller, Haslem St., Kyabram, Vic.

THE EARTH'S WORKERS

IT always seems that the people who work the hardest on this earth are seldom in the limelight.

In pictures the stars always get all the praise while it is really the directors and producers and scenario writers whose clever ideas and dialogue make the movie enjoyable. Certainly a great deal depends on the way the piece is acted, but were it not for the brains of the men behind the scenes we would have no clever dialogue, spectacular scenes, or beautiful ballets.

This applies in a general way throughout every walk of life. How many brave deeds are done in battle on sea and land without any recognition, simply because they do not happen to come under the notice of the officer in charge?

Miss J. Hobler, P.O. Box 38, Rockhampton, Qld.

WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

TO-DAY we frequently hear these words: "What is personality?" Most people define it as a combination of charm—the ability to be pleasing and saying fitting things, of being outstanding in some particular way, etc. But I myself have always considered personality to be the fruits of some beautiful inward, spiritual grace, presumably a soul of great depth, allied with a forceful character and a great, if not greater, force than that, purity of living and purity of mind. If a person possesses such as these, we can both feel and see them reflected in their looks and their movements.

How many people think as I do? Miss J. M. Brooker, 51 Stepien St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

TED HEALY
SPENT 3 DAYS PRACTICING BASEBALL FOR A PART IN "DEATH ON THE DIAMOND" AND THEN WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF CAST AS AN UMPIRE.

REV. NEAL DODD
IS WORKING IN HIS 200TH FILM IN "YOU BELONG TO ME." HE IS PASTOR OF HOLLYWOOD'S "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

HELEN HAYES
ALWAYS CARRIES A MEDAL SHE WON IN A DEBATING CONTEST WHILE ATTENDING A CONVENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



The Proper Preservation of The Teeth

JUST as your hair depends on the condition of your scalp, so do the soundness and beauty of your teeth depend on the health of your gums.

For scientific preservation of your teeth you need a special tooth paste. You need FORHAN'S—developed by a leading Dentist not only to clean your teeth, but, more important, to protect your gums from dread Pyorrhea.

Get a tube of FORHAN'S from your Chemist and start using it regularly. In a few days your gums will be noticeably firmer and sounder. You will realise that you have found the right way to guard your mouth against the diseases which have robbed millions of their health and charm.

Price 2/-; extra-large tubes 3/-.

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Forhan's for the gums



MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE, IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

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Quiet and Comfortable. French Cuisine. Exquisite Cocktail Bar.
Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.
Fully Licensed. Terms from 3½ Guineas Weekly.

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Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

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OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS
C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 HUNTER STREET, 13 Doors from George Street.
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 375 PITT STREET, Opposite Anthony Hordern's, SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

Foolish to Stay Fat!

NO woman wants to stay fat... and you need not to-day, for there is a simple, practical way to lose fat, as thousands of women have learned.

NOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN REDUCING MIXTURE, using kystatorin, which is prepared, standardized, and concentrated in England and imported in bulk (to reduce cost), and released to you in the most economical way—that is, for mixing it yourself.

No exaggerated claims are made for this mixture, but the results are consistent and gradual. Wrinkling is avoided, and in place of being injurious the action is in every way very beneficial.

THE RECIPE: Kystatorin Concentrated 1oz, table

Vinagar 1 teaspoonful, cold water 19oz. (14 pint).

Send 3/6 P.O.O. to MISS SYLVIA KNOW, Box

16, P.O. MESSIAH, Sydney, N.S.W. Full instructions

and 10 days' supply will be posted, post-free.

Don't Forget

That the new rooms of the Legacy Club, 188 George St. North, will be opened before the end of this month. Contributions of furniture will be gratefully received.

The annual meeting of the Women's Union of Service, Monday, 11th, at 3 p.m., in Lower Adyar Hall, Birch St.

The first meeting of the year of the Antae Fellowship at Wexham, February 22, Scot Chambers, Moxley Place.

A reunion of the Centre, subscribers, and friends of St. Luke's Hospital will be held at Elaine, Double Bay, the home of Mrs. Robert Fairfax, February 27, at 3 p.m.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street). 2-3-3.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

CHORUS to STAR Soprano Creates Furore ... in Grand Opera!

Meteoric and unusual is the sudden Grand Opera success achieved by Miss Marjorie Neeld, a student of the Sydney State Conservatorium of Music. One night singing in the chorus and the next taking the part of Gilda in the Royal Grand Opera Company's performance of "Rigoletto," is an experience that comes to few.

THE morning after her successful debut in "Rigoletto," Miss Neeld was early at the New Tivoli Theatre, where she took her accustomed part in the chorus for the rehearsal of "The Flying Dutchman." To remind her that she had caused a furore in the theatre the previous night were a heap of congratulatory telegrams.

Her first experience of opera was gained with the Imperial Grand Opera season two and a half years ago when she was chosen among hundreds of applicants for chorus work. At the end of the season Miss Neeld became a pupil of Mr. Roland Foster at the State Conservatorium, and has had intermittent lessons from him ever since.

Witely enough, Miss Neeld refused a recent offer for light opera hoping that small parts would be allotted her in the present Grand Opera season, although her original engagement was for chorus work only.

IT is to Mr. Slapoffski, veteran of many seasons of Grand Opera in Australia, that Miss Neeld gives credit for her recent opportunity. Having heard her in the first audition, Mr. Slapoffski insisted on a second hearing when Miss Neeld startled her hearers with her rendition of "Caro Nome." When it was discovered that the whole score of "Rigoletto" was familiar to her, it was



MISS MARJORIE NEELD, who made her debut as Gilda in "Rigoletto," performed by the Royal Grand Opera Co. at the New Tivoli Theatre last week.

decided to give her the leading role in last week's performance.

In addition to her remarkable voice, Miss Neeld has an extensive musical knowledge, youth, good looks, and above all the ambition and resolve to attain a name that will rank high in the musical history of Australia.—V.M.

This Year's Eisteddfod Greater Than the Last

GREAT as was the success of the 1934 City of Sydney Eisteddfod, the 1935 musical competitions promise to eclipse it. Already preparations for the Eisteddfod are being made, and the Lord Mayor (Alderman Parker) and prominent citizens have notified their intention of strongly supporting a movement which has proved so effective in its cultural and educational stimulus.

The Eisteddfod Council has received a promise of a scholarship of £100, to be awarded to the junior piano competitor showing the greatest ability. All committees have already made their recommendations to and received the approval of the council, so that the organisation is some weeks ahead of that of last year.

A few sections have been deleted; the juvenile choral division has been greatly increased upon a recommendation from the Department of Education, while two special sections, a Girl Guides' Choral Competition and Boy Scouts' Choral Competition have been added.

A very attractive syllabus is expected.

moor, the orchestral suite by Bizet, "The Fair Maid of Perth." It had to be played twice, and from then on each audience insisted on hearing it.

People asked for a recording of the suite, but Sir Thomas Beecham replied that it would be impossible to record such music without twenty-five rehearsals. The gramophone people replied that he could have the rehearsals, and the result is the lovely recording which will be heard from 2GB on Sunday, February 10, at 4.44 p.m.

Melbourne Violinist

AN accomplished couple, soon to be heard over the air in eastern Australia, disembarked from the Moldavia at Fremantle last week. Margot MacGibbon, a Melbourne violinist, who has been abroad for seven years, and her pianist husband, Frederick Jackson, are already charming musical listeners in West Australia.

A Royal Academy Scholarship winner, Margot MacGibbon has been doing concert and radio work in England. Frederick Jackson is accompanist to the London Philharmonic Choir, has his own choral society in London, and is pianoforte professor at the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

John Dudley for Europe

JOHN DUDLEY, the young Melbourne singer, whose concert appearances preceded a successful stage career, intends to leave for London shortly and to study with Dinah Gilly. After farewell appearances with the "Roberta" Company in Sydney, he will return to Melbourne for a final Town Hall concert. His proposed sailing date is May 28.

Appearances with Philip Hargrave led to Mr. Dudley being engaged by J. C. Williamson Ltd. for "The Quaker Girl," but his best part so far was provided by "The Student Prince" in 1933. His role in "Roberta" is slight but important, and he brings to it the best voice in the company.

Also going abroad is Alex Wright, the Ballarat tenor, who has chosen the professional name of Andrea Navarra. Hoping to eclipse his brother, Frank, who has done well overseas, Alex Wright has signed a London contract with Reeves and Lamport for a 12 months' concert tour through Europe.

Covent Garden Conductor

THERE is no more provocative figure in English music than Sir Thomas Beecham, who spent the famous fortune giving England music, and still struggles in the cause of better music.

When he conducted at the opening night of the Russian ballet at Covent Garden, he introduced, for no reason except that he was in an extravagant

100% Efficient

In these days of fierce competition, speed and efficiency are demanded. Neglect is considered a crime, and often results in disaster. The penalty you pay for daily neglect is greater still. Headaches, backaches, dizzy spells, biliousness, bad breath are all due to neglected CONSTIPATION. Proper care of your body leads to greater efficiency in business.



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SHEETING
Guaranteed for 5 Years and it's a Cesarene Production

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will dissolve the lime salts which clog the Arteries, thus causing a Stroke and eliminating its sudden death.

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ARTERIAL TABLETS

Price: 12/-, 5/-, 25/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/-.

Obtainable all leading chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 63 Wellington Street, New, Ed. Via.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness have stopped Gaining Up Night, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Distress, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity, and Loss of Vigor by a Doctor's new discovery called 'Cystex' (Sul-tex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans, and heals raw, sore kidneys. In 10 minutes Cystex starts purifying your blood. Brings new health, youth, and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 4 days or money back. Get Cystex at 25 chemists. 2-3-3.

ADVENTURE serials, funny comics, stories for boys and girls, competitions carrying marvellous prizes—children will find all these in Paddy Finn's Weekly.

IT IS NOT Good to Dig into THE PAST

...Advises Louise Mack

DO YOU remember?... Or do you forget?... Which is the better?... Which is the wiser?... It is for you to choose, and on your choice depends much of the peace and happiness of your life. Personally, I think it pays not to remember.

HAVE you ever been in a bus when some poor little old soul gets in with a big, big bundle, a vast, shapeless bundle almost as big as its owner; the bus boy drags it; the passengers push; the old soul clings and claws; and presently the outrageous affair is inside the bus and all the beautifully-dressed men and women sitting there in silence, are thinking the same thing: "What a ghastly collection of decayed rubbish for any human being to cling to and carry round!" You can read that on their faces, faintly amused, and faintly disgusted.

Yet those same trim women and men sitting so smart-looking in that same bus, the men carrying no handbags at all, and the women with snave little reticules containing just a powder-puff, a handkerchief, and some money—these same people may be carrying round with them just as ridiculous a load of rubbish as that poor old creature with her bundle on the floor.

The only difference is that she carries her frowzy, worn-out things in a bundle, and they carry theirs in their minds.

Miss S. writes: "The other day I was talking to a great teacher and lecturer of psychology, and said, 'Don't you remember So-and-So?'"

"He looked blank, and seemed quite uninterested, and in my surprise I asked him again, 'But surely you remember?' Then came his curious answer, 'I remember nothing, I never look back. I only look forward.'"

"What I want to ask you is this: Wouldn't it make one cautious if one persistently shut out the past. Or would it be better to do so, definitely shutting out all sad memories and glad ones as well?"

I am glad our correspondent has

raised this problem, because, strangely enough, another case of the same kind has just come my way.

An old friend of mine was asked by her publishers to write her autobiography, and she described her delight at the idea, but then, when she set to work, she found she couldn't continue.

"I had to give it up. It made me too sad remembering. I simply couldn't go on harrowing myself for the sake of the money that was offered me."

Yet ordinary people, not paid to do so, will rake up their memories and make themselves thoroughly miserable with the things that are best forgotten. There's no sense in that at all.

Not Enough Drama

SOME women gloat over the very things they should forget, but I have come to the conclusion that the reason for this queer conduct is that they have never had enough drama in their lives, never enough thrills, so they supply the lack by making their woes play prominent parts in their otherwise tame life-stories.

We all know the woman who boasts of "my operation," but really she should not let ourselves feel so scornful.

Perhaps that woman badly needed drama, and perhaps her operation supplied it to her for the first time. Perhaps her life had been dull, monotonous and unbelievably humdrum until "my operation" suddenly turned her into the star performer in a tremendous real-life drama, with herself as heroine, and no rivals anywhere for her part.

Half the misery in life isn't misery at all. It's just what Calverley called "The bilious ecstasy of woe." It's a definite refusal to forget.

Frankly, it's a weak-minded pursuit of the past, whether it's an effort to live over again old joys, or an even sillier attempt to draw forth from their abounding years the old griefs and sorrows that were ours once upon a time.

What do we want with old woes, and old sorrows? Why should we call up out of the shadows things that hurt us most bitterly at the time—his nastiness, her two-facedness, the little squabbles, the big quarrels, the cruel disappointments in this one or that as life revealed their cruelty and faithlessness. Why dig them up? Do we want to remember them? And what's wrong with us if we do?

We should cultivate the art of forgetting. We should strike new matches all the time.

ALL around us lies the present, so fascinating in its homeliness, because so near to us, and so entirely our own. All we have to do is to live in it, though we can build our windows to face the future, and catch the glittering lights that whirl occasionally across the far horizon, turning it into a Land of Hope and Glory.

Let the dead past bury its dead. Grief and bitterness need never be recreated for inspection in any chamber of any heart.

WON'T FIGHT Before His Girl Empire Boxer Nervous

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

Betty Williams is eighteen years old and she has just become engaged to the champion heavyweight of the Empire, who beat the Australian George Cook recently, the famous Jack Petersen.

Betty is herself no mean athlete. She is a champion lacrosse and hockey player and is a very fine swimmer. For some reason or other Petersen has asked his fiancée to give up swimming when they are married. Betty has the slender figure of the trained athlete. She is fair and, in looks, so much like Petersen that pictures of them together have often appeared under the heading of Jack Petersen and his sister.

"I have never seen Jack fight," she says, "and I don't expect I ever will, as Jack says he would be affected, subconsciously, by my presence."

The famous boxer has given the young Cardiff girl a lovely double-diamond engagement ring.

£250 CASH FREE

Mr. Stan McCabe, who is Honorary Secretary of the New South Wales Golden Chest, is offering £250 cash free to those who solve this competition correctly and send him the completed coupon.

In each word, some letters are missing; these missing

No.	CLUE	HELPFUL LETTERS	SOLUTION
1.	A bird which cries cuckoo.	C K O	—U— — — —
2.	Large.	I	— — — — DE
3.	Fellow; Person.	A	CH — — —
4.	Loyalty.	A	— — — — E — — —
5.	An exclamation of disgust.	H	— — — — A — —
6.	Narrow alley off a main street.	E	— — — — N — —
7.	Tool for boring holes.	M L E	— — — — I — — —
8.	Something left over.	M N A T	RE — — — —
9.	Stock, capital.	S	F — — — — ND
10.	To grow dark.	K E	DAR — — — —
11.	Want.	I	— — — — ES — — —
12.	Apparition, of a person near death.	W R	— — — — A — — —
13.	Tear, split, break.	E	R — — — — ND
14.	Prepared for action.	R E	— — — — D — —
15.	Fall in drops.	R	D — — — — P — —
16.	A twig.	I	— — — — SP — — —
17.	The Head.	L	— — — — O — — —
18.	A hoop.	R	— — — — I — — —
19.	Alone.	L	— — — — O — — —
20.	Covered Colonnades (pl.).	S T	NY — — — —
21.	A hide, skin.	L	PE — — — —
22.	Dupe.	F	— — — — L — — —

Mr. Stan McCabe, Honorary Secretary, Missing Letters Competition, Desk A.W.W.I., Box 2200, P.O., Sydney.
I want to share in the £250 cash, and attach my entry for the Missing Letters Competition. I agree to accept the Judge's decision as final and legally binding.
Here is a postal note for £1/- and a stamped addressed envelope. Please send me the Golden Chest ticket which can win a prize valued at £4000.

letters are marked by a dash. Can you complete the words? The clue gives the meaning, and the helpful letters form part of the word—e.g., No. 1. "A bird which cries cuckoo"—Helpful letters are C K O—and the solution—U— — — —. The answer is CUCKOO. Now work out the others in this way.

CASH PRIZES	
FIRST PRIZE	£100
SECOND PRIZE	£20
THIRD PRIZE	£10
4 at £5 each	£20
50 at £1 each	£50
100 at 10/- each	£50
TOTAL	£250

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

The first prize of £100 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct solution. The second prize of £20, third £10, and the other 150 cash prizes will be awarded to those with the next nearest correct solutions.

Only 15 words need be solved, but preference will be given to those with the 22 correct. Words and clues from Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary.

Words must be filled in the space provided in this paper. In the event of more than one person having the correct solution, the Judge reserves the right to award points for neatness and simplicity of presentation, or to add all prizes together and divide the money equally between those with the correct entries.

The Judge's decision will be final and legally binding. Competitors may enter only on this distinct understanding.

Only one prize or share of a prize will be awarded to any one person or household.

No correspondence will be entered into or interview granted either during or after the Competition.

Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, and a postal note for £1/- for a ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest. This may win an additional prize valued at £4000. Only one ticket is any one person, but additional entries for competition may be sent in at 6d. each.

The correct solution has been placed in the Safe Deposit of the Bank of New South Wales, and will be opened in the presence of the Judge.

Entries from this paper must be received by March 24th. Results will be published in the "Sydney Morning Herald" on March 30th, 1935.

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Loses 14 Pounds of Fat in 11 Days

On a Full Stomach
With New, Safe, Quick, Easy, Pleasant Reducing Treatment



Miss Helen G. Lintner

Lose Fat Quick, at Home—or Pay Nothing

Many say that other methods had failed. But BonKora, the new quick, easy Reducing Treatment, is different. It took off all their fat: a pound a day for weeks. Others lost 15 to 40 pounds in 3 weeks. Very stout people lost even more.

It reduces fat now—"3-days" way. Triple action: triple speed. Take a little BonKora daily to help body function properly: to remove heavy wastes and maintain firm, taut tissues. EAT BUT MAKE use of food you like, no explained in BonKora packages. Don't get too thin. Reduce to normal, healthy weight. Then stop reducing and hold your new slender figure.

There are no dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact, the treatment builds health while reducing fat the quickest way. You feel and really look younger.

Don't be let any longer. Get a bottle of BonKora from your chemist to-day. If not delighted with quick loss of fat, your chemist refunds money you paid for this bottle. You don't risk a penny.

FREE BOOKLET on New, Safe, Certain, and Healthful Method of Slimming. CHAPMAN & COMPANY, W.W. 8/2/35

Please send me your FREE BOOKLET giving full details of BonKora Treatment.

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Reduce like I did—
In a week you'll
be astonished



BONKORA—SAFE—NO THYROID.

BonKora contains NATURAL ingredients only. No thyroid or other gland chemicals are used in its preparation. BonKora functions in a perfectly natural way, dissolves, and is so SAFE that even a child can take it without harm.

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LADIES. If you are short you can be tall. There is no limit to the height you can reach. The Ross System of Height Increasing is the only system that will give you the height you want. It is the only system that will give you the height you want. It is the only system that will give you the height you want.



GENTLEMEN. If you want to be tall you can be tall. There is no limit to the height you can reach. The Ross System of Height Increasing is the only system that will give you the height you want. It is the only system that will give you the height you want. It is the only system that will give you the height you want.

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No flea or lice can escape from Pulvex. Other powders often merely stun parasites. Pulvex kills them and is so repellent that they keep off for days. Pulvex is harmless, even if swallowed—no irritating chemicals. You can cover your pets a few times a year.

Res-free summer. If you don't think once a week with Pulvex. Sold at all good druggists, in tins at 1/4; double size, 1/2.

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Warning Pains in the BACK

Dreaded Rheumatism That Shortens So Many Lives

If you get agonising back, loin or joint pains; if you feel constantly tired, weak and irritable, with headaches, disturbed sleep; urinary troubles—BEWARE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE. Neglect means the risk of Crippling Breakdown, Menacing Rheumatic Complaints, Heart Injury—years of suffering—a premature decline of your powers, and possibly a shortened life. Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills offer you a remedy of proven efficacy for rheumatic, kidney, bladder and uric acid disorders. But the longer you delay treatment, the worse your trouble may become.



A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE REMEDY

Harrison's Pills are the surest, safest and, results considered, the least expensive remedy you can take. If you have any one or a number of the symptoms and disorders printed below, you should take Harrison's Pills at once. This remedy of a London Doctor has an outstanding record of success. Harrison's Pills not only combat the early stages of Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatic, Genito-Urinary and Uric Acid Disorders, but they succeed even in cases that defy all other forms of treatment. Harrison's Pills are good for women and children as well as for men—for all ages over 9 years—and help for even the most delicate constitution.

STOPS PAIN BY REMOVING CAUSE!

If you suffer from any form of bodily torture such as may be associated with uric acidity or rheumatism; if you have any vitally-sapping, youth-robbing disorder of the bladder or urinary organs—try this great remedy. Go to your chemist or store-keeper and ask for a package of Harrison's Pills. Three sizes—18 pills, 2/-; 32 pills, 3/-; and 48 pills, 5/-. You are guaranteed relief from the first bottle or money back. Further, you are assured of a lasting complete clearing up of your trouble if such be possible from any remedy. If not near a chemist or store, post your order to Amalgamated Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney. Harrison's Pills must help you because they effectively break the CAUSE of your ill-health.

For Weak, Aching Back, Loin, Joint and Limb Pains, Stabbing Pains, Rheumatic Infection, Swollen Joints, Loss of Vitality, Sciatica, Arthritis, Uric Acid, Urinary Pain, Gravel, Stone, etc., TAKE

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Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double knit stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 5/- pair. We offer to you three pairs for 1/-. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Poudre" Face Powder, worth 1/-.

Don't miss this opportunity. This purchase will entitle you also to a further free offer of a pair of silk Misses' Bloomers. Mention "The Women's Weekly."

Address only:
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38 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

"Sighted Off Nobbys"

NEWCASTLE has suffered the handicap of its label as a manufacturing, coal-mining city, and its natural scenic beauty, as well as that of the surrounding district, has been overlooked in consequence.

It will surprise many who have not visited this part of the State to read and view the splendor of Newcastle and its environs in the booklet, "Sighted off Nobbys," which has just been issued by the local Tourist and Publicity Bureau. It is an artistic production, containing beautiful examples of photographic art, as well as information that will be helpful to holiday and home makers.

New Zealand's Governor-General and Family

A new study of Viscount Galway, Governor-General Designate of New Zealand. He will take up his new duties in March. With him is shown Lady Galway, who is a sister of Lord Annaly, and their children, the Hon. Simon Monckton-Arundell (beir), the Hon. Mary Monckton-Arundell, the Hon. Celia Monckton-Arundell, and the Hon. Isabel Monckton-Arundell. The family, staff and entourage total 28.

—Air Mail photo.



LABELLED "PURE" ... But It's Not ALWAYS TRUE

The Health Department Gives No Guarantee

Since its inception The Australian Women's Weekly has always insisted that foodstuffs supplied to the people should be pure, of reasonable price, and up to the standard they are represented. A weakness in the New South Wales Pure Foods Act, which has been in force since 1908, is here pointed out.

CONTRARY to general belief, the Act does not make it compulsory for the manufacturer of foodstuffs to guarantee that his commodities comply with the standards required by the regulations made under the Act. It leaves the matter entirely at his option.

The only incentive to give the guarantee under the Act is that the retailer usually prefers to handle food that has the guarantee attached to it, on account of its greater selling value.

And this is where the housewife is liable to be deceived.

On seeing a guarantee on the label of a bottle of jam or tomato sauce that the contents "are guaranteed under the Pure Food Act of New South Wales" she not unnaturally assumes that the jam or tomato sauce has been sampled and tested by a Government depart-

ment, and found to be pure, and she makes her purchase without hesitation. Nothing could be further from the actual facts of the case. The Health Department knows nothing of the contents of the bottle or package, and has given no guarantee.

All the label means is that the manufacturer of the particular product, whatever it may be, has made application to the Health Department and filled in two forms giving certain information regarding the food he is selling.

Food Inspectors' Duties

ON receipt of these forms, properly completed, the Health Department issues him a serial number, which he is required to use on his label with the words, "Guaranteed Under the Pure Food Act of N.S.W. by So. and So." This serial number costs him nothing. The guarantor is, of course, liable for the quality of the food sold if it bears

his serial number on the label, unless it can be shown that it has deteriorated since he delivered it, or that the retailer knew it was not up to standard.

In the case of food of inferior quality being sold with the guarantee label attached, the Health Department knows where to look for a victim for its prosecution, and, in justice to the food inspectors it can be said that they are constantly visiting business premises and taking samples of food and drugs away for analysis, and, in many cases, convictions have been recorded against the manufacturers.

On the other hand officers of the Health Department admit that the guarantee label is sometimes used by people on cheap preparations which the Health Department would not think of guaranteeing.

MUSIC in the AIR

SYLVIA WELLING is seen in her most attractive role as Frieda Haisfeld in "Music in the Air" in her farewell to Sydney audiences before her return to London.

A packed house greeted the revival at the Theatre Royal last Saturday night, and if the enthusiasm of the audience is prophetic, the play should have a deservedly successful run.

New changes in the casting include that of Sidney Burchill from his old role of Hans, to that of Bruno Mahler, the playwright. He is excellent in the part, and his musical baritone voice is heard to advantage in the many tuneful songs allotted him.

As usual, Cecil Kellaway is a delight in the role of the unsophisticated music teacher, Dr. Lessing.

John Mayer, the English juvenile lead, was convincing in his part as Karl Rieder, and another newcomer to the cast is Nellie Barnes, who was all that one imagines a simple country girl to be.

"Music in the Air" is brimful of lovely melodies, and is one of the few musical comedy productions of recent years that will continue to charm after many attendances.—Y.M.

FAMOUS STARS for Women's Weekly RADIO

Fascinating New Features

Not everybody is lucky enough to travel, but by turning the dial of your radio set to 2GB on Saturday night at 9.15 you may make a musical tour of North and South America.

THIS is one of the many fascinating features in The Australian Women's Weekly sessions this week—so travel the continents of the world on Saturday nights with The Australian Women's Weekly.

On Sunday night at 9.15 the famous stars of the Continent come to you. Every artist on this programme has performed in one of the great cabarets of the world. Lucienne Boyer... Jack Bond... Lys Gauty... these three have sung and played their way into every home in the world where a radio set is kept.

Beatrice Grimshaw

DURING the day sessions of The Australian Women's Weekly, which are conducted by Dorothea Vautier from 2GB at 11.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., interesting personalities are interviewed at the microphone, this week's personality being Beatrice Grimshaw, writer of our new serial, "Victorian Family Robinson."

Beatrice Grimshaw has travelled widely, and her books have an amazing

sale. She has many interesting stories to recount when she broadcasts to our listeners on Thursday, 14th, at 3.30 p.m.

Bright news and modern music are a feature of The Australian Women's Weekly sessions from 2GB at 11.45 and 3.30, and every woman who enjoys hearing the news and gossip of the day should tune in at these times.

Life in a Harem

ON Friday, 15th, at 11.45 a.m., Dorothea Vautier has a fascinating story for you of "Life in a Harem." This is the story of Thorag Murray, a Scottish girl who married the son of a chieftain of the Free Land beyond the North-West Frontier of India. Thorag tells of life in the chieftain's fort... the charming manners of her new relatives-in-law... of her first change into Eastern apparel... and the customs and daily life of the fort.

It all sounds very much like an Eastern fairy tale, but it is a true story. Listen-in to 2GB on Friday, 15th, at 11.45 a.m.

Overweight Women

NOW FIND IT

Easy to Reduce

Now—Reducing Treatment that is scientific, and in correct proportion, returns overweight women to normal! Through and effective it consists of (1) Reducing fat cells, (2) Stimulating metabolism, (3) Increasing energy, (4) Increasing blood circulation, (5) Increasing the power of the digestive system, (6) Increasing the power of the excretory system, (7) Increasing the power of the reproductive system, (8) Increasing the power of the nervous system, (9) Increasing the power of the muscular system, (10) Increasing the power of the circulatory system, (11) Increasing the power of the respiratory system, (12) Increasing the power of the endocrine system, (13) Increasing the power of the immune system, (14) Increasing the power of the integumentary system, (15) Increasing the power of the reproductive system, (16) Increasing the power of the nervous system, (17) Increasing the power of the muscular system, (18) Increasing the power of the circulatory system, (19) Increasing the power of the respiratory system, (20) Increasing the power of the endocrine system, (21) Increasing the power of the 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For Your Hair



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Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

POLITICIANS Get the Plums ... and Keep WOMEN OUT!

Strong Fight to Get Full-time Delegates at League of Nations

By E. M. TILDESLEY

This year will be a busy one for politicians tripping abroad at the country's expense, attending the King's Jubilee celebrations, Imperial conferences, and other important international discussions and functions.

BUT women will have to fight to secure even one full-time representative at the League of Nations assembly, although the first move for international understanding and reciprocity of this kind was virtually made by women's organisations.

One woman has been included in the

Australian delegation to the annual assembly of the League of Nations since 1922. And, though the 1935 meeting does not take place for eight months, already nominations have been received by the Federal Government, upon which various claims to the honor are being pressed.

It is only reasonable that women should represent their countries in the

League. Great statesmen at Geneva have publicly saluted the International Council of Women as "Mother of the League of Nations." Women's societies saw the value of international co-operation long before their nations agreed to come together.

The N.C.W. in Australia has always contended that we should send a woman as full delegate to Geneva.

But Governments so far have compromised, only allowing the woman of the Australian delegation to rank as an alternate, which means that, though she shares in the committee work, she only sits in the assembly when one of the men is engaged elsewhere. Other countries send women as full delegates. Why not Australia?

THE Government has shown a tendency to economise, when appointing the woman delegate, by selecting someone who happened to be in Europe. This limits the field of choice, and falls short of the ideal, which is to accredit to Geneva the most representative woman available.

We have been assured that this would be done, and certainly until financial conditions upset matters the majority of those chosen were sent from Australia and their fares paid.

But for the last four years the Government has saved money by appointing women who found themselves overseas at the time. Economy is no doubt still necessary, but why not cut out trips for male politicians instead?

Mr. Bruce will lead the delegation, and the other men required might be chosen from his staff in London. If no men were sent, a woman might go from Australia for once with all the advantage of last-minute contact with our affairs.

Delegates of the Past

THE first Australian woman to appear at Geneva was Mrs. G. E. Dale, a determined advocate of women's rights. Three—Miss Jessie Webb, Miss Freda Bage, and Dr. Roberta Jull—have been women holding University office. Mrs. Mackinnon, a veteran of the Nationalist Party, was given the trip in 1925, and Miss May Holman, the only Labor woman, M.L.A. in 1930. Other women appointed include Mrs. Allan, Mrs. I. H. Moss, now president of the N.C.W. of Australia; Mrs. Carlisle McDonnell, the first of our women to address the assembly from the tribune; and Mrs. Claude Couchman, of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, whose public activities comprise good works as well as politics.

Dr. Ethel Osborne, well known for her researches on industrial hygiene, is the only woman to be appointed for two years in succession. Mrs. Jamieson Williams, prominent as a worker in the cause of temperance, was apparently selected in 1933 under a misapprehension, as she had already left this country, for some time to make her permanent home in Wales.

The functions of the woman delegate should be first to worthily represent the women of Australia at a world gathering, and second, to make the work of the League known among her countrywomen on her return. Unless she comes back to Australia she cannot perform this latter duty, and the full benefit of having a woman delegate is not secured.

State Rights

IN theory, the best Australian woman should be sent, no matter which State she comes from. In practice, State rights are taken into account. For instance, both West Australia and Victoria established a claim to the appointment for their respective centenaries; and, no doubt, following this precedent, a South Australian will be chosen for 1936. Victoria has had the honor six times, N.S.W. three, West Australia twice, and Queensland and South Australia once each. Tasmania not yet.

Probably no nomination will be made from Victoria, which feels it has had its full share of distinctions. From New South Wales the names of Mrs. Bernard Muscio, president of the N.C.W., and Mrs. Crawford Vaughan, ex-M.L.A., have been formally submitted. It is understood that Mrs. Littlejohn, who is shortly to sail from Sydney for the old country, Mrs. Rischbeth, of West Australia, and Mrs. Cumberbatch, of Queensland, are also in the field.

If the Government felt that Tasmania ought to have its turn they might find it difficult to select a nominee from that State. By common consent the outstanding Tasmanian woman is Mrs. Lyons, a brilliant speaker with a lively interest in women's questions, and a broad outlook. But even if her health and family ties permitted her to journey to Europe for next September, no doubt it would be felt that she is disqualified by the accident of being the Prime Minister's wife from an office to which her personal qualifications would entitle her.



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CONRAD VEIDT the MAN

Great German Actor



By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

In some recently published reminiscences, Conrad Veidt, well remembered by filmgoers in Australia as the commandant of "I Was a Spy," and starring in "Jew Suss," lifts the veil which has hitherto shrouded his private life. He shows himself a very temperamental artist and a good deal of an egotist, as many artists are. But he disarms criticism largely by the very frankness with which he recounts his emotional adventures and the admission that the unhappiness he has suffered has been to a great extent caused by his own nature.

HE is now 41 years old and was born in Berlin, where he made his stage debut under the famous producer, Max Reinhardt. During the war he played continually in army theatres in Libau and Tilsit until his discharge in 1917, when he rejoined Reinhardt, to whom he gladly admits that he owes a tremendous debt.

Appearing in several important early German pictures, among others "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," which made screen history, "Waxworks" and "The Student of Prague," he won European renown and was eventually persuaded to go to Hollywood in 1927 by John Barrymore.

After three years there, however, when talking pictures superseded the old "silents," he returned to Europe.

But since then, having conquered his main difficulties with the language, though he will always probably speak it with a foreign accent, he has come to the fore again in English pictures. His role in "Rome Express" formed his reintroduction to English-speaking audiences.

Now, being, like other internationally famous German-Jews, unwelcome in a Germany controlled by the Nazis, he has found a second home in England. He seems at last to have settled down to an ideally happy home life in his house at Hampstead.

Veidt has been married three times, and by his second wife he has a small daughter, Viola Vera Maria, who lives with her mother in Berlin.

Mother Complex

THE part that women have played in his personal life, as distinct from his career as an actor, has been of major importance. As he says himself, he has never been and never could be indifferent to women. But his own nature has prevented him from enjoying married happiness that was likely to be permanent until this last essay.

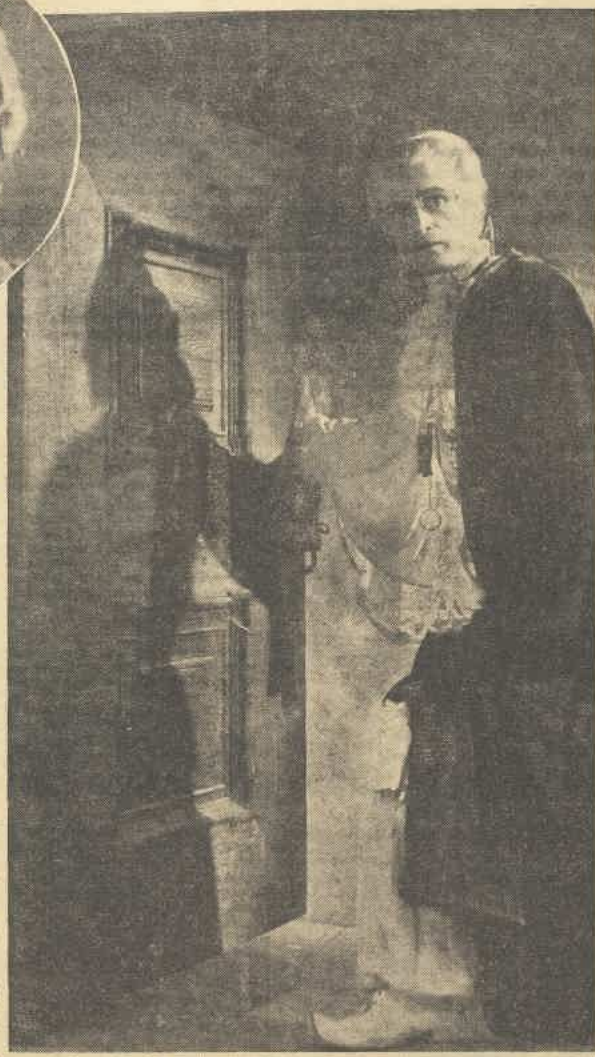
It was no doubt due to what psychologists now call a "mother complex" that his first and second marriages came to shipwreck.

When he was a young man, his mother died. Her death shattered him, and though she had never been unduly possessive in her love of the son of whom she was so proud, her influence seemed to deepen in him. He began to refer everything to his idea of her.

He had married a beautiful woman, also an artist. She was a famous diseuse of the Berlin stage. Possibly their separate careers helped to widen the breach that presently grew between them. They often worked at different hours and sometimes were appearing in different cities.

At any rate, she was kind and good as well as beautiful, and helpful with her advice in professional matters. There was no suggestion of a quarrel between them. But eventually, though he blames himself for their estrangement, he left her. One day, while she was away, he walked out of the house never to return. She is now happily married to another man.

AFTER a period of great loneliness, during which he despaired of the full companionship he craved, he met the woman, also beautiful, who became his



(In circle): Head of Joan Maudie, the young English actress who plays the part of the unhappy Magdalene Sybille in the film version of "Jew Suss."

(Centre): A striking portrait of Conrad Veidt in one of the elegant costumes he wears at the powerful minister of the Duke. He is here entering the house where he is keeping his young daughter Naomi in country seclusion. (Below): A photograph of Conrad Veidt as Jew Suss, which shows his extraordinary, luminous blue eyes.

second wife. With her he thought he had found what he was always unconsciously seeking. And his joy knew no bounds when some years later the little daughter was born to them.

Yet his time in Hollywood removed him from his wife and child for a while. Later, in spite of the child, whom he adores, but thinks it only right to leave mostly with her mother, this second marriage, too, was dissolved.

He visits his daughter, Viola, and takes her away with him sometimes, and he and his former wife remain good friends.

In 1931, his third wife, like himself a Berliner, he feels that at last he has found happiness. She is the mother-woman in her relation to him that approaches nearest to his ideal.

NATURALLY an actor of such eminence as Veidt has had associations with practically everyone of note on the stage or in films on the continent. He speaks of the inspiration of Reinhardt's personality, how as soon as he came into

the theatre where the actors were waiting for rehearsal the whisper would go round, "Max is here," and they would all be on their toes. But though he drove them pretty hard, they were all like his children. And his sense of humor was endearing.

GARBO, in the days of her comparative obscurity, he met in Vienna with the director, Max Stiller. Ernst Lubitsch, the actor, later turned director, he has known since their days together with Reinhardt. Lubitsch, who looks upon the world with a twinkling eye and who is never seen without a cigar in his mouth. With Jannings, and Murnau, afterwards to become one of Hollywood's greatest directors, and Lother Mendes, who has directed "Jew Suss," he has been on terms of intimacy. Of Jannings he says that no one could know him without loving him.

Veidt has played, too, with Elizabeth Bernier, whom he regards as an actress of genius.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

* THE WHITE PARADE

Loretta Young, John Boles. (Fox.)

NURSES in most countries have to work very hard for long hours and little pay. They also have to be subject to strict discipline, that is, if they are taking up the profession seriously. But the probationers who embark on a three year course in this film are plunged into an unnecessarily conventional atmosphere. We find here the suggestion contained in that other film about doctors, "Men in White," that to devote oneself to the healing art is practically to take vows of celibacy. Yet doctors, as we know, do actually marry, and sometimes even marry nurses.

Starry-eyed Loretta Young makes the sort of nurse that any man would like to be attended by; and her handling of the babies, too, is charming. But why John Boles should be treated as barely grown up by a secretary who looks about his age and who talks of what she said to his father twenty years ago we do not understand. The astringent principal of the training college is well presented by Sara Haden. So too that bustling sentimentalist, the matron (Jane Darwell), who can break the rules without a tremor. But the almost religious ceremonial of the college is too stressed. Regent; com. Feb. 1.

* BACHELOR OF ARTS

Tom Brown, Anita Louise. (Fox.)

A FILM about American college youths and "co-eds" that does not hinge on the exploits of the football team and show the hero in a triumphant touch down seems against nature. Yet here it is. And this simple story of an eager freshman's progress vibrates with honesty, so we are given to understand. Tom Brown's enrolment, the pacifist meeting that ends in a brawl, the fraternity dance to which his room mate wears our hero's expensive new tuxedo, the inevitable initiation rag and later on the glee club—it is all here.

There is, of course, trying to make him less scatterbrained, the sweet young blonde (Anita Louise), whose rapt expression reminds us of a picture widely popular some time ago, "The Soul's Awakening." On his other hand is the roguish brunette (Arlene Judge), who prefers him as he is. But what with Miss Louise and an earnest professor who has a consensual wife (Miss Marsh), the hero has no chance. Brown wakes up to the seriousness of life, working his way through college as a restaurant waiter and giving a quart of blood for transfusion at the local hospital all on the same afternoon. At least that is how it seems. Capitol; com. Feb. 8.

* TRANSATLANTIC

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Gene Raymond, Nancy Carroll, Sydney Howard. (Reliance Pict. U.A.)

A LUXURY liner gives even better opportunities than a vast hotel or a continental express for presenting a great variety of characters whose dramas are interwoven by temporary circumstances. The passengers who embark on a.s. Progress at New York, no doubt attracted by the cabaret turns and mid-ocean broadcasts promised, are certainly a mixed lot and appear to include an unusual number of crooks. There is also a New York police inspector on vacation, who says as the end that he would have had a more restful holiday if he had stayed at headquarters. This we can believe, for a stolen bracelet and two murders do not leave him much leisure to enjoy the sea breezes.

Some of the cabaret turns are far too elaborate to be staged in any ship's saloon. But the burlesque drama broadcast is entertaining. There are, too, the comedy interludes provided by Sydney Howard, who comes aboard drunk and remains in that cheerful state throughout the trip. But he can be funnier than this. A rather unconvincing romance develops between the principal cabaret girl (Nancy Carroll), and Gene Raymond, an expert jewel thief, whose reform we do not credit. Altogether, if you merely want excitement on a voyage, a trip like this should meet your views. Plaza; com. Feb. 1.

* I AM A THIEF

Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor. (Warner Bros.)

"ROME EXPRESS" looks like having a numerous progeny. This latest example of a crime thriller aboard a Continental train is full of action, and the excitement as to which are the real criminals is kept going until the final reel. But the film does not measure up to its parent in character drawing. These people are puppets cleverly pushed about to fit the plot.

The introductory shots of Paris are interesting. The detail also of the express speeding to Istanbul, which sounds more exciting than Constantinople, and at various stopping places is capably presented, though the pace is by no means won. We hardly think that the Paris Surete would employ a woman detective on such a mission. But, if so, it would be someone less conspicuous than Mary Astor and someone less likely to let sen-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars no good.

* LILY OF KILLARNEY

John Garrick, Gina Malo. (B.D.F.)

ACCORDING to this film the Irish tenants of "Old Ireland" accompany all their doings with some very amusing, which we should have thought demanded secrecy. They drink off glasses of various liquors pretty easily, too. But then this is one of those romantic, fancy pictures of the Emerald Isle. It has beautiful authentic views of the Lake of Killarney. Otherwise, it relies for its atmosphere on a good sprinkling of "begorrah" and "ahlanas," and so on. It is only fair to say that the music sets and the groups of hunting men and of collectors dancing in the market place are picturesque, and there is at least one genuine Irish player in the cast, Sam Allgood.

Leslie Perrins is the spallpeen who tries to ruin the songful hero (John Garrick). But the jovial priest, Father O'Flynn (Stanley Holloway), is so much for him, and Garrick wins in the end not only his pretty peasant girl (Gina Malo) but the hunt race on which so much had been wagered. Truly an innocent diversion all through. Mayfair; com. Jan. 30.

* PARIS INTERLUDE

Madge Evans, Otto Kruger, Robert Young. (M-G-M.)

WITH our thoughts still very much on the desperate hazards run by aviators, the opening of this film, which shows Paris agog over the record-breaking flight of Lindbergh in 1927, strikes a poignant note. Various special correspondents and other members of the American colony are seen in a waiting for the news of his arrival. But Sam Colt (Otto Kruger), an Army man reporter, is too busy philosophizing with Julie Bell (Madge Evans), a guileless little girl from the States who takes his declaration seriously, to do his job. However, after the manner of these brilliant reporters on the screen, he snaffles some other correspondent's copy and flits away in a blaze of glory on another special assignment to China.

There is some difficulty in believing that Colt could continue to be such a success in his profession, if he were three parts drunk most of the time. Also we think that the stranded Julie who has enough spirit to pick herself up and become a fashion correspondent for a paper at home, would realise more quickly that it was no use breaking her heart about him. Likewise, Colt's return at the end and his noble act of remembrance in favor of her devoted lover (Robert Young) is just a piece of theatrical effectiveness. Civic; com. Feb. 1.

* I LIVED WITH YOU

Ivor Novello, Ursula Jeans. (B.D.F.)

AS in some other English films, the parts here are vastly greater than the whole. Ivor Novello's play, in which he starred also on the stage, is not quite satisfactory or conclusive; but it has a good idea—the ridicule or the testing of accepted conventions by a representative of another society—and its dialogue is frequently witty. Even that, at times, absurdly infant terrible remarks of Novello's Russian prince are quite amusing, and, more important than anything else, the characters in spite of exaggerations and of false situations are drawn from life. The trouble is that much of this good material might profitably have been pruned.

Novello is well in character as the irresponsible Russian, though how he came to be stranded just where he was is a mystery. Ursula Jeans is delightful as the girl who takes compassion on him, and Ida Lupino, as her younger sister, is here given an opportunity to act which she has not come her way more recently in Hollywood. Then there are the father and mother, both very well presented. But the tea party with its carefully studied types is the gem of the piece. This is an incident to be remembered for long with grateful smiles. Mayfair; com. Jan. 30.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

The Ken Read family, of Boggabri, are disporting themselves at Manly at Hotel Pacific in-between surfs?

Aristocratic Surfer

ON her way home to England, Lady Lawes-Wittewronge... Enlivened social doings at Palm Beach during stay with Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Levy... Object of visit to stay with mother-in-law, Lady Helena Lawes-Wittewronge at Killara... Visitor attractive with penchant for red and blue bathing apparel.

Predictions of early wedding for Peg Walder and Carleton Kelly out of reckoning. Plans still in the air.

Stimulating Revival

REVIVAL of "Music in the Air" very popular... Well at her best... Her yellow and brown travelling suit adorable... Amusing brown velvet toque, yellow handbag, brown gloves... Spencer Bruntons, inveterate first-nighters, in front of stalls... Must get more than share of side drums... Mrs. Brian Keyes charming in unusual combination of brown and tea-rose pink... Box occupied by Kellaway family... Sylvia's summer routine superb.

Loves the Islands

LETTERS from Harry Hill from British Solomons Group... Thoroughly enjoying life on copra plantation... Receives mail only every five weeks... Leave not due for a long time yet... Harry is youngest son of Mrs. J. D. Hill, and most popular in Yass district... Brothers Jim and Rico cope with crops and weather vagaries at Bendimine, Yass.

Dinah Hordern exceedingly smart in severely tailored black crinkle crepe at Romano's on Saturday night. Peggy Hesse looked effective in black, added black coque feathers to neckline for good measure.

Gold-Standard Presents

SOLID gold... so rare these days... figured largely in the presentations made to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fenner on fiftieth anniversary of wedding. Officers of Colonial Sugar Refining Co., and many relatives and friends numbering nearly 200 at celebrations... Party, which was picnic affair, located at Collaroy home of Dr. and Mrs. Norman Fenner... Cables, wires and flowers in abundance...

Holiday for Dorise

EXPECTED back this week, Dorise Hill, of Pickwick Book Club renown... Has visited Auckland, Bay of Islands, Whangaroa, and Auckland again... Travelling alone, but assured of many friends on voyage owing to bright and attractive manner... Club much breezier when its chataelaine in command.

As usual Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Duncan, of Woodstock, are spending summer at Manly. Only daughter Gladys, both young and pretty, is celebrating engagement to Jack Hunter Harris, from Sandringham.

Roundabout Routes

AMAZING areas covered by Dr. Raoul Cardamatis while on shopping expedition... Although present home is at Vaucluse, motors to Kensington for meat... From there he wanders to Botany for groceries... Economy not the object... The genial doctor once traded with the storekeepers and does not see why few gallons of petrol should be cause of discontinuing patronage.

Ex-Premier's Daughter Weds

THE wedding of ex-Premier J. T. Lang's daughter, Nellie, to James Budge was quite unheralded... Most unusual for wedding in family of such prominent political personage to pass unsung by Press... Ceremony quiet affair at St. Stephen's Church, Newtown, Rev. A. E. Rook officiating... Bridegroom, young, handsome, electrical engineer in firm of James Budge Ltd.

Very Social Engagement

GREAT excitement over Faith Macarthur Onslow's engagement to Pat Rothe... Lots of friends in Far East will be interested... Pat was associated with Singapore Cold Storage Company for many years... Solar topee well-known at Bukit Temah golf club and other social centres of city... Pat also spent some years at Kuala Lumpur with same firm... Will not need guide if honeymoon takes place in East.

Flutterings of stork wings over Sydney. Great interest being taken in Sam Hordern's baby daughter, especially by Mrs. Tom Vincent, Mrs. Doug Levy, Mrs. Dick Allen.

Lure of Travel

EVERYONE who sees Archie Martin's unique collection of posters at 300 Pitt St., wants to rush off madly in all directions... Dutch girls complete with clogs wave encouragement from Holland... Vistas of the midnight sun from Norway and lovely ski jumping pictures in bright colors... Modern Japanese flappers in up-to-date hiking apparel smile from hilltops. Afternoon tea served in azure china is added attraction.



Ideal for Sports

VERY jolly are the tennis and swimming parties given at Point Piper by Mrs. Len Cameron... She is spending summer with her parents, the Percy Crossings... Court adjoining delightful swimming pool... One small niece refuses to swim and sedately seats herself on steps. Lots of other relatives at the parties.

Mrs. Joan Brunskill, chic and popular, leaves for Europe next month.

Trio of Hosts

ENJOYED cocktails dispensed by Jascha and Tossy Spivakovsky and Edmund Kurtz at Selsdon Flats, Potts Point, to musicians and society dilettantes. Famous artists now on way to Brisbane... Consuls-General for Netherlands and Poland among guests... New bonnet-shaped hat worn by hostess, Mrs. Jascha S., with black and white outfit.

Ruby Morris Departs

BALLET - PRODUCER Ruby Morris left for South Africa during week-end... Ruby created Totem Pole Dance in London production of "Rose Marie"... Is married to Weston Hodd of Durban... Will make home at Johannesburg... Future plans, apart from life domestic, undecided.



AN UNUSUAL STUDY of Misses Buntly and Joan Broadway, charming New Zealand girls, who, with their mother, Mrs. R. M. Broadway, will make a temporary home at New South Head Road, Double Bay.



Back to London

INSTEAD of several months, Mr. and Mrs. H. Friend stayed two years in Sydney... Left on Saturday for London... Daughter Denise will be waiting on wharf to meet them... During Australian visit made many friends... Last-minute hospitality included informal cocktail party in Byron Hall flat... Guests included Mrs. Norman Pilcher, also leaving for Europe shortly.

Neither "Dinger" Bode nor his ultra-smart wife play contract bridge. Most surprising. They entertain guests with round games.

Up-to-date Chaperonage

MRS. T. M. GOODISON, one-time resident of Double Bay, commencing new venture abroad... Will chaperon and make all arrangements for Australian girls wishing to travel or study. Daughter Pamela now at Wychford School, Oxford... Great friend while in Sydney of Rosemary Game... Lady Game's name, in addition to that of the Countess of Cavan and Archdeacon of Bath, appears on prospectus.

Palm Beach pulled for Anne Bevan. Has now deserted surfing for golfing. Enjoying mountain air at Leura.

From Toorak, S.A.

MAY and Nelle McBain, of Toorak, South Australia, are in town... Frightfully keen about Country Women's Association doings... Spent lots of time at Head Office in effort to acquire newest lines of thought... S.A. has Bush Library run by C.W.A. similar to our Bush Book Club. Both sisters off to Brisbane and then New Zealand for short run about.

Preview of "Grandad"

ENTHUSIASTIC film fans at State Theatre, Sunday night, for premiere of "Grandad Rudd." Bert Bailey, star of film, naturally pleased with its success... Daughter Tim charming in black taffeta with appliqued roses on cape... Mr. and Mrs. Edward Macarthur Onslow among large audience... Elaine Hamill, who played ingenue, looked beautiful both on and off the screen. Outsize hunch of frangipanni pinned to her black frock.

Madame Slapoffski's nice tribute to Marjorie Need in her debut in "Rigoletto" as Gilda — a spotted dog, with card inscribed, "Will you please take me up the ladder of fame with you?"

Three Good Reasons

THREE good reasons for absence of Mrs. Lindsay Mildred from Sydney social doings... Twin girls... still young... and brand new son, Donald... Before marriage to Melbourne man about town she was Peggy Macfarlane, of Sydney... Very popular in polo circles... Frequent visitor here in first years of marriage.

Have You Noticed That—

The Manhattan has had its doors closed for the last week or so? Changes are rumored and another opening in view shortly.

Jane Anne

THINGS
- that -
Happen

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SPECIAL FEATURE SECTION

Saturday, February 9, 1935.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

One



McClelland Barclay

BOY KING who Wants to be BACK AT SCHOOL

By Air Mail

The little boy who doesn't wish to be out swimming when he is supposed to be learning arithmetic is very rare, so that English and Yugoslavian mothers are holding eleven-year-old King Peter up as a shining example.

THE young King was hurried home to the palace at Belgrade, Surrey, and now says that he liked his schooldays much better than living in his Palace.

The Outdoor Girl . . . The First Tee

THE vast legions of Australian girls who play golf and play it well are a striking illustration of the high standard outdoor girl produced in this country. Golf is one of the most difficult games to play well. For hundreds of years it was a man's game only. Now there are many women who play it better than men.

Queen Marie, King Peter's mother, and the three regents, are therefore putting their heads together to decide what will be the best thing to do—keep the young King at home, or send him back to school, where he was happy.

If they decide on school, perhaps the Royal schoolboy won't remain such a shining example as he is at present. For most of us liked school until the novelty wore off, and one notices that he had only tried sitting at a desk for a mere fortnight when he was recalled!



Dickie Bird!

THIS cage-born canary looks thoroughly happy in his role as "pet" to a modern young girl. The photographer has caught her about to encourage the small bird to take his morning bath. After that he'll sun himself and sing to his heart's content.



Freedom of the Fields

—Photo courtesy of Paramount.
"GOD'S in His Heaven, all's well with the world," this girl seems to be singing as she strolls across an open field of long green oats in the country, and gazes out into the fathomless depths of a deep-blue summer sky.

Mandrake the Magician



HERE YOU WILL MEET

AMBASSADOR VANDERGRIFT: From whom important documents have been stolen by
THE COBRA: An arch-criminal of magical powers and leader of a world-wide organisation. The Cobra's deadly enemy is
MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, who, with
LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, appears to aid
INSPECTOR SHELTON: of the U.S. Secret Service, who has been engaged to regain the missing papers. Guided by Mandrake, Sheldon, with

BARBARA: His daughter, and
TOMMY LORD: His assistant, takes a liner to Tejei, and is saved from many perils en route by Mandrake. The city of Tejei is governed by a young prince,
SAUD: To save Barbara from his attentions, Mandrake turns her beauty into ugliness. Saud becomes nasty, but Mandrake teaches him a salutary lesson, and Saud becomes the magician's staunch adherent. Now continue.

This week's thrill: "The Flying Death."

Mystery, Adventure, Romance mark this great feature.



TO BE CONTINUED

What Women Are Doing

Society Dressmaker

MRS. MARGERY WINTER-COOKE, whose dressmaking establishment in Berkeley Square is becoming as famous as any in London, has a decorative as well as aristocratic and clever addition to her staff in Lady Inchiquin, daughter of Lord Chelmsford, one-time Governor of New South Wales and of Queensland, and later Viceroy of India.

Lady Inchiquin is very clever in the artistry of women's clothes, and as Mrs. Winter-Cooke makes quarterly buying trips and inspiration quests to Paris, it is no wonder 12 Berkeley Square is always a-hum with the smartest young lovelies of Mayfair.

Unanimous Nomination for Woman Delegate

MRS. B. M. RISCHBIETH (W.A.), founder and president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, has been nominated by that organisation as delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations, which takes place at Geneva in September.

Societies affiliated with the Federation in every State have not only endorsed Mrs. Rischbieth's nomination, but have refrained from submitting nominations.

The position is an interesting one, inasmuch as Mrs. Rischbieth's nomination is a unanimous and national one.

On only one previous occasion has this happened, and that was in 1922, when Mrs. Marguerite Dale, Australia's first woman delegate, was nominated in the same way.

Professional and Business Women's Club

A GARDENER, a statistician, a postmistress, an interior decorator, several staff superintendents, doctors, chemists; in fact, women of all callings belong to the Business and Professional Women's Club, Melbourne.



Mrs. A. F. C. Larcher—Brothers.

Began in 1925 as a monthly luncheon club by 60 women who wished to exchange ideas, the club's first president was the late Miss Nellie Martin, managing director of the Steel Company of Australia.

It was not till 1929 that the Club acquired rooms of its own, and now the 150 members enjoy all the privileges of lounge, dining and dressing rooms, and are looking forward to the time when they will have a residential club.

Affiliated with the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, which sprang up in America and has since spread to England and Europe, the Melbourne Club is the only thing of its kind in Australia.

The president of the club is Mrs. A. F. C. Larcher.

School for Children With Defective Vision
MANY months of correspondence with specialists in America has resulted in the opening of a little school that is unique to Australia—one for teaching children with defective eyesight.

The pioneer of this type of school in Australia is Miss Molly Langham, who began to make inquiries about it, after the scheme was suggested to her by a doctor.

Miss Langham has taken rooms in Adelaide for the purpose, and, to date, all her pupils have been sent to her by doctors. They consist of kiddies whose medical advisers think that their vision would be impaired by an ordinary school curriculum because glazed paper, small print and even small pictures try shortsightedness and, in many cases, lead eventually to blindness.

Although such a school as Miss Langham has begun cannot hope to help the eyesight of the children who are her pupils, it can give them a thorough education without restraint. Most of the teaching is done verbally, but writing is taught on blackboards. Huge charts are used instead of text books, and as soon as the children reach the stage where they can be taught to use a typewriter, a special machine with large letters is put at their disposal.

Woman Pearler from the North

A VISITOR to Sydney just now enjoying a well-deserved holiday is Mrs. J. E. Edwards, who is the only woman pearler of the far north.

It is 39 years since Mrs. Edwards had a holiday, and in spite of that she looks the picture of health and regards the Northern Territory as "the garden of Australia."

Her late husband, Captain Edwards, was one of the best known pearlers from Thursday Island to Darwin, and after his death Mrs. Edwards took over and conducted the pearling business. Mrs. Edwards has the assistance of her son.

When winter comes, Mrs. Edwards will return to the north.

Life's Not Easy for An Organising Secretary

ABSENT-MINDED professors. Well, they don't seem to exist any more. I'm rather inclined to think that they never did exist outside novels and plays," says Ann Nicholls, who was secretary of the Geography section for the Science Congress, Melbourne, and, incidentally, the only woman secretary of any section.

Miss Nicholls is a tutor in Geography at Melbourne University, and a geologist as well. Much of her time is spent in her pleasant office in the Geology School determining the mineral content of soils for a soil survey of part of the Western District.

The Science Congress abolished the ordered peace of her little room. She worked on the programme for the section for weeks, and she had to attend all meetings armed with a bell to make sure that no speaker usurped the time allotted to a later scientist.

Then, all geography excursions were her special care, and she had to see that there was suitable social entertainment for the members of the Geography section.

Dressmaking Student Who Won Coveted Scholarship

MISS NELLIE WARD, a student of the East Sydney Technical College, has just been awarded the Mary Ellen Roberts Scholarship for dressmaking. This scholarship, which is awarded only once every two years, attracts entries from women's handcraft students in Technical Colleges all over the State.

Miss Ward was educated at the Burwood Domestic Science School, where she attained distinction for her dressmaking ability. She passed from there to the "Tech," and at the completion of one year's work was successful in winning the scholarship.



Miss Nellie Ward

Aboriginal Woman is Ardent Worker for Her Race

HISTORY was made in Melbourne the other day, when Mrs. A. Walker addressed a large public gathering upon the rights of the aboriginal tribes. Mrs. Walker is the first full-blooded aboriginal woman who has spoken in public upon such a subject.

Known to her own people as "Ghin-gobin," Mrs. Walker has been an ardent worker on behalf of her black sisters for some time, and several able articles from her pen have been published. Many of the old tribal myths have been collected by Mrs. Walker, and some of these have been broadcast through our national stations.

Living in the Lilydale district, Mrs. Walker and her husband are well-known and respected citizens, taking a leading part in the life of their local church and other interests.

Modern Woman Teacher Who Looks Far Ahead

ARE teachers less grim than they were when we were very young, or do they move with the times? In our youth we regarded them as a race apart, in their severe dark clothes, high-boned collars and spectacles. But the teachers that assembled at the conference of the Victorian Teachers' Union might easily be mistaken for a gathering of smart and efficient—and very human—business women.

Miss H. Gilbert, senior vice-president of the Union, is one of the most modern of these modern teachers.

She has just returned from the interstate teachers' conference in Brisbane, where she made history by being the first woman to address the Victorian Association there.

Miss Gilbert addressed the Victorian conference on Federal control of education, which is believed by many people to be a change that the States are not ready for yet.

She has another dream for an Institute of Teachers, to which teachers of all schools—State, public and private—would belong.

Two Musicians Return on Holidays

IN Melbourne for three months are Miss Mona McCaughey—niece of the late Sir Samuel—and Miss Una Bourne. Friends of many years' standing, they live together in London.

Miss McCaughey studied at the Conservatorium in Melbourne in the days when Marshall Hall and Madame Wiedemann kept high the musical standard of that city. She went off to study singing in Germany and London, and has moved in the artistic world ever since.

Una Bourne, of course, is a pianist of the first rank. She used to appear on the Melba programmes in her Australian days, but for some years most of her playing has been done on pianos in England.

Text Books Were Translated into Braille

TO be totally blind for the past nine years, and then to be able to gain three A's, three B's, and three C's, is the fine achievement recorded by Kathleen Mercy Griffin, aged 15. Her father is a Rockhampton railway official, and Kathleen has studied at the State High School, from where she passed the Junior examination, and at the Blind School in Brisbane where she lives while away from home.

The set books in Latin and French were prepared for her in Braille by Misses A. Sheldon and M. McKerrill, of the State High School, and other books were obtained from Melbourne and London. She wrote her answers in Braille, and they were translated and dictated to a typist to be submitted as ordinary examination papers.



Women Enter the Lists for State Election

NOWADAYS, elections mean work for the women as well as the men. Thousands of the women of Victoria are taking an active interest in the forthcoming State Election.

No sooner was the office of the Australian Women's National League reopened for the year than preparations for the elections were discussed, and are now in full swing.

The ordinary annual meetings of branches have been postponed in favor of meetings to further the campaigns of United Australia Party candidates. The president of the A.W.N.L., Mrs. Claude Couchman, heads a band of women who are gifted speakers, and have many facts and figures at their finger-tips to help their candidates.

Organising Women's Committees in Town and Country

BEFORE she leaves Melbourne to organise a women's committee in the Warrnambool electorate, Miss Jean Daley, who has been secretary of the Labor Women's Central Organising Committee for 16 years, will have in hand a comprehensive organising scheme by which women who support Labor may throw their weight into the balance in support of their candidates. Mrs. R. Lyons, president of the committee, is just as busy, for though the committee only votes money to women candidates, it supplies canvassers and workers through sub-committees in the various electorates for all Labor candidates.

This week money is to be voted to Mrs. P. J. Clary, the candidate for Caulfield, who is also vice-president of the committee.

Camp Mother to Very Large Family

JUST back from piloting her own three children and two young relatives through a bush holiday, Mrs. R. G. Nichols, wife of the energetic Vicar of St. Mark's, Fitzroy, Vic., has taken on a much bigger job.

She is "camp mother" to 135 children and 35 mothers for a fortnight at the Church of England Boys' Society Camp, Frankston, where her husband is seeing his dream of a holiday for Maltese children and their mothers come true.

Originally, no child under eight was to be sent, but now there are three mothers and babies, one of them only six weeks old. When Mrs. Nichols heard of the babies, she immediately went out and bought a small bath tub for them, "as my contribution," she says.

Apart from that she is contributing her abundant energy and experience to regulating the food supply, and making sure of a supply of something like 97 pairs of blankets, 100 pairs of sheets and 150 bathing gowns. Most of this had to be done before Thursday, when the campers began arriving at 10 a.m. and finished at 11 p.m.

Ruth Brilliant is Now Successful Sculptor

SETTING out for London three years ago with her A.L.C.M. in Dramatic Art and elocution, and five languages at her finger-tips, Ruth Brilliant, a Polish girl resident in Australia, decided to seek fresh fields in the artistic world. Now she has returned as a noted sculptor.

Miss Brilliant's work may be described as being something of the "Epsteinish" variety, and some of her psychological studies almost appear to be alive. She is in her element doing child studies, while nudes and her own compositions figure prominently among her works.

The stage still has a great attraction for this exotic young brunette, and while abroad she starred in "Payment Deferred," but it does not appeal as a career, she says.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



BEGGARS' Horses

AN idea. A bright idea. Brilliant. He'd go and have a talk with Ganesh Hazelrigg before Ganesh went to Turkistan. No wiser, braver man alive. Of his wisdom he would give advice. Of his great courage he would set an example. And God knew Stacey Burlestone needed both. He needed wisdom and courage before all things.

"That's my advice, old chap," said Ganesh Hazelrigg, as he and Stacey Burlestone sat smoking their pipes after dinner in the sitting-room of Hazelrigg's pied a terre, his Dartmoor cottage. "The thing to do is—nothing. And the thing to aim at is to feel—nothing. Magna est veritas et praevalabit. Not many people know. Memories are very short. And anything that strangers may say or think doesn't affect you—and shouldn't really interest you."

"Strangers," murmured Stacey Burlestone. "And what about friends?"

"No friends of yours would believe it, for one moment."

"And acquaintances who are neither strangers nor friends?"

"Do they matter much?"

"Not very much, of course."

"Well, let it be the acid test of acquaintances, deciding whether they shall become strangers or become friends. Let those who eye you askance, or change in their manner, go to Hell. Let those who show that they don't believe it rank as friends."

"It's easy to talk. I know, Stacey," went on Ganesh Hazelrigg. "Very easy. But there's something in what I say. Take me, for example. When I first heard it, my blood boiled with anger. And then I laughed. And then I did as one does with anonymous letters. I threw the whole thing in the mental wastepaper basket."

A long silence, while both men smoked, the one slowly, thoughtfully,

the other fast, with quick, angry exhalations.

"Slander or libel action? Rubbish. My dear chap," said Ganesh Hazelrigg. "You don't want to broadcast the story through the Press till it's known to twenty million people instead of twenty hundred, as at present. Twenty hundred? One hundred, more likely, or less. Talk about stirring up mud! That would be stirring it up with a vengeance."

"Well, an innocent man has a sort of instinctive desire to defend himself, hasn't he?" remarked Stacey Burlestone.

"Why should one sit down under it? Why let them get away with a foul lie like that?"

"Why should one sit down under it? Because one's got to. No help for it. As for getting away with a lie, how far do they get, and who believes it?"

"Well, it seems to me that everybody I meet knows it—and believes it," objected Stacey Burlestone.

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VICTORIAN Family Robinson

Continued from Page 5

If the Creed itself, the sacred Creed that they all recited on Sunday, with their bonnets turned towards the east, had suddenly exploded like a bomb and burst all over the church, falling alike upon the just and the unjust in a fiery rain of red-hot denunciations and beliefs, the Vicar's family could not have been more "upset" than they were when this other creed came to pieces, and displayed before their eyes the frightful spectacle of a sister visibly coming to a bad end.

Adeline was the sister; and how this thing occurred, I will now, in the language of Adeline's day, "proceed to relate."

Mamma was dead. Dead as Marley in the Christmas Carol, dead as Queen Anne in the history books. Dead three years. Mamma had not been

like Papa. She was a good deal younger; she was almost too bright, too merry, for a Vicar's wife; she wore side curls, instead of Madonna bands; she said, sometimes, that she hated parish meetings. Mamma was half Irish, but nobody held this against her; they were very kind about it, even when she sang Irish melodies with altogether too much voice for a drawing-room, and more expression than a lady should permit herself to use. Mamma had (whisper) wanted to go on the stage as a girl. Of course, she had wonderful talent; before she married she used to act in private theatricals, make people laugh and cry; she "did" the shawl dance and the Spanish dance; she sang quite marvelously. But her grandmother, who brought her up, would not hear the word "stage" pronounced in her hearing; stopped all that nonsense of private acting; married little Mamma, very quickly, to a good man, who was Papa.

Perhaps Papa was too good. He also had been married to Mamma in a hurry. He fell in love with her; but he had always meant to be an Anglican celibate—whatever that was—and when he gave way, and wedded Mamma against his conscience, almost against his wish, something seemed to break; something that had made harmony in his retired, restrained clerical life, given him peace, if not happiness. He may have been happy with Mamma; at all events he was not peaceful, and his temper shortened. Mamma had wild gipsy fancies; used to say that she would like to go to the South Sea Islands and sit in the water underneath a palm. It sounded almost indecent. Papa (the Reverend James Robinson) told her not to talk nonsense; she wasn't the stuff out of which missionaries were made. In those days the South Seas connoted missionaries, simply. Missionaries and grateful blacks, in little chemises, standing round.

After Eleanor was born, and baby William was born and died, and Adeline was born, and the twins, boy and girl, were born and died, Mamma seemed to lose interest in gipsy wanderings. She talked no more about the South Seas; took no more travel books out of the library. You never found her, as you used to find her, seated quite undisturbed on the floor of Papa's study, turning round and round, with those long pale fingers of hers, the yellowed globe that stood by the window seat, tracing the outlines of continents, caressing (or so it seemed) the curves of the wide blue seas. Mamma had never seen those seas, except on that slippery, swinging globe. Once she said to Eleanor, who had suddenly come in: "The Line! Would you like to see the Line?" And Eleanor said, as in duty bound: "The Line is imaginary. Mamma, one could not see it."

"I can," said the little Celt, looking oddly at her daughter. "But I never will," she added. Mamma said "will" when she meant "shall," very often.

Please turn to Page 35

"...A line full of spotless snow-white clothes...and myself feeling none the worse after wash-day"

HAVE YOU CHANGED TO Easy WASHING-DAYS YET?

Millions of women, worn out by the rubbing and scrubbing of the weekly wash have tried Persil, and found the way to easy washing-days. Just try Persil as they have done, and soon you will be a constant Persil user—soon you'll have said good-bye for ever to the old-time drudgery of washing-day.

PERSIL WASHES Automatically WITH ACTIVE OXYGEN-CHARGED SUDS

Now you can forget that you ever had to rub the clothes! Just mix Persil according to the instructions and pour the solution into your washing water. As soon as you pour it in it begins to release countless tiny bubbles of oxygen—nature's own purifier and cleanser. These little bubbles push busily to and fro, passing right through the closest weave. Deep in the fabric their dirt-loosening oxygen does its work—these bubbles work like thousands of eager little hands. They wash white you watch. Out comes the last speck of dirt—and this without a moment's rubbing. You save your energy, and you save your clothes from rubbing wear—and wait till you see them on the line!

KEEPS Woollies SOFT AND FLUFFY AND Silks AS GAY AS NEW

Even in hardy-warm water Persil washes thoroughly. That is why it is the safest thing for all your dainty silks and woollies. Everything you wash is safer in Persil—and there's nothing kinder to your hands.

For Best Results...SPECIAL PERSIL METHOD



1. Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. Mix to a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water.
2. After thinning down the paste with more cold water until it is a milky liquid, add to cold water in the copper.
3. For silks and woolens make a solution of Persil, as above, and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

THE SIMPLE WAY is the

PERSIL (Australia) PTY. LTD., Box 1590B G.P.O., Sydney.

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THIS LETTER IS ENTIRELY GENUINE AND UNSOLICITED...

PERSIL washes best ALONE ... Absolutely

NO BAR SOAPS, WASHING-TABLETS, SOAP POWDERS needed

3,500,000

English women, who now use it for all washing, say "Try Persil!"

that was the happy experience of **Mrs. NEWMAN, OF CAMPSIE ST., CAMPSIE, N.S.W.**

"On the advice of your lady demonstrator visiting Ham-mill Bros., grocer of Campsie, I purchased a packet of Persil. At the time I was unable to do the usual rubbing Persil wash-day brings, so having bought a packet of give it a trial. I mixed Persil as directed, then I filled the copper with water and put sheets, pillow-slips, table-cloths, tea-towel and face-towels in and boiled for about 20 minutes, and the result was wonderful—a line full of spotless snow-white clothes and myself feeling none the worse after wash-day. It is also just as good for all woolies, keeping them so soft and in shape. I have recommended it to my friends. I wish Persil every success."

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. E. NEWMAN, 41 Campsie Street, Campsie, N.S.W.



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF PERSIL DOES NOT GIVE YOU THE EASIEST WASHING DAYS AND THE BRIGHTEST WASH YOU'VE EVER HAD. Write TO THE ADDRESS BELOW...

Persil penetrative oxygen action gives perfect cleanliness without rubbing. PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Persil

For the whole family wash

Persil

ST. 21.8N

ERUPTIONS CAUSED HAIR TO FALL

Dandruff Used To Fall on Frocks. Cuticura Healed.

"For some months I suffered from scaly dandruff, also irritation of the scalp. The irritation was so bad that I could not help scratching my scalp. Eruptions formed and also caused hair to fall out, become dry and look lifeless. The dandruff was so bad that it used to fall and show on dark frocks."

"After the first week's treatment of Cuticura Soap and Ointment I commenced to notice a difference and after using for two months I am pleased to say I am completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. Clarke, 7 Evans St., Bronte, N.S.W.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum daily and keep your skin clear and healthy.

Cuticura Sample each Soap, Ointment and Talcum free. Address: E. Town & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

ADVENTURE serials, funny comics, stories for boys and girls, competitions carrying marvellous prizes—children will find all these in Fatty Finn's Weekly.

Thursday 7th to Saturday 16th Feb.

FARMER'S

Nine days—and not a minute longer—commencing Thursday 7th and ending Saturday, 16th February. The shortest, snappiest sale in Farmer's History. Farmer's quality merchandise thrown out—bargains upon bargains—huge reductions on the things you need. Everyday is a bargain day. And the easy, worryless Lay-By will enable you to take advantage of twice as many savings! Remember, a short sale and a snappy one



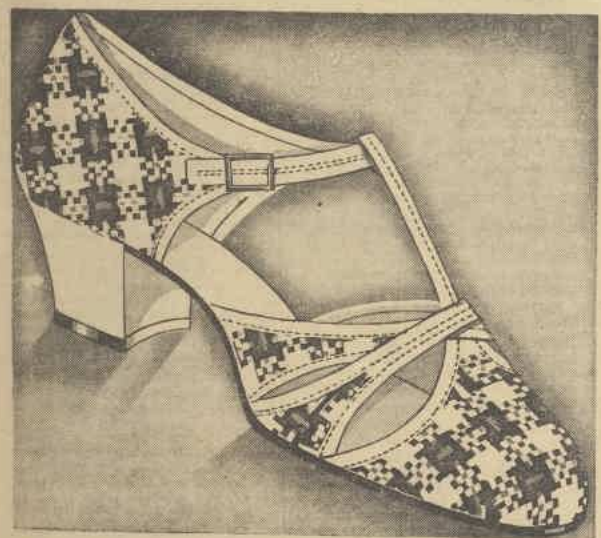
SHORTEST, SNAPPIEST, SUMMER

Business Girls' Luncheons

Every Tuesday in Farmer's Blackland Galleries. Next Tuesday there'll be Cossack and Indian Dancing by actual members of the famous "International Stampede." Lunch 1/- at 1 p.m.

4,000 prs. ODDMENTS Shoes Sacrificed!

All perfect shoes, made by Australia's finest manufacturers. Kids, suedes, calfs, patents, nubucks in every height of heel and a style for everyone. Not every size in each style but every size represented in each price group. Piled on price racks regardless of cost, 300 pairs 7/6; 750 pairs, 10/-; 500 pairs, 12/6; 300 pairs, 17/6; 1,000 pairs, 15/-; 800 pairs, 20/-; 300 pairs, 22/6; 200 pairs, 25/- . It is your opportunity to save on shoes of quality and style. Lay away several pairs! Only 1/- deposit in 5/-



**1,000 PAIRS SACRIFICED!
7/11 TOYEO SANDALS**

SEVEN-WEAVES POPULAR COLOURS

Usually Priced at 7/11 and Super-Value **5/11** Why not use the worryless LAY-BY!

W8—1,000 pairs to go! Be early for the pick of the designs! There's a variety of weaves—a huge assortment of colours, but not every size in each design; Toyco Sandals for beach for golf, or deck, the Super Sports Shoe. To offer them for only 5/11 is practically giving them away. There's a pair to suit YOU! BE EARLY! Sizes, 4 1/2 to 7 1/2 are available for early orders only. Mail now.

Third Floor. Mail Orders to Farmer's, P.O. 497.A.A., Sydney.

SALE

"18/11 "KANEBO" FUJI JAMAS 12/10

W1—First grade "Kanebo" goes into these tailored "Jamas"; there's amazing wear in every pair; good washing; pink or daffodil yellow. S.W., W. and O.S. Usual, 18/11. Sale Price,

9/11 Fuji Slips for 5/11

W2—Outstanding. In cream "Kyoto" Fuji Silk with silk embroidered designs; choice of round neck or shoulder straps. S.W., W. and O.S. sizes,

11/6 Nighties, 7/10

W3—Fashioned from a very heavy quality "Kyoto" Fuji Silk; famous for long wear; Val. lace edging, lace embroidery. S.W., W., O.S. Usual, 11/6. Sale Price 7/10

5/11 Aprons 3/11

W4—Special Value! Floral Cretonne Apron, variety of designs and colours include fawn, green, black tones. Sizes, S.W., W. and O.S. Usual, 5/11. Sale Price, 3/11

Half-Price GOWNS!

W5—Stupendous offer! 1,500 Dressing Gowns of beautiful "Zenana" Cloth; for Summer or Winter; cross-over front with belt and pockets; sage-blue or brown Paisley designs, or red, blue, gold checks. In S.W., W. and O.S. Use the Lay-By. Usual Price, 39/6. Sale Price **19/9**

Undies, Fourth Floor. Why not Lay-By on these? Only 1/- in 5/- Deposit.



I'll CHILD'S Jamas

Usually, at 3/6

W6—Of very strong Fuji de Luxe, drop-flap at back; pink or blue. For boy or girl 1 to 3 years. Usual, 3/6. Sale, 1/11 3 to 7, 3/11. Sale, 2/2



Special Jama 5/-

W7—For girls 5 to 18 years, in strong Fuji de Luxe, pink or blue; two-piece shape; length, waist to ankle, 27 to 39 ins.

Pure Silk HOSIERY

Usual price 4/11 Sale

They're fully-fashioned service-weight; panel heel; little tops and feet; dull finish; available in all sizes. Hosiery, Ground Floor **2/11**

"Osman" TOWELS HALF PRICE

W10—Here's the scoop of the Sale! High-grade "Osmans" at Half! There'll be a stampede for them. If you are extra critical you might see the tiniest imperfections in these towels—but so slight that the wear will not be impaired in any way. White only, 35 x 58 inches. Usual, 7/11. Sale, each, **4/-**

Fancy 'Osmans' Half

W11—Very slight imperfections in the weave; a wonderful range of colours is offered. Three examples: Size, 22 x 44 inches. Usual Price, 3/6. Sale, 1/9 Size, 27 x 47 inches. Usual Price, 6/6. Sale, 3/3 Size, 27 x 51 inches. Usual Price, 8/11. Sale, 4/5

LESS THAN HALF!—1,000 yds. Printed Dress Linen; broken ranges of designs and colours. Originally 3/11. Amazing Sale Price **1/5!**

Manchester First Floor—Lay-By

LAY-BY ON QUALITY—1/- in 5/- DEPOSIT

"Look what I found
when I lost the 7 stains"



"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost."

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . ."

" . . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw!'"

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept her teeth so sparkling white."

"Well, trust me, I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove all seven kinds of stains!'"

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are. 'We're being married in June.'"

Don't let the 7 stains mar
your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth
whiter, more sparkling? Then let

Colgate's two cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with one cleansing action can remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 1/3, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube to-day.



If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at . . . 1/6

D.C.55/2

Buy Goldenia TEA

This super-quality tea is delicious in flavour and ensures palatable refreshment at all times.

8450A

8278

ROMANCE Comes BACK

Continued from Page 6

AND here was Toni! strolling down to join her, wearing her newest yellow beach suit, like a workman's overalls, with enormous pockets and a check cotton blouse underneath to match the huge, floppy straw hat. The child certainly had been concentrating on yellow lately, and she could wear it. Her skin was clear, delicate rose and white, her mouth scarlet, her hair curling golden-yellow against her round cheeks. Yes, she was very lovely, very sure of herself, not in the least bit faded by these last seven hectic late nights of dancing, motoring, dashing about the silver-and-blue harbor in a motor launch. What happened out there in the cool hugeness of the magical night? Parky bit her lip and bent her head over the pencil she was sharpening.

"Morning, Parky, isn't it divinely hot? Too hot even to bathe and sit about on the terrace. I'm going out for a spin on the sea to find the breeze. That's the boat down there—looks as though she could move, doesn't she? Adrian runs her marvellously."

Toni leaned over the terrace edge, scanning the oily, bare-backed crowd with impatient eyes.

"He's late, bother him! Have you seen him, Parky? Oh, I forgot! You haven't even set eyes on him yet. Parky, is this a pose of yours? I can't really believe that it's natural, this icy indifference and aloofness. He really is the most glamorous young man. . . . Oh, there he is! Now, look, Parky—and go on being stony-hearted if you can! Hi, Adrian!"

She was waving the big hat in the air, her curls blowing in the wind.

"In the dark blue sweater! All right, I'm not going to hurry. It's you that's late!"

And off she went down the winding terrace steps, her yellow-sandaled feet dancing. Parky looked up from her pencil sharpening and shifted the horn-rimmed glasses from her nose up to her forehead. She couldn't see anything at a distance through them. All those gay little figures were just a blur until she had focused her short-sighted eyes. Gradually the confusion cleared, and she could pick out individuals. She saw a smart green-cushioned motor boat moored at the tiny landing stage, on which stood a young man. He was broad-shouldered, slim-waisted, wore a high-necked dark blue sweater and had bright, thick hair that was untidy from bathing and much towel-rubbing. He was looking towards the terrace with an eager smile that broke his sunbrowned face into lines of laughter and showed his white teeth, as Toni came flying down the steps, waving to him. Parky sat very still, the pencil still clasped in her hand, the penknife in the other, her face almost as white as the collar below. Adrian Kildare, so that was the Great Lover, the idol of thousands of girls. It couldn't be . . . but it was.

For the next fortnight Parky stuck rigidly to her determination to take no interest at all in the doings of the film company or its stars, but to devote herself grimly to her duty—Lola's lessons and mending, the doing of odd jobs for Mrs. Saville. She saw very little of Toni now. The girl was always out, flying about, lovely, vivid, glowingly alive and young. Now and then she danced up to Parky, sitting so primly on the terrace with her glasses perched on her nose, and told her in a few breathless words the latest excitement, gaudies and adventures that she crammed into every hour of the day—in the company of Adrian Kildare. It was Adrian all the time . . . and Parky had to set her lips tightly.

But of course this was as it should be. Adrian, the glamorous lover and film star, and Toni, the lovely, golden society girl. They made the most perfect match; they could dance, and laugh, and dare through life together in their rockles, extravagant way . . . Parky's face was very pale nowadays, and there was a tiny crease down the centre of her smooth, white forehead. She explained that she felt limp and headachy. That was why she had given up bathing and spent the whole time in her own room or on the quiet terrace. The hotel never saw her at all.

The film company's "shooting" was nearly over. The last day was in sight. On that last night the hotel was giving a huge gala, dinner and dance in honor of Adrian Kildare. Next morning they would be packed and gone.

Parky was kept busy all that day running down to the shops for things that Toni had forgotten for her fancy dress costume, a sumptuous rose-red Venetian affair with billowing tulle skirts and tilted black hat. Toni herself was feverish all day, restless and rather cross. She snapped at Parky, said one minute that she was longing for the evening and the next that she didn't

HOT HOLMBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrook's Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser.***

want to go; that she had a rotten head and meant to go to bed instead.

"You can't do that," Parky said. "You'd disappoint K—Kildare so frightfully. He's giving a dinner for you, isn't he?"

"Yes. That's what I'm fuming, Parky." Toni sat up with flushed cheeks and polished her pink nails. "You see—he's sort of hanging back—"

"You mean—he hasn't proposed to you yet?" Parky asked with a faint grimace of tone as she shook out the lovely frock.

"No. . . and I don't mean that, Parky. I—I wouldn't marry him—it would be too risky. A film star's life—it's so uncertain, isn't it? He's rich and famous one minute and forgotten and starving the next. Adrian's luck mayn't last long, and I—I couldn't risk my whole life, could I?" Parky made no answer. "No, but I do think he might have—have been a bit more romantic. He's frightfully glamorous, Parky, but he behaves in the queerest way. Never tries to kiss me or—or anything. After all, this is a holiday, and I don't see why we shouldn't both have some fun while it lasts."

Parky's fingers trembled as she threaded a gossamer ribbon through the shoulders of a pink satin slip. So that was what Toni wanted—a romantic flirtation, a holiday romance. She wanted to be loved, but she wasn't going to risk giving anything in return. She had a calculating eye fixed on the future, and Adrian wasn't promising enough. . . . But Adrian had never kissed her, never made love to her, even though they had gone for long moonlight runs in the motor boat. Parky's fingers suddenly flew happily with the work she was doing.

"Poor old Parky!" Toni said that evening when she was dressing, quite restored to gaiety at the sight of her own loveliness, that surely Adrian couldn't resist kissing and flustering. "You haven't got much romance out of this film visit, have you? If only you'd relax just once from your frightful superiority and come down and behave like a human being. I tell you what—put on that silver domino and mask of mine and come down to the dance. And I'll introduce you to Adrian and ask him to give you one dance. One glimpse of romance, Parky—you can't stick to refusing it. It would be such fun!"

Parky . . . a glimpse of romance . . . a dance with Adrian . . .

"All right," Parky said, a little breathlessly. "I will."

"Parky! I promise you you shall have the thrill of your life. A dance with Adrian Kildare—and he does dance divinely. I'll look out for you at about ten o'clock!"

AT five minutes past ten a slim, small figure in a silver domino and mask slipped into the crowded ballroom and moved unobtrusively round the wall towards the alcove. Nobody noticed her very much in that glittering, expensively dressed throng. A group of people were standing close to the open window on to the terrace, near the band. One of the figures was a tall, broad-shouldered young man wearing a blue and silver French eighteenth-century costume with a tiny silver mask. People stared and lingered round it, whispering to one another.

"That's Adrian . . . doesn't he look marvellous . . . but he doesn't know that anybody exists besides that Toni girl . . . If I could only get one dance with him I'd remember it all my life."

Pressed against the wall, Parky worked her way onwards. Nobody recognised her; nobody thought that she could be that dull, dowdy governess with the solemn little face and sober manners. The silver mask covered her face to the mouth. That she had touched with Toni's best lipstick. It glowed softly red, a sweet, childish shape against the creamy whiteness of her skin. The silver domino costume fitted very tightly to her slim curves. One or two men glanced at her twice as she moved silently past them. There was a flicker of interest in their eyes. Who was she? They couldn't recognise any of the well-known girls under that silver shell.

Toni was standing a little apart, her pretty mouth aulky and cross below the frill of her mask. She had just suggested to Adrian that they should slip away from the crowd for a spin in the motor boat across the silver-acquainted, moonlit bay, and he had answered carelessly:

Please turn to Page 33

fiery redness

Don't risk the pain and unsightliness of sun-scorch. As you know the sun first dries and then burns the skin—that is why you should retain the natural moisture of the skin with Hinds Cream.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

February 9, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

31

CUPBOARD LOVE

...By...
OUR HOME DECORATOR

...Not from the standpoint of refreshments, but from the angle of convenience, increased comfort, and decorative charm...

If you find yourself a little bored with ordinary housework one day, turn your thoughts to the rearrangement of cupboard space or to the rehabilitation of your cupboard interiors and a new field for your enthusiasm will open up to you. Sit down and plan... Keep before you these few suggestions I am about to make, and then expand, modify, or seize upon them according to your needs.

SHALL we, first of all, put existing cupboards under the spotlight? ... Often shelves are in the least useful positions, hooks are at impossible angles, and much useful space is wasted.

It is possible that, by making your linen shelves slide in and out you can put in twice the existing number.

Then again, the sliding rail in your wardrobe could be placed differently; the majority put a rail of this kind in the centre, whereas it is possible to place it on the side and leave room for another.

And here's another suggestion: Across the upper part of the door on your built-in clothes cupboard, affix a set of bars (on the inside, of course) and racks to take small items and, below, a rack to hold your shoes.

Perhaps you have been annoyed to find that dust has sifted through the roof of the cupboard because through old age or inferior carpentry the sides are parting with the top.

A strip of adhesive plaster will cure that trouble in a jiffy.

Treatments

WITH regard to treatment of linen and clothes cupboards:

You can imagine how immaculately fresh a wardrobe would look lined with glazed china. And what a charming home for fragile frocks!

The linen cupboard could be lined with pretty wallpaper—or, as in the sketch at the foot of this page, flaunt pretty curtains of voile which can be drawn as one would window curtains.

This linen cupboard, by the way, is a rather ingeniously arranged one. An unwanted window was utilized. The glass was frosted, shallow shelves erected, and plywood doors attached. These were lined with paper, matching that used on the walls.

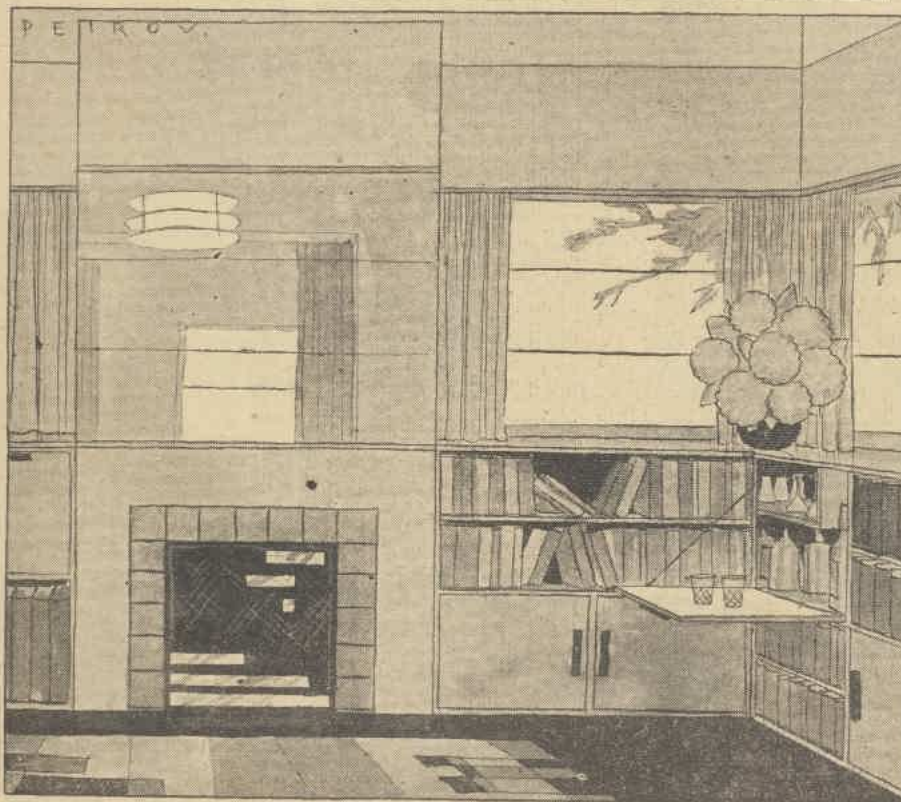
All this looks so attractive when the cupboard door is open, as you can imagine.

The little homemaker responsible for this plan found it worked splendidly. An extra cupboard, naturally lighted, the outcome of the smallest expenditure as regards labor and expense.

Space-saving

AND this opens up another suggestion: If your cupboards are totally inadequate, why not find storage room on your doors? Bathroom, bedroom, and kitchen doors are open to such cleverly contrived attachments.

The back-of-the-door cupboard (see sketch top right) can be four or five inches in depth and the length of a full-sized cupboard. It fastens on to the door on three hinges, opening and shutting just like any ordinary cupboard. The only difference is that instead of



the wall forming the back, the door serves this purpose.

This cupboard will not interfere, as you might think, with the door action, and is not in the least clumsy-looking when painted to match the room.

Such compact affairs may be fitted up as an extra dress cupboard, complete with hooks, a shoe cupboard, a handy kitchen affair to hold cooking or cleaning utensils and odds and ends, or a bathroom cupboard complete with mirror, shelves, and towel-rail.

Verily, in the kitchen of a small flat or bungalow such a cupboard would be an ideal space-saver. Doors take up valuable wall space, and this type liberates floor space which would otherwise be required for mops, brooms, dustpans, and other cleaning paraphernalia.

Built-in Cupboards

AND now, waxing a little more luxurious we come to the subject of built-in cupboards which, with a little ingenuity, may be as decorative as they are useful.

The majority of modern-built homes are substantially equipped in this respect. And many a lucky housewife finds that her bedroom will almost keep itself tidy since it is fitted with sufficient cupboard room. Possibly her dining-room boasts of corner cupboards fitted the same height as the table and painted in with the woodwork, to house table requisites and table linens.

Her bathroom, in your eyes, spells happy convenience for it, too, features ample cupboard space. And as for the kitchen, it is a miracle of space-saving and compact accommodation—spotless, colorful a pleasure to work in.

But you who live in the not-so-modern home need not despair. Bit by bit, with careful planning, you can modernise.

Instance the corner of a living-room shown above.

This very ordinary living-room, with a fireplace centrally situated on one of the outer walls, was transformed into a most charming place by the simple addition of shelves and cupboards.

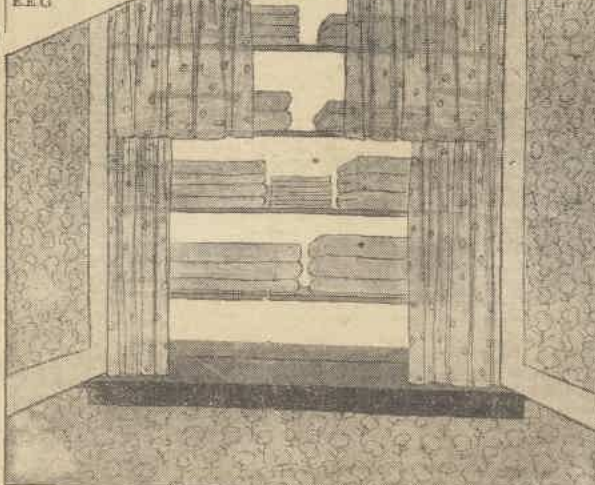
The walls were re-covered with a creamy, rough-cast paper turning

THERE IS A LOVE of cupboards apart from any refreshments that some of them may contain—a love of cupboards as useful and decorative items in the furnishing scheme. In this article you will find details of the attractive built-in shelves and cupboards, showing in the picture above; also salient points about the back-of-the-door cupboard shown on right.

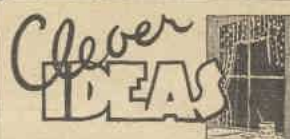
touches of softest gold—and the cupboards and shelves were not stained—they and the existing woodwork were painted a rich, creamy tone, given by a touch of saffron to the white paint.

Previously the walls were papered a dull, uninviting blue; the woodwork dark. A sunshiny, spacious effect was immediately gained by this transformation in wall-paper and paint alone.

What she has done, you may do—perhaps not in this exact form, but in one more to your own liking—
E.E.G.



ORDER PLUS BEAUTY. In the above sketch you find an extremely ingenious arrangement for a linen cupboard—a divided window has been utilized. Shallow shelves against a frosted white background, voile curtains for daintiness, and doors lined with paper matching the wall.



GOOD NEWS!
Clever ideas are worth money—and so yours! A first prize of 10/6 is awarded each week for the best idea submitted. For every other item published, 2/6 is paid. No how-de-pluses accepted.

IF YOU have any painting to do to a ceiling or anywhere above arm-reach, cut a rubber ball in halves, make a hole in the bottom of one half, and push it up the handle of the paint brush as far as possible. The cup will catch all the drops of paint that fall from the brush.—First Prize of 10/- to Audrey Havers, c/o C. Dowdy, Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

WHEN PASSING rods through lace curtains slip a finger from an old glove on the end of rod to prevent tearing the lace.—F. Ennis, 22 Water St., Toowoomba, Qld.

WHEN WASHING a beret one is always afraid that it will lose its shape, but if you wash it with some nice warm soapy water and stretch over a dinner plate, it will not shrink, and still keep its original shape.—Mrs. H. Carruthers, 76 Railway Terrace, Peterborough, S.A.

TO CAMOUFLAGED the taste of Easter chocolate put a small quantity of milk in a glass, which is round the sides, and drop in oil, but do not stir. Brew with a few drops of essence and you will find there is no unpleasant taste.—Mrs. A. Hayes, 220 Coventry St., South Melbourne, 85, Vic.

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"THE chance, man, the chance," he said impassionedly. "You may become one of the world's tenors—I believe you will, before God, I do. That high C! And you have so little to unlearn, thanks to Westminster—there are certain faults in diction; Maestro will teach you better breathing. Lady Chadwick will guarantee all fees. You are to have the freedom of that superb music-rooms—"

"Oh, am I?" said Dickie, breaking in suddenly, and as quickly he added: "All right, I'll go for it."

Lil was declamatory to the pitch of frenzy.

"Opera, indeed—and you with the offer of a contract, for three years, for London and the suburbs alone—your own pick of the plums—"

And so on and so forth for the rest of the day.

Dickie-boy might have weakened if he had not gone to the Chadwick's house to sing at a musicale.

Viola, as it happened, welcomed him. Viola in white this time, without a hat; his heart thudded so he thought she must see it; he sat beside her while Rasale played, and thought of kissing the place on her white, slender neck where her shingle ended in a little lovely ridge of gold.

Later he went in search of her, and Viola told him how divinely he had sung.

"It was for you," Dickie-boy said breathlessly. "All this opera stunt—I'm doing it for you, too—"

Viola laughed a little. She found it easiest to laugh, Dickie seemed too blithe a soul to snub; it would have seemed almost like cruelty to a child, or a young fox-terrier.

The GAY Dog

Continued from Page 13

And just a little, she was intrigued that this fair-haired youth, who was to stir the musical world, should so obviously adore her.

"He's really rather a lamb," she told Roderick Manners, leaning her head against his shoulder and absently twining her fingers in his.

Roderick was charming, and weak, and by way of being a stockbroker—he was twenty-six, and in love with Viola, and her people ignored the affair serenely.

"His clothes are pretty foul," Roderick said lastly; "and my hat, what a stink that stuff he sticks on his hair has!"

"I know, but he is a lamb, just the same," Viola smiled. "And, darling, why shouldn't you put him wise, as you say, about things?"

BUT Dickie had not waited to be told; he had excellent sight in his dark blue eyes, and a good deal of horse-sense, and he had very naturally noticed Roderick not a little; he sensed danger from that quarter, though actually he rather liked Roderick's easy, gentle manner, his blithe absurdities of speech.

He had discovered Roderick was deadly poor, and Roderick himself was very expansive about his debts.

"No money, no marriage," Dickie opined hopefully, and worked harder than ever. He grew thinner, and he lost his "gay dog" look a bit.

Lil said with a sniff: "All these fine dinners you get out aren't doing you much good, Sonny. You're lookin' very peaked-like—and you're alterin', too; you aren't half the boy you were, for fun. I dunno what's up with you."

"I'm all right," Dickie-boy said, wishing vaguely, one that Lil would not use such piercingly strong scent; two: that she would not wear such violent-looking clothes; three: that the flat had a little peace in it, and no plush four; that the table would be arranged as it was arranged at the Westminster house; and five: that Viola loved him, or he were dead.

"Oh, I dunno, I'm fed up," he said with a sudden boyish break in his voice.

"Tell Mum, tell your own old Lil," Lil said very gently.

But he could not, so he bent and kissed her, and a wave of the scent she used very lavishly enveloped him and made him feel all upset again.

"Life's a mess," he told himself moodily, going off to Westminster to practise with Adams.

It was mid-June then, and he stayed late, and remembered, just when he had passed the Chadwick's house, that he had left some music there he needed.

He went in by the garden entrance, and out across the grass and nearly ran into Viola.

His arm went round her; he felt as if he were held, fast in a dream, and yet all that was happening was so vivid, his heart could scarcely beat beneath its burden of happiness.

"This once—this once," he whispered. "Ever since I saw you I've longed for this, to hold you—oh, Viola—this once—... Kiss me—let me kiss you."

His lips touched hers very gently and clung trembling.

The stars seemed to wheel in white fire above his head, dimly the perfume of syringas came to him. He fell on his knees before Viola and hid his face upon her breast.

"I love you—I love you."

Somewhat he came back to earth, to reality. He realised Viola was talking to him, that she was telling him something no one else knew—about Manners—they were secretly married—had been for months—and that she loved—loved Roddie—that she was so sorry.

He walked home with that extraordinary thrill still stirring his heart. After all he had kissed her—she had lain in his arms—

"I declare," Lil said anxiously, "you fair give me the creeps, Dickie-boy."

What on earth's come over you? First of all, you're off your food, then you take to dressing yourself like a hound, black tie, black socks—get on the gloves, and you'll be a jolly little undertaker."

"I'm all right," Dickie-boy said, going into his room, leaving Lil to mourn for the gay dog he had been, with his orange car, and his pink silk shirt, and his diamond pin.

And even next day he did not know what he felt, really—that miraculous kiss still flamed in him—it seemed for isolated seconds to blot out the truth—he could not really face the truth—yet. He had been so want to think: "When I get famous. Then I'll have a chance," and he'd be famous all right—only three months more, and then.

He cannoned into Roderick at the corner of Smith Square. They both said, "Hullo," and then Roderick gripped his arm feverishly.

"I say, come on and have a coffee somewhere. I'm about all in."

He looked ghastly. There were marks of sleeplessness like bruises under his eyes.

"What's up?" Dickie asked. Roderick's face twitched, and then suddenly he broke down, tumbled his terror, and his shame, and his weariness out in front of Dickie.

He had never meant to take the darned money. He had had to borrow it. He had trumped the sound of the moneylenders trying to get even half of it off the swine.

"How much is it?" Dickie asked, and whistled when he heard "a thousand."

"I'm finished," Roderick shot out. "Does Viola know?" Dickie asked. "Good God, no."

Dickie stared up at the blue sky, at the scarlet buses, the sunlight, and the crowds. Then he gave a great sigh.

"I'll get you the money," he said suddenly. "I mean it. I'll get it now. Come on."

He hailed a taxi and gave Levi's office address.

That worthy was in.

"I'VE chucked the grand opera stunt," Dickie stated. "I leaves me cold, Abey. I'm coming back to the gay life. And I want a thou, on the nail—and I'll work it off. You can have the proceeds of my grammy records as security. Come on now, hand it over."

Abey leant back and studied him.

"You look the gay life, I don't think," he said sardonically. "Like a funeral you do. And you been' absent so long. Macky Moody's come on wonderful."

"Wonderful nothing," Dickie-boy retorted. "Macky's got the voice of a cornerne—your'd do nearly as well as him. I can sing, and you know it. So come on over, or I'll go to Isaac."

Abey pulled him down to the hardest contract he could manage. Then he unlocked the safe and counted out the notes, sighing pitifully.

Dickie-boy ran downstairs with them to the taxi.

"Here," he said, thrusting them in.

He leant further forward.

"And I say, when you see Viola, give her my love. I shan't be there again. I've given up that stunt."

He jumped off the running board and shouted "Stock Exchange" to the driver. Then he walked home to Shaftesbury Avenue and sorted out his music.

"One Hour With You" was at the height of its vogue, and he played and sang it.

Lil came in and listened, and wept with pleasure.

"That's the stuff to give the girls," said Dickie-boy, his gay, golden head flung back, a smile all over his face save in his eyes.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED
BY EVE GYE

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Since one of our secrets of chic is to wear the smartest things with an individual touch to them—don't overlook the decorative beauty of these blouses.

Whether the foundation is of net or you evolve one with braid and faggot stitching, you work the charm into them with every stitch—long-lived charm, too, as they have no fear of the wash-tub.

PICTURE the fluffiness of angora wool on net. And net, fragile as it appears, is quite hard-wearing and launders beautifully.

It can be darned in fast-colored washing cottons as well as in wools, and

The needlewoman with an eye for design and color harmony will find numberless ways of varying the darning stitches to get the effect she wants.

By the way, a delightful color scheme for a really sweet blouse would be the palest of pink net worked in French-blue angora, the ribbing (if you desire a basque effect) in the blue angora.

BRAID and faggot-stitched collars are showing as the newest, smartest dress accessories in the smart shops. If you're clever with the needle, make yourself one. They are so expensive to buy.

the pattern can be very modern in line and coloring, or it can conform to your own notions of what is attractive.

Choose a coarse net, and if you cannot get the shade you require it would be a simple matter to dye the net—there are so many good dyes procurable now.

A more striking idea would be black



EXCLUSIVE DESIGN from Vienna, showing the beauty of braid and faggot stitching, wool-trimmed. A design of this kind would lend itself admirably to a chic net blouse darned in angora, one of the figured wools, or in fast-colored washing silk.

net worked in white angora, with the ribbing and neck edge in black. It would look stunning under a black suit.

I would advise you to buy the best net you can afford and use it double. You then cut your blouse from the pattern, allowing generous seams, tack the desired design underneath the net, and work in simple darning-stitch.

JUST braid and simple faggot stitching go to make this exclusive garment from abroad, featured at the top of this page.

An ordinary paper blouse-pattern is used, with the braid tacked firmly to the paper in the design shown, the whole is then linked together with the faggot stitching broad and narrow to fit the design.

There are any number of braids suitable for this type of work, and the faggoting could be done in any of the hank or ball silks used for knitting or crochet.

When the stitching is finished, remove the tackings and join up the blouse by machine.

The ribbing for the basque and sleeves would be knitted on fine steel needles and the neck finished with a crochet edge worked in shell stitch.



CHARM ALL THE WAY in darned net blouses—and here are three suggestions for you: (1) Coin spots in three-tone effects on a simple round-neck blouse. (2) Variegated wool on the new cocowood brown—dark blouses will be worn a lot—observe the square neck. (3) Striped effect on a high neck—white on black, or black on white, beige and green, coffee and almond-green, or coffee and lime.

A Silken Top for You to Crochet

—to give a charming finish to a quickly made nightdress

If you are thinking of making a captivating nightie, this is such a dainty style, and it costs little to make. For the top you only need a little crochet silk, some ribbon, and some silk thread. The directions for crocheting it are quite simple.

Materials (to fit a 34-inch bust): 2 oz. reel of fine white crochet silk (enough for 2 tops), pair No. 11 bone needles, 24 yards of fuji silk or crepe-de-chine, 2 yards wide Nile green ribbon for shoulder straps, 11 yards narrow Nile green ribbon, fine crochet hook, a little pink, blue and Nile green silk for smocking.

FRONT.

Cast on 131 stitches, knit 1 row plain into back of every stitch. Purl back. Now commence the pattern.

1st Row: Knit 1, * silk forward, slip 1, knit 2, pass the slipped stitch over the 2 knitted ones, repeat from * to last stitch, knit 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * slip 1, knit 2, pass slipped stitch over 2 knitted ones, silk forward, repeat from * to last 2 stitches, knit forward, knit 2.

4th Row: Purl.

Repeat last 4 rows, 4 times.

Next Row: Cast off 15 stitches, pattern on next 26 stitches.

Cast off 40 sts., pattern to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 15 stitches, purl 26.

Work pattern on these 26 sts., 6 times. Cast off. Join silk on other side front and work pattern 6 times. Cast off.

BACK.

Cast on 131 stitches, knit 1 row plain into back of every stitch.

Next Row: Purl.

Work the 4 pattern rows 5 times. Cast off.

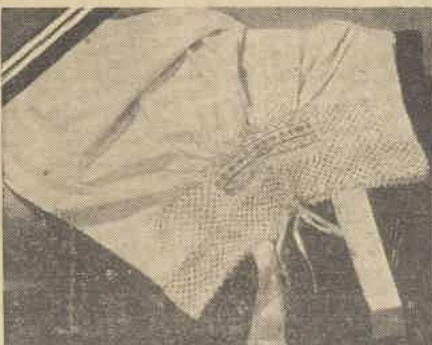
TO MAKE UP. Press very carefully under a damp cloth with a hot iron, stretching the pattern out.

Stitch side seams and press. Crochet the following edge evenly round top and bottom of yoke:

* 6 chain, 1 double crochet into 2nd chain, 2 chain, 1 double crochet into yoke, repeat from *.

Thread narrow ribbon through holes at top of yoke.

Make shoulder straps of wide ribbon, make a bow of the remaining ribbon and stitch on left shoulder. Cut fuji silk in half, smock or gather in centre front and back, stitch side seams, make an inch hem on bottom. Stitch yoke to silk, and your nightdress is complete.



THE FULL beauty of this dainty nightdress cannot be revealed in a picture. The directions for the knitted top are given on this page, and it is finished in the centre with pretty smocking in softest pink, blue, and green silk. The straps are made of wide Nile green ribbon.



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Skin Preparation.ACTUAL PHOTO.
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The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to mid or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. A Gentle but Powerful Corrective of All Facial Imperfections and Blemishes.

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These Beautiful Bowls

—Will Hold Your Choicest Bulbs



THREE LOVELY EXAMPLES: A square bowl of English pottery in the palest of blue with a bird and leaf design. Price 3/9. A quaint little bowl for a single bulb in this little Dutch girl in her brightly colored gown. Price, 2/9. An English pottery bowl in the famous Ming ware. In orange and brown—the brown is a very heavy running glaze, and the orange in the lighter glaze that is usually employed. Price 9/6.

EACH year finds many more recruits to the old English custom of planting bulbs in pots and bowls for indoor decoration. With the passing years the old red terra-cotta pots have been supplanted and bowls of every shape and hue have taken their place. Some very beautiful effects may be obtained if a little thought is given to the choice of the bowl. . . . Imagine a cluster of deep purple hyacinths in a creamy pottery bowl, or tall, graceful daffodils in a bowl of soft jade green. The possibilities are unlimited . . . and it is a fascinating task thinking out original and striking color combinations.



—Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

LEFT TO RIGHT: An oblong bowl of Melrose ware, the pottery made in Melbourne. In the rich blues or greens that characterise this ware. The sole decoration is formed by the running glaze. Price 15/-. A round bowl of Crown Ducal pottery with a ribbed effect in a soft jade with a design of hand-painted flowers in yellow. Price 19/6. Another bowl from the Melrose Pottery, this time oval in shape. The bowl has two handles and a raised design of squirrels on it. Price 10/3.

Australian Woman's BIG JOB!

She Conducts the Publicity for Monster British Exhibition

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe (By Air Mail)

MRS. ALLEYNE ZANDER, who was so successful in bringing a wonderful collection of modern art out to Australia in 1933, so distinguished herself as publicity representative for the Royal Academy, that she has now the enormous task of being Press representative for the exhibition of British Art and Industry at the Royal Academy.

The exhibition, which opened early this month, is one of the greatest shows of the year. It has taken two years to prepare, and that this charming young Australian woman should be entrusted with such an important part of its organisation is yet another tribute to the competence of Australian womanhood.

The exhibition embraces such a wide range of articles as dress materials, furnishing fabrics, carpets and rugs, ceramics and glassware, jewellery, book production and commercial printing, domestic equipment, furniture, and interior decoration.

A special feature of the exhibition is the section of window displays, arranged by acknowledged display experts and changed from week to week.

The interior decoration exhibits are especially interesting. There are rooms arranged in settings on either side of the long galleries, including dining-rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms, nurseries, terraces and kitchens. The latter are the most intriguing of all—particularly so is a "streamline" kitchen, designed by Mrs. Darcy Bradell, carried out in a Scotch plaid design of red and white half-way up the dove-grey and silver lustre walls. A streamline table runs right round the walls, and there is a streamlined gas cooker.

Aches and Pains are NATURE'S

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The training aims at fitting the student for positions in private homes and institutions where skilled care and attention are required. Positions guaranteed. Prospectus on application to The Matron.

OPAL RINGS from 7/6. See E. E. Smith at "The Opal Mine," 114 Pitt St., near Hunter St.***



POPULAR FREE GIFTS FOR MOTHER.

1. Thousands of brightly coloured, useful gift towels, good quality. Size 40 inches x 20 inches.
2. Lots of strong Pure Linen. Glass Cloths, 24 in. x 24 in.
3. Good Quality Pillow Slips for the housewife. 30 inches x 20 inches.

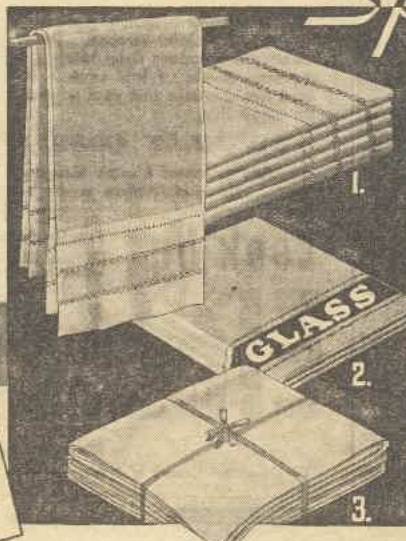


FOUNTAIN S.R. FLOUR
Only 4 Coupons necessary from these 4-lb. packets or (8 from 2-lb. size).

"Fountain" Flour is kitchen tested. Use no other!



BASKET MIXED FRUIT
All ready for instant use. Only 2 Coupons necessary from this popular brand of mixed fruit.



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When you have collected your assorted coupons as shown above, bring them to the gift showroom of W. C. Douglass Ltd., Foveaux Street, Sydney (opposite Sydney Railway Station), and select your free gift before the 1st of May next, or call personally at our warehouse, 41 Scott Street, Newcastle.

Start Saving Coupons To-day!

From these FOUR Popular

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FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES

Everybody's using them. You need only 6 Coupons from these lovely Fruit Jellies.



BREAKFAST D-LIGHT
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Thousands of Amazing Free Gifts!

FOR USERS OF THESE 4 POPULAR DOUGLASS PRODUCTS

To further popularise the use of the four excellent products illustrated in this advertisement the manufacturers offer you your choice of any free gift illustrated here in exchange for the following coupons:—

- 4 coupons from Fountain Self Raising Flour—4 lb. size (or 8 coupons from 2 lb. packets).
- 6 coupons from Fountain Pure Fruit Jellies.
- 2 coupons from Basket Brand Mixed Dried Fruits.
- 2 coupons from Breakfast D-Light.
- 14 only assorted coupons required.

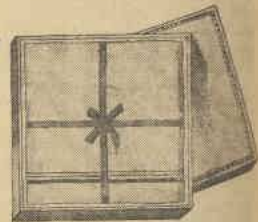
NOTE.—You must have the correct number from each product.

If you live in the country write to Miss Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and she will personally send on your free gift, provided you enclose two stamps for postage. Write your name and address clearly on the outside of your coupon parcel.

All Douglas's Pure Food Products are sold on the guarantee by your grocer—"Satisfaction or purchase money refunded." The most liberal coupon offer we have ever made!

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Nice boxes of Pure Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs for Girls. So useful!



FOUNTAIN PENS
Good quality Fountain Pens for Boys and Girls.



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Strong Pocket Knives for Boys.



STATIONERY

Boxes of lovely Stationery. Latest style, shape and colour. Most attractively boxed.

This Special Offer Definitely Closes 1st MAY, 1935.

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 28

ABOUT the time when the twins would have been six months old, Mamma began to be ill. They said she was going into a decline; her cheeks were red, and she grew thin, and coughed. So they kept her away from outdoor air, and built great fires in her room, and always had the windows shut, night and day. In spite of this she grew worse, and one day, after a haemorrhage that frightened everyone except herself, she, in the quiet hours of evening, ceased to live.

Just before she went she was delirious; she told her husband that she had died long ago; she said that she was going to see what the other side of the line was like, at last. James Robinson was very patient with her; he had loved her, in his unwilling way, had tried, like a good Victorian of the Kingsley school, to "mould her nearer to his heart's desire." But you could not mould Mamma. Small and weak as she was, she enshrined a flame, unnamed, unrecognised through all her life, for what it was—the torch of the pioneer. Flames cannot be moulded; they simply burn, or die.

She had, one thinks, the Celtic gift of second sight. In those last hours, when the doctor had come and gone, when James was on his knees beside her, sincerely and tearfully praying, she interrupted him to say: "Take care of Adeline." Raising his ravaged face, he said, "Of both, love, but especially Eleanor." For he had always thought the elder girl too decided in character; and character, in a girl of the day, was counted dangerous.

James went on with his prayer, and the wife of James, and mother of Adeline, drew one little sigh, and quietly slipped out of life.

And now, three years later, came the fulfilment of that half-spoken prophecy. Adeline, the timid, the gentle Adeline, who had always been so sweet, so quiet, and inconspicuous—Adeline, Mamma's innocent baby, was entangled with a married man.

It was not, in those days, the usual way for a girl to be crossed in love. It followed none of the recognised paths of heartbreak. A girl of the 'sixties and



THIS SIMPLE dinner dress is of violet satin. The neckline is novel, and the short tailored sleeves are important. It is worn by Miss Sylvia Sidney, a charming Paramount player.

'seventies, if "disappointed," was disappointed generally by some faithless admirer who went off to India (almost always it was India) without proposing when he was expected to do so. Frequently he died of fever, and then the girl mourned him the rest of her life, or, alternatively, until some more reliable lover took his place.

There was also the well-known disappointment of the intemperate lover, the declared adorer who, on some important occasion, appeared "disguised in liquor," repeated the offence again and again, and wouldn't give up drinking. Usually the girl, advised by her elders, made a bargain with him; one year's complete sobriety, and she would marry him; failing that, no wedding-bells. Usually, he seemed to fall under this stern test. And almost always he was picked up by the Other Girl, of whom nobody had thought, but who had been quietly waiting her chance. And very often the Other Girl made a job of it and reformed him.

A THIRD (and one had almost written a very popular) method of breaking heart was to flirt with a rival by way of bringing him (not the rival) on. You danced twice, or in extreme cases three times, with the Rival, whose feelings, of course, didn't matter. You tapped him with your fan, and when he made the expected reaction, called him "Naughty!" Meantime, No. 1 stood in the background, with arms folded, scowling at you and the Rival out of a bush of bristling whisker; and you underwent delighted thrills at the thought of your power over men.

But it was all playing with fire; you couldn't tell, till you tried, whether he would be "brought on" to the point of a proposal and a turquoise forget-me-not ring, or not. In the latter event it was quite likely that he would curse all flits and flirts; take the next boat for India (I cannot help it; so it seemed to occur in those days when, truly, the continent of India must have been littered with broken hearts) and never, by you, be seen again.

Or (this was one of the worst heart-breaks of all) he might be a faithless Officer. Not yet had society learned to evade the mouth-filling word: officers were officers, and in virtue of their profession, their garb and their truly amazing cultivation of moustache and whisker, more attractive than any other class of men.

"Always be careful about officers, my love," the wise mother warned her daughter. "They are seldom to be trusted, and they are deadly fascinating!"

Please turn to Page 47

PARENTS! Your children's mental fare is important. Order Patty Finn's Weekly for them—healthy, amusing, full of interest.

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The "Caerleon" Suite of 4 pieces has beautifully polished walnut veneers throughout. Wardrobe is 5ft. wide, nicely fitted; Dressing Table, 3ft. 9in., with large mirror and 7 drawers. Fitted Loughboy is 3ft. 1in. wide. Bedstead is 4ft. 6in. wide. Usually £31/17/6.

SALE £28/13/6



Special Bedstead Offer

29/3

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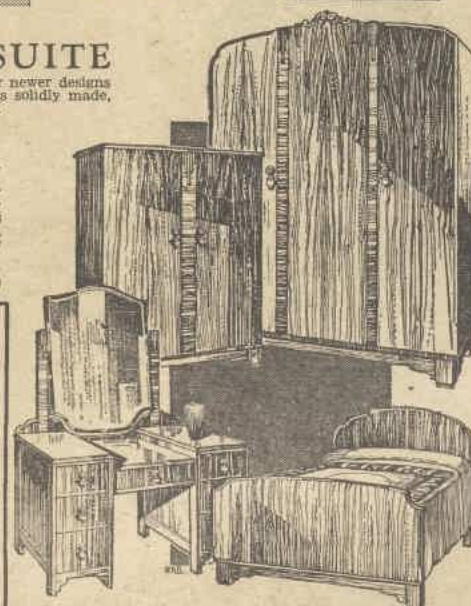
COM. BEDSTEAD

2ft. 6in.

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Size .. 9x7ft. 6in. 9x9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 13x9ft.
Usual .. £5/10/6 £7/5/- £8/15/- £9/12/6
SALE .. £5/7/6 £6/10/- £7/17/6 £8/12/6
British Linos, in popular patterns, all 6ft. in width.
Usual, yd. .. 5/6 5/5 6/11 7/6
SALE PRICES .. 4/11 5/3 6/2 6/9

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If you have been using an imitation of this original Aspirin (discovered by Bayer and introduced to the medical profession in 1900), note the difference after the very first dose. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitations and loudly advertised substitutes, which physicians would not think of prescribing.

All Chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means better.



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INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc. INVISIBLELY Re-woven.

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For all concrete surfaces—paths, floors, steps and verandahs, brick fireplaces—use Solpah Paving Paint. It makes them bright and clean as new—covers ugly stains and scratches, resists wear and weather. Solpah spreads easily, dries rapidly—lasts amazingly.

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Tune in to Taubmans "Favorites Old and New"—2 G8, 6.20 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.—3 D8, 9.15 p.m. Mon., 8.15 p.m. Tues., Wed., Thurs.

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THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE



Don't be ridiculous Bess: It's no use fiddling about with that stuff. Thoroughly cleanse your skin every night with Oatine Cream. and for day time use that wonderful new combination of foundation cream and face powder—Oatine Powder Base. It stays fresh right and I rarely have to use any face powder and. What's more to the point. my nose never gets shiny.

In Two Shades, Rachelle and Natural—1/2 tube. Use Oatine Cream at night to Feed and Cleanse the skin. Tube, 1/2; Jar, 2/6 and 4/6.



For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Some Points in Favor of Natural Feeding

By Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

By the time the mother returns to her home from the maternity hospital, baby should be well versed in his daily routine.

He should be waking only a few minutes before his four-hourly (or three-hourly) feeding times and should be peacefully sleeping except when being bathed or fed.

Too much like a little machine," you may say; but remember that baby's brain grows very quickly in the first few months, and it is absolutely essential for his proper mental as well as physical development that his day be passed in a peaceful and orderly manner.

To waken baby (when he should be sleeping) in order to go to him is a form of amusement which is undeniably selfish. By all means, when he is a little older, cuddle him during his play hours in the afternoon. Babies need spontaneous love and affection if they are to be happy and healthy.

When you pick the very young baby up five minutes or so before his feeding-time, you can give him a little nurse and petting in between changing his nappies and putting him to the breast.

But beware of talking to him or rocking him in your arms after his meal, as this may make him return his food.

ALWAYS make baby comfortable before his meal by changing him and making sure that the rest of his clothes are dry. He will then suck better than if left wet during his meal.

After the meal, hold him out and replace the dry nappies. Then gently put him to bed, having first made sure that he has brought up all his wind. Having put him to bed, leave him alone or he will expect you to continue giving him attention, and thus be deprived of very necessary sleep.

At first the only exercise baby gets is through sucking at the breast. Feeding from a bottle does not provide exercise to nearly the same extent.

Sir Truby King in his book, "The Story of the Teeth," says, "Suckling is hard work. It brings a ample flow of blood to baby's mouth, nose, and throat. This causes these great gateways of the body to grow and become strong and spacious."

System Important

AN Australian Women's Weekly reader some weeks ago raised this question—Will not all this systematising of baby-care result in a race of unaffectionate and unresponsive human beings? Will not the lack of Grandmother's frequent lifting of baby from his cot to pet and caress result in cold-heartedness in later life?

As a rule Grandmother's interruption of baby's sleeping time used to result in frayed nerves and indigestion for baby.

Baby did not receive the long, consecutive hours of sleep which his nervous system demanded. He was rocked and sung to after each meal until he was never able to go to sleep naturally, but had always to be woken up, and down till he fell asleep in someone's arms.

Such procedure, besides being bad for baby by preventing normal growth and development, was bad for the whole household.

The mother who feeds her baby at the breast need have no fear that he or she will grow up cold-hearted.

A wonderful bond of natural affection exists between mother and child when for nine months baby is put regularly every four hours to the breast. Undoubtedly a great deal is lost when baby, through some misfortune, has to be fed by bottle.

In this case, however, the mother can minimise this loss by feeding baby on her knee, holding the bottle right throughout each feeding time, and never leaving baby by himself, with the bottle propped up by a pillow or the side of the cradle.

Too often in Grandmother's day bottle feeding was relegated to a servant, so that the baby saw very little of its mother.

I have in mind at the moment the case of two sisters—the elder was brought up on the bottle, the younger at the breast. The younger child is by far the most affectionate, with a deep mother worship. The bottle-fed child shows very little affection, and never of her own volition offers her mother a kiss or an embrace.

Babies cannot thrive without "mothering", but is there any reason why such mothering should not be given specially at a definite time of day when baby is naturally awake?

At this time baby can know the joy of lying in his mother's arms and, if old enough, of being taken for a walk. He can laugh and go to his mother and to visitors until it is time for him to have a little rest before his evening wash and meal.

Such playtime, happily conducted, without over-stimulation, is definitely excellent for baby; but its benefits would be lost were it to take place at different times each day, or when the particular adult in charge felt inclined to be amused.

Baby is not a toy, though he is often treated as such.

A little self-denial regarding these matters will result in a far happier child with a stronger mental and nervous constitution.

YOUTH to YOUTH

Continued from Page 7

SHERRING wrenched to get free, but a stab of pain made him relax into shaking, furious, ashamed submission.

"Well?" Hubert asked.

"All right."

Hubert let him go and the boy reeled back against a long chair. Lillian came to his rescue.

"Please, Tony, go quietly. Leave Hubert alone. You'll only get into a mess if you hurt him." She gave him back his tattered pride with both hands.

Shering pulled himself together and stepped down off the verandah.

Hubert said diffidently, "Er . . . I hope you'll . . . er . . . forget all this, Sherring, and go on being our friend."

Shering ignored him.

They heard his uneven, hard steps go down the drive.

Hubert turned to his wife.

"You let things go a bit too far that time, old lady," he reproved her. "I'm sorry. I don't like it. There's a limit to everything. Sherring's all right if you keep it to compliments and cocktails together, but this . . ." His voice slipped up badly.

She saw she had deeply wounded him, darling old Hubert, who never ran off the rails, and did nothing but work while she flirted with the whole station. His words came back and pricked her.

With a flutter of pity she thought too, of Tony's mother and the youth of him.

Yes, she had let it go too far. Lamplight glinted on the sprinkled grey hairs at Hubert's temples.

Lillian swallowed quickly. She walked away from him to the edge of the verandah, looping a pillar with her arm, and looked out into the jewelled dark where mountains breathed. Was this the last night of her youth? No more "sub-lutes" sculps to hang on her wigwag.

She said, "We'll send for Peggy tomorrow, darling."

"Why the hurry, old lady?"

Words choked her. "Don't you see . . . don't you see . . . ?"

Clumsily he blundered, "No."

"That last snap she sent. Even you saw it was like me."

Light began to dawn for Hubert.

"You mean young Sherring,?"

She left him looking at her straight, taut figure. She wondered if he understood what this was costing her.

She let out a crazy little laugh.

"Youth to youth, darling. He won't stay in love with a woman who's married when he knows a younger edition of the same woman who's free."

Somewhere out in that jewelled dark where mountains breathed Lillian seemed to be watching something precious out of sight.

Hubert came and stood close behind her with wet eyes, bending to lay his cheek against hers.

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ROMANCE Comes BACK

Continued from Page 35

"NOT in this rig-out, Toni. It's property, and there'd be the dickens of a row if I got it spotted with oil. And you're not exactly got up for clambering about motor boats and getting splashed with spray. We'd better stay tidy here."

So he didn't want to take her out and hold her in his arms in the moonlight, feel her softness melting to his strength. She hated him and turned her back on him angrily, one white shoulder hunched. Then she caught sight of that slight, silvery figure standing against the wall, and her red mouth smiled spitefully. If he didn't appreciate her beauty, her sweetness to him, her readiness to be loved, she'd find someone who did. She thrust up her chin a little, beckoned imperiously to Parky, and, turning to Adrian, said casually:

"Here's a friend of mine who would like to meet you. Will you take her

as a partner in my place for the first dance? I'm feeling too hot and tired to dance. This is Miss Parkins—Mr. Kildare."

Before either of them could move, Toni had slipped away, laughing over her shoulder to a young man who had eagerly followed her. She left them standing looking at each other, the little, slim, silver-masked figure and the tall, handsome, brocade-clad man. Adrian could see that this girl was scared to death and agonisingly shy of him. She held herself stiff and taut, and her hands were unconsciously clenched. From down the ballroom Toni's laugh floated back, arrogant, careless.

"Let's dance, shall we?" Adrian Kildare said, and took his partner in his

arms. It took all her will power not to tremble. He held her carelessly, absent-mindedly.

They danced down the room to the music of a slow, dreamy waltz. Neither of them spoke at all. Adrian was looking straight over Parky's head, with a set expression on the mouth that just showed under his mask. For a long time he was hardly aware of this girl whom Toni had thrust into his arms; Toni, who was angry because he wouldn't do what she wanted; wouldn't make ardent love to her and play the part of the romantic film hero. But he wouldn't. Toni was pretty and amusing—but nothing more. He had summed her up that first moment of meeting her out on the terrace in the moonlight. But because he was un-

happy he had thought it would be pleasant to be amused for a time. It might keep his mind busy.

"Thanks very much," he said vaguely as the band thumped out a signal that the dance was over, and then he realised that he had been dancing with this girl for a quarter of an hour, that she was as light as a thistle-down and a lovely dancer—and that she hadn't said a word yet. Suddenly he was interested, determined to make her talk and forget her shyness. "Let's go out on to the terrace, shall we?"

An enormous white camellia of a full moon rode high over the blue bay, spangling the water with diamonds. One or two yachts showed strings of red and green lights. It was unbelievably lovely and heart-breaking.

She must try to disguise her voice. Luckily it was quite an ordinary one, and if she pitched it a little lower it would be unremembered. She prayed for the next dance to begin quickly, and yet not to begin for hours. To be out here alone with Adrian, so near to him and yet such thousands of miles away. . . . She couldn't reveal herself now. He was rich, famous, successful. She was dull and insignificant. . . . a plain little nursery governess.

"It's a marvellous view, isn't it?" he was saying, leaning over the terrace rail and looking at it. "I hate leaving it all and going back to London and studio work. I suppose you'll be staying here all the winter?"

She must be one of the Riviera smart crowd, he supposed, though he hadn't come across her at all in the hotels or at the casino. Somehow she wasn't the Toni type—smart, audacious, worldly-wise.

"Yes," Parky said, in her careful, low voice, "I shall be staying on here."

Staying on while Adrian—no, Kit—she couldn't go on thinking of him by that strange, romantic name—went away and on with his own life. Because she felt a lump rising in her throat and a stinging in her eyes, she turned her head away quickly and pulled out a wisp of chiffon handkerchief to dab at her nose. The filmy bit of stuff just brushed against his cheek as the breeze fluttered it for a moment. What was there about that to make him stand still like a statue in an attitude of rigid astonishment? He put out his hand, took the handkerchief from her and sniffed at it slowly, staring at her.

"White jasmine!" he said in a queer voice. "White, starry jasmine in a dark blue and silver flagon at a fabulous price. Never any other kind of scent would she—you—use, Mary!"

With a quick, firm gesture, he put up his hand, undid the ribbon of her silver mask, and let it drop on to the ground. Parky's face, white and yet shining, was lifted to his, Parky's big eyes glittered with tears.

"Kit—you shouldn't have done that. I didn't mean to let you know."

"Then you knew it was I?" he said slowly, and she nodded dumbly.

"I—I saw you down on the beach, so I kept as much as I could out of the way. Kit, I didn't want to spoil things for you here."

"You weren't going to let me know that you were here in this very hotel, dancing in my arms? Mary, have you forgotten me? Do you ever think about—three years ago?"

"I haven't forgotten, Kit—ever." She could feel against her skin the thin gold circlet that she wore hung round her neck on a fine chain. . . . "I—I've got my wedding ring on always—round my neck. But, Kit, life's changed for you now. You're successful and brilliant—"

"I've proved to myself that I'm not quite such a spineless, futile waster and idler as I seemed to be three years ago. I rather wanted you to know that, too, Mary. I—I've done a good deal of looking for you. And here I had you in my arms and I wouldn't have known you except for that scent—your special scent."

"That huge bottle you gave me for my birthday," Parky said unsteadily. "I'd still got a few drops left. I hadn't used any of it since—since I ran away from you. But to-night I thought I would—finish it."

"Mary, haven't you wanted me at all, all this time?"

"Oh, Kit!" Her lips were trembling. "So terribly. I could hardly bear it sometimes. But I thought—I was such a little beast leaving you like that, throwing up the sponge—you couldn't have gone on caring for me. I wasn't any use to you, was I?"

"You just about saved me from going to the dogs, darling. Your leaving me like that, giving me up as hopeless, made me see myself as I really was. For the first time in my life I set out to find a job of work to do and make a success of it."

"And you have," Parky whispered. "I always believed that, really, Kit. And now—now that you're famous and rich, you—you'll want your freedom. Kit, I'm ready to give it to you—any time you want it." Her voice stuck in her throat, but she forced the words out somehow.

There was a little silence before Kit spoke.

"My freedom—" he said slowly. "Yes, I do want it, Mary, and I'm going to ask you to give it to me now. Freedom from miserable loneliness, from aching for you every second of time. Freedom to make up to you everything I made you suffer, darling, three years ago. That's what I call freedom, Mary, and there's nobody who can give it to me but you."

Toni and her partner, strolling romantically out in the moonlight, walked right into Adrian Kildare, the glamorous lover, the film idol, absorbed in the business of kissing his own wife.

There was a faint perfume of white jasmine in the night air.

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H. OST HOLDSBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.***

WHAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT MEN



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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

ON the HIGHWAY

... to Loveliness!

Besetting troubles there may be, but meet them fairly and try and vanquish them!

IT'S THIS rushing that is hard on your appearance. You feel you haven't time just now to do the things you ought to do. You say: To-morrow I will see to my hair... To-morrow I will commence using an astringent... To-morrow I will take time for everything... Alas! to-morrow never comes, but to-day is with you. Face up to those little difficulties that beset your path. I am here to help you—and gladly!

AFTER racing around in the sun on the beach, swimming, surfing, sun-bathing, indulging in batless motor rides you discover that your hair is beginning to look dull and lifeless. It has attracted more dust and grime and, moreover, your head has perspired freely.

Wash it more frequently and massage the scalp, too, with your fingertips.

And if your hair seems to be dry and brittle, massage with warm olive oil. Do this before every shampoo. Part the hair and in a rotary motion work right on the scalp. Afterwards, wrap a towel around your head, turban-fashion. Leave on for at least an hour before washing it thoroughly.

Face So Tired Looking

Your face feels tired. It looks tired. Don't fret. Get to work in the following way: Make a pad of cotton wool, wring it out in cold water, soak it in a reliable tonic and dip in cleansing cream and apply to the face. Wipe off gently with a very soft towel (always upward

and outwards, without stretching the skin) and then pat in a plentiful supply of food.

Now, soak two pads of cotton wool in cold water and tonic; place one around the chin and over the cheeks and the other over the forehead.

Keep in place with a piece of lint or soft muslin passed under the chin and tied over the top of the head.

From the ice chest get a small piece of ice and rub carefully over the entire face on top of the cotton-wool pads.

The result: Your skin will look and feel on top of the world!

Rounding Up

BY the way, one of my young readers, keen always to look her loveliest, is concerned about her legs—too thin just above the knees. If she would, nightly, massage them with olive oil for about five minutes, I am sure they will, in time, respond to this simple treatment.

Leg exercises should develop where necessary—equally good where the flesh needs distributing.

By
Evelyn

SYLVIA SIDNEY, the versatile Paramount star, who never rests where beauty care is concerned. And what she does, she does well—hence her ever-growing charm and loveliness.

A GREASY skin is rather a worry.

But those afflicted should wash the face, every night, with warm water and soap (the best) and wash it with oatmeal in the morning.

Put the oatmeal into little bags made of muslin, damp your face and rub the bag over as if it were soap. Rinse off with plenty of cold water.

Make up with liquid powder—this helps to dry up a greasy skin.

Dreaded Mouth Lines

THOSE dreaded lines reaching from the corner of the nose to the outside points of the lips, give away to consistent treatment.



Every night pat in a quantity of cold cream and using the tips of the two first fingers of your hands pat smartly until the skin glows. Now take the centre of the upper lip and pinch firmly, lifting from the gums. Follow by pursing the lips tightly and twist a dozen times right and left.

Next throw the head back and blow

out an imaginary candle. Keep this up for at least three minutes.

Now dip a pad of cotton wool into an astringent lotion, such as diluted witch hazel tincture of benzoin (three drops to a cup of water) and pat off the grease.

Give a final pat with a piece of ice wrapped in a piece of the cotton wool, or a cloth, or rinse well in the best water obtainable.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



IDA LUPINO, Paramount player, shows how to slap off offending weight. The hands should form a cupped effect, and then quick little slaps always working upward, should be given to the area. In the case of the upper limb, the slapping should start at the knee. When the skin is tingling and pink from circulation the slapping can terminate.

ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: When I was young typhoid was quite a common complaint, but nowadays one hears very little about it. Does that mean that the disease is dying out, and is it one that affects young people more than old?

UNFORTUNATELY, typhoid has not died out, but, thanks to science, we have been able to take more preventive measures than people of the past were able to. Improved sanitation and hygiene in general have removed many causes of the disease, but the germs of typhoid are ever ready to attack the careless and the unwary.

Treatment for immunisation against typhoid is quite common and is given by a course of subcutaneous injections.

Although young people seem to contract typhoid more readily than older people, no age is really safe. The germ causing it—a "bacillus"—may be found in water, milk, celery, hearts of lettuce, oysters and in most any food that may become contaminated by coming in contact with water containing the typhoid organism.

Spring and well water that flows or rises near toilets should always be held under suspicion. It is believed that flies may carry the bacilli from contaminated materials to human beings, the person touching such material later carrying the germs to the mouth and swallowing them.

THE disease is primarily an intestinal inflammation, and symptoms may not appear for from eight to twenty-three days after infection. Usually, in the beginning, the patient feels only slightly ill—lassitude and a desire to sleep being marked. Later chills and fever develop, as might headache, pains in the abdomen, constipation or diarrhoea. Bleeding from the nose may be an early sign.

Towards the end of the first week of the disease, peculiar rose-colored spots



appear on the abdomen. This rash is quite characteristic of typhoid.

Other more serious symptoms may develop later. There may be ulcerations of the intestine which may actually lead to perforation of the bowel wall. This complication usually proves fatal. Lung trouble may also develop. Nerve symptoms and convulsions are common.

Typhoid is a most serious disease. Not only does it run into weeks of severe and prostrating illness, but it is difficult to treat. Besides, as already mentioned, there is always the possibility that it may end fatally.

One shudders to think how many thousands of lives would have been lost during the great war because of typhoid had not all soldiers been injected against it immediately upon enlistment.

TYPHOID is an ever-present danger unless immunity as described has been established. Particularly is there danger during the summer months when people go camping, visit new places and drink water and milk from sources they know nothing about.

When in doubt as to the absolute purity of drinking water, it is always the part of wisdom to have it boiled. One should also be careful about bathing in polluted or suspicious waters. Care should likewise be exercised concerning berries and vegetables that are to be eaten raw, and the same applies to oysters and clams.

In conclusion, let it be emphasised that the safest course of all is to have yourself injected against typhoid. Then you won't have to worry at all!

ELBOWS that are discolored can be bleached with ordinary lemon juice. Cut a lemon in half, and, after washing the elbows in soapy water, rub them with the lemon, round and round, squeezing the juice into the skin. Allow it to dry on naturally for a few moments, and then wipe off, and apply skin food or cold cream.

BEFORE plucking the eyebrows you should smear on some vaseline to soften the skin. After plucking you should dab on some pure Witch Hazel to close the pores. This should prevent the skin around your eyebrows from going red.



One of our testimonials tells us these facts.

When a WOMAN tells you —

that people often take her for years younger than she is,

that she puts this down to her white teeth,

that she puts those down to the fact she's used nothing but Calvert's Tooth Powder since she left school —

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!

Sound teeth for a lifetime!



For the Majority

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After all, some sacrifice, some self-discipline is unavoidable if anything worth while is to be gained.

The Savings Account provides a safe, profitable, and convenient method.

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HER CHEEKS ARE ROSY where they were pale and washy!"

Lamington, Qld.
"My little girl ate hardly a morsel and got very thin till she was only skin and bone, so I decided to try Clements Tonic. I am pleased to say her appetite improved and after using a large bottle I could hardly believe the difference in her. Her cheeks are rosy where they were pale and washy and she runs about and romps like a boy where, before, she lay languid and moped all day."

(Mrs.) G. McC.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S."

Now's the Time to Plant Bulbs

Capture their fragrant beauty, too, in bowls to brighten the home on winter days

... Says the Old Gardener

EVERY season is but a preparation for the next, and February is the important time when spring and early summer flowering bulbs are planted. By planting now the bulbs will become established before the soil parts with stored-up summer sunshine. The Old Gardener will list for you a galaxy of bulbs worth growing inside and outside.

WELL, here I am again. My life is a busy one, Miss, but it's interesting also.

Have you realised although we are well into February already that we have not yet had a chat on bulb planting—and really we must not forget our bulbs!

You know with the rush of our autumn planting, many of us forget to make provision in our beds and borders for spring and summer flowering bulbs.

Now, there is one point I mention in passing: Consider, please, how much easier it is to attend a bed when one knows just what is planted there and when it was planted. It is a great mistake to plant a garden in a haphazard fashion.

But let us just go along together to where you have all your bulbs stored. You remember how I explained some time ago about the digging and storing of bulbs?

Yes, all those bulbs seem to be O.K. I'll go over them while I am here. The majority of these can now be planted. Well go through the gladioli and examine every bulb. They do much better when thoroughly cleaned. Take off all the outer covering, but do it carefully so that the life of the bulb is not injured.

For the daffodils: Look them over and every bulb you have here, carefully examine. Only plant those that are worth while.

Plant These!

EVERY bulb I am going to mention can go in within the next few weeks. Agapanthus—you can do with more of these. Allium is a decorative and very showy flower, and any soil suits them. Anemone (Helleborus) are magnificent, and there are several varieties. They have immense blooms, and a wealth of color. When planting, leave the neck of the bulb well above the soil.

It is needless for me to describe the anemone. Alstroemeria (Peruvian Lily), for supplying summer flower. There is nothing to equal them. Anemone (Crocus) is a small flower, similar to the freesia, and is in a rich carnation.

Tuberous begonia—we all know of their popularity. Brunsvigia makes a magnificent border, and has handsome flowers with a delightful perfume. Babiana has very showy and rich colors, and is sweetly scented.

Calla lilies are beautiful, and do well in rich, sandy soil, and the spotted foliage variety are an attraction. Cynium thrive in deep, rich soil, and will repay you for your trouble. Crocus, this old English favorite, is always welcome, and grows well in poor soil and in a cool climate.

Plant freesias and daffodils. Crysanthemum, when planted, should be left undisturbed for years. They are splendid flowers, and have a sweet perfume. Habranthus, a lily-like flower, has colors of red, brown and yellow, and is very hardy, growing on poor soil.

Haemanthus, a noble flower, has large heads, each of which resembles a paint brush. Hemero callis, called the day lily, has several shades of orange and yellow. We must not forget the hyacinth for both indoor and outdoor culture.

The various Japanese iris should have a place in every garden. The iris, of which there are many shades, are splendid for planting in grassy banks.

Lachenalis are curious in color and their formation is most attractive. The Kniphofia (Tritonia), torch lily, or red-hot poker, cause a sensation when massed together.

Japanese Liliums are strikingly handsome. There are many varieties. Regale being one of the most handsome of the lilies.

Montbretia, beautiful and freely flowering, are golden, yellow, and buff, and an acquisition to any garden. Moraea are easily cultivated, and the flowers have various colors. Morphaea paniculata are similar to the iris.

Norina are beautiful with their wavy petals. Ornithogalum, a strong grower, for massing.

Ranunculus—we all know the gorgeous display these make in the early spring. Panchaetum, an exceedingly beautiful and fragrant flower. Scilla (wood hyacinth), several varieties of color. Snowflake (Leucojum) resembles the snow-

THERE'S beauty, all right, packed in little brown bulbs. The joy of growing bulbs in fibre for indoors is that they can be put into any bowls, as holes for drainage are not necessary.



drop and the petals are beautifully tipped with green.

Sparaxis are graceful and their splendid colors are always admired.

Tritonia, called the miniature gladiolus, in very pleasing colors.

Tulips—we know everyone loves. Medium heavy soil suits them—useless to try to grow them in sandy soil.

Watsonia make splendid cut flowers and most any soil suits them.

Valloia Purpurea (the Scarborough lily) is a beautiful free flowerer, and the zephyranthes is a wonderful little plant,

and makes a splendid bulbous border. Most bulbs will grow in almost any thoroughly well-worked soil. A good plan in heavy soil is to plant sand in the bottom of the hole for a bed for them.

You must grow some more bulbs in pots. Daffodils, freesias, tulips, and hyacinths are splendid for indoor culture, and what a beautiful perfume most of these flowers have!

Points on the successful growing of bulbs in pots and bowls will be dealt with later.

In Summer—as in Winter...

My Mother makes sure

that I grow big and strong

IT is just as important to make sure of your children's health in summer as in winter. Remember, therefore, that at all times of the year, "Ovaltine" provides the surest means of maintaining energy and vitality at the highest possible level. A cool, refreshing glass of "Ovaltine" will make even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

Give your children "Ovaltine" regularly during the summer, not only at meal-times but last thing at night and whenever you find their energy flagging. There is definitely nothing like "Ovaltine" for building up strong, vigorous young bodies and sound nerves.

Scientifically prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt, milk and egg, "Ovaltine" is one hundred per cent. health-giving nourishment. Quality always tells—in "Ovaltine."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores.

'OVALTINE' COLD

A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY

OCN 18.35

"BOSH! You know better than that, old chap. One per cent. of the people you meet have heard it; and of those few, not one per cent. believes it. And, as I say, what is the good of telling twenty million more, through bringing an action against anybody? And moreover an action which you would inevitably lose. Your plight would be ten thousand times worse then. Twenty million times worse. . . And against whom would you bring the action? If it were against this Daphne Eastwood, the three Leventines, and the quartermaster, would it not be your word against theirs, one against five?"

Undoubtedly Stacey Burtlestone left the house of Ganesh Hazelriggs comforted, refreshed and strengthened—for a time.

However, it could not be said that those who narrowly observed him, on his return to his usual haunts, were able to detect any important change in his appearance.

That would be impossible, for, as always, he enjoyed the most perfect health.

CHAPTER 24

OF course, magnificent health is a magnificent thing, but—while nights are very long nights. He found himself yawning a lot, and feeling most infernally tired and sleepy, in the day-time, just when he didn't want to feel tired and sleepy. He'd rather feel ill—within reason or within limits—and get a seven-hour sleep every night.

Perfect health! Why, the most terrible wrecks in a Home for Incurables got some sleep at night. The doctors saw to that.

The doctors.

BEGGARS' Horses

That was an idea. He hadn't spoken to a doctor—as a doctor—since why, not since he was wounded in East Africa.

The good old Herr Doktor Kruller, ha, ha, . . .

And that had only been by reason of the wound, and not ill-health. Yes, it was years and donkeys' years since he'd consulted a doctor, long, long before the War.

Well, he'd consult one now—in spite of his perfect health. Perfect physical health, that is to say.

Sir Andrew McIlraith eyed his new patient with increasing interest.

"And you have absolutely no other symptom than this insomnia," he repeated, as he laid aside his methoscope.

"Absolutely none, Sir," replied Stacey Burtlestone.

"No. I can find nothing wrong. You seem to me to be in perfect health."

(Oh God, that phrase again! Perfect health! Perfect health! Perfect health!)

"I suppose some mad people are perfectly healthy?" asked Stacey Burtlestone.

"Physically so; physically so; certainly. Of course, the word 'insane' itself means unhealthy. Often physically healthy enough, poor souls. I've known madmen who looked, and were, as healthy as you."

"H'm," coughed Stacey Burtlestone.

"And amazingly strong, and who lived to a ripe—or unripe—old age. But that's neither here nor there. I'm going to give you something that will put you right. Give you relief whenever you feel you need it."

"Thank you, Sir."

"But mind you. Note this, and don't

forget it. The less frequently you take it, the more efficacious it will be—because you must not increase the dose. That's the danger with narcotics. . . the misuse. . . the abuse of them. Too frequent resort to them; and then the increasing dose, to get any result at all."

"No, I won't take it too often, Doctor. Keep it as a stand-by, for when I've come to the end of my tether again."

"Yes. That's the thing to do. Good servant, but a bad master. Now, I'm not going to give you a prescription. I'm going to give you a bottle of the stuff myself; and I want you to bring the bottle back, to let me see how much you've used—and not used."

"Suppose the bottle's empty, Sir?" smiled Stacey Burtlestone.

"Well, then, you'll get no more until the end of the month, see? So spin it out."

A FORTNIGHT later, Stacey Burtlestone sat up in his bed.

"Oh, God! I can't stand this any longer," he said. "Now, Sir Andrew McIlraith!"

And he uncorked the medicine-bottle which, with measured medicine-glass and a carafe of water, stood within reach.

"This has got to be done very carefully," he murmured with a smile. "Exactly a teaspoonful, neither more nor less."

And with hands of iron steadiness, and clear eye of perfect vision, he poured out, with meticulous accuracy, a tablespoonful of the drug.

"And now a little water."

Continued from Page 40

"And a little sleep. . . ."
Stacey Burtlestone filled the medicine-glass with water, and drank. . . .
And composed himself to sleep his last sleep.

CHAPTER 25

SOME hours later, Stacey Burtlestone, lying flat upon his back, his hands crossed upon his chest, found that he could see.

What was the white expanse above him? The vault of Heaven, literal physical Heaven?

If so, it was adorned with mouldings and, from its centre, depended an electric chandelier.

No, this was not the vault of Heaven. It was the ceiling of his bedroom.

Was he still alive, then, in spite of having taken four times the dose of sleeping-draught, four times the quantity that the doctor had prescribed with such meticulous and emphatic care; or was he dead, and did the soul, for a period, hover above the body that it had vacated?

If this were the state of "being dead," it appeared, on the whole, to compare unfavorably with the state of being alive. It would be rather dreadful to have to remain like this, conscious of sights and sounds, able to think, but otherwise completely impotent.

What a fool he had been!

How he had let things get on his nerves.

What utterly false values he had come to accept.

To what a pitch his accursed "perfect health" had brought him. The miserable, wretched death of a despicable suicide; and all because he thought people were talking about him.

Which, probably, they were not doing at all.

Ah, if only he could put back the clock! That wish as old as the world.

Suppose he were, by a miracle, given back the life that he had lost through his own mad act, how differently he would behave; how immeasurably beneath his contempt would be the back-biting little-little of enemies and scandal-mongering gossips. It would matter as little to him as does the buzzing of mosquitoes to the swamp-buffalo. He'd get into harness again. He'd start afresh in some foreign land quite new to him. Africa, say.

Yes, get transferred, on promotion, to the W.A.F.F.'s. He was young, strong, and God knew, had perfect health.

Yes, the West African Frontier Force; or the King's African Rifles. A new life; a new career. He had learnt his lesson, and he would profit by it. He'd go to the War Office to-morrow and see old . . .

But he was dead. What he'd see to-morrow would be the undertakers. Suddenly he sneezed.

Good Lord!

STACEY BURTLESTONE raised his head from the pillow and looked round his room; sat up; yawned; stretched himself—and laughed. The first laugh for months. Well, well. . . .
He roared with laughter.

"Er . . . no. In the strict scientific sense of the word, it was not a sleeping-draught, Captain Burtlestone," said Sir Andrew McIlraith, "and yet, undeniably, it made you sleep, didn't it?"

"It did. It made me sleep for some hours. And I expected it to make me sleep for ever, for I took just four times the quantity prescribed."

"Why didn't you drink the lot, while you were about it?" asked Sir Andrew McIlraith.

"Well, I thought that, since it had to be one teaspoonful, measured to the exact drop, surely four teaspoonfuls would do my business; and it would then look as though I'd taken exactly a tablespoonful in mistake for a teaspoonful. Wouldn't look so much like suicide; and I should get the benefit of the doubt, or my corpse would. What was it, Doctor?"

"Aqua pura," smiled the physician. "Plain water, slightly colored and flavored."

"Then why did it make me sleep, for the first time in—God knows how long?"

"Because you thought it would. Auto-suggestion. Because you knew it was a sleeping-draught and knew that it would make you sleep—it made you sleep."

"But it wouldn't work again, I suppose, Sir?"

"No, but if I gave you a bread pill, and told you it was an opiate stronger than opium, a sedative as powerful as morphia, and convinced you that I was speaking the truth, that would make you sleep all right."

"What is the moral?"

"Why, go to bed believing that you are going to sleep—and you will sleep. Go to bed firmly convinced that you are going to lie awake all night—and you will lie awake all night."

Please turn to Page 44

HORT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or basting use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is a brew of excellent quality.***



WATER-RESISTING BRISTLES.. that keep their better shape

Only the best parts of the best bristles are used in making Tek. Bristles that are water-resisting—that will never lose their springiness, and thus their cleansing power. Give Tek the most strenuous use, morning and night, and even after months of daily brushing and drenching with water it will remain the same. The short curved-out head of bristles that was designed to fit everywhere in your mouth will still have active spring and upright position. It will clean your teeth better, and massage health into your gums.

With its better bristles and better shape, Tek is a better value. Sold surgically clean, in a cellophane sealed carton. Six colours. Bristles hard or medium (or extra hard). Price 2/.



Tek

2/-

A product of Johnson and Johnson, World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Modern, etc.

KNEES WOULD LET HER DOWN

Result of Neglected Rheumatism

Here is a letter that goes to prove that even rheumatism of long standing can be relieved by the right treatment—

"I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for some 12 to 14 years now and have foolishly taken no steps to relieve it. My particular form of rheumatism seemed to take the use out of my hands and knees. The latter would suddenly give way and let me down unless a chair or table were handy. All at once, I determined to give Kruschen Salts a trial—a bona fide trial—and now I feel a re-created being. I can scarcely believe that so short a time ago I was hobbling along with a stick."—(Mrs.) M. L. P.

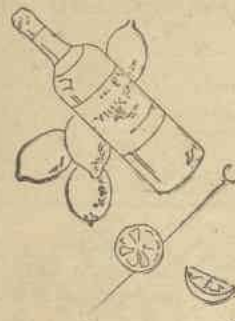
Kruschen is effective against rheumatism because its six salts stimulate the liver and kidneys to regular action. When these organs are working efficiently, they rid the body of excess uric acid. And when uric acid goes, those aches and pains go, too.



No need to curtail your social round

... difficult days can be easily overcome

INTERESTING activities, anticipated social events need not be foregone nor postponed through the intervention of trying, nervy days. There's a simple unfailing prescription that enables you to feel at your best always . . . a pleasant, agreeable sedative within the reach of every woman—Vicker's Gin.



For generations, Vicker's Gin has assisted women on those occasions when an added reserve of energy is needed to offset fatigue and lassitude. Mildly stimulating, Vicker's Gin provides just the necessary palliative effect; and its careful distilling and UNVARYING PURITY make Vicker's a most suitable restorative that can be taken regularly.



★ Once More = = = the Radiant Beauty of Her YOUTHFUL SKIN

Her friends marvel at the change produced in just a few short days! The passing years, open life, and climate, had taken their toll of a glorious, radiant complexion. Now, astonishingly, she has completely regained the alluring charm of thrilling youthful loveliness!

IT IS NATURAL BEAUTY!

No objectionable make-up. Yet the worrying lines have vanished from her face, as have every suggestion of faw lilt by the ravages of wind, dust and heat. Again she knows the joy of a glorious healthy, peach blossom skin that anyone might envy.

METHOD THAT IS DIFFERENT!

Hitherto, the ageing effects of Time and Climate have puzzled the best brains of Science. At last, however, the solution of many beauty problems is at hand. 'Facial Youth', discovery of Kathleen Court, the world-famous Beauty Expert, is a perfect instant-action, all-purpose beautifying medium. It combines the best results of several proven beautifiers. It retards the growth of facial hair! It is seven creams in one.

Test 'Facial Youth' To-day!

'Facial Youth' is greaseless—and safe. You will adore the new youthful glow—the instant charm—it confers upon your skin. This unique preparation that 'wipes off the years', comes in tubes at 1/3 and 2/6, and jars, at 2/6. Ask

your chemist or store to-day for Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth'. If not near a City, post your order to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney. If you knew the thrill, the happiness that so definitely awaits you in this wonderful Beautifying and Rejuvenating Cream, you would not delay a moment!



Sound Sleep and peaceful digestion mean health, energy and happiness

You can avoid Summer slackness; you can stand up to the most strenuous life—and enjoy it—as long as you can depend on having sound sleep and a peaceful digestion. But you cannot have the first without the last! A good digestion is the fundamental source of health and energy, a bad digestion the origin of countless ills.

So get into the habit of taking Bourn-vita regularly—especially last thing at night. Bourn-vita gives the tired digestion a helping hand with its work, encouraging sound sleep, recharging you with energy, building up strong reserves of staying power.

Here's one of thousands of letters praising Bourn-vita. Read what Mrs. J. B. writes:—

"I must tell you of the wonderful results derived from taking Bourn-vita. As a sufferer from nerves and sleeplessness I never knew what it was to have a night's undisturbed sleep. I used to lie awake, unfit for anything, absolutely worn out. But since taking Bourn-vita I feel a different woman. I sleep the whole night through, and awaken full of energy for the day's work."

Bourn-vita accomplishes such results because it is rich in diastase—a natural digestive found in malt. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night—you'll love it, too!

Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
for digestion, sleep and energy

SUPERIORITY OF BOURN-VITA'S "DIGESTIVE POWER"

Here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Bio-chemistry who submitted all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic-value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

RESULT OF TEST

Diastatic power of
BOURN-VITA . . . 49.8 (Linter value)
Diastatic power of Next Highest
25.0 (Linter value)

Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2; the average of the eight tested being 13.1.

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

1/6 1/2 lb. net; 2/9 1/2 lb. net; 4/9 1 lb. net.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

INSTANTANEOUS Response in Bigger RECIPE COMPETITION

Huge Mail is Result of Last Week's Announcement

The Australian Women's Weekly is offering its readers a really extra special opportunity to turn their experience and good knowledge to worthy account.

We have increased our best recipe prizes and each week give £2/10/- for the recipe we consider the best, £1 for the next best, as well as six consolation prizes of 5/- each.

So, readers, send in a recipe and see if it will win one of these very substantial prizes. This week's prize-winners:

CINNAMON ROLLETES

Beat 1 cup sugar with 3 eggs and pinch salt 20 minutes. Add 1 cup arrow-root, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, and lastly, 1 tablespoon hot

golden syrup. Only just cover the bottom of baking sheet with mixture. Bake a few minutes.

Turn out, cut into pieces 2 inches by 4. Roll up quickly into rollettes. When cold, unroll and spread generously with the following cream. Again roll.

Cream: 1 tablespoon butter, with 2 tablespoons sugar. Add slowly, beating all the time, 2 tablespoons milk. And lastly, add little by little, 1 tablespoon hot water.

First Prize of £2/10/- to Mrs. Pestorius, 78 Tully St., Sth. Townsville, Nth. Qld.

COCONUT RASPBERRY SHORT-BREAD

Beat 1lb. butter and 1 large cup of sugar to a cream, add 1 egg, and beat well, then 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour. This makes a stiff dough. Spread on a swiss roll tin (it cannot be rolled), size 13 by 9 inches, then cover liberally with raspberry jam. Beat 1 egg lightly with 1 cup of sugar and 1 large cup desiccated coconut, spread over the jam, and bake the whole in moderate oven about 1 hour. Leave in tin till cold, then cut in squares. Blackberry or black currant jam makes a nice change. This short-bread can be made in patty tins also.

Second Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., Sth. Yarra, Melbourne.

WAYS WITH EGGS

Three different ways to do eggs, either scrambled or omelette fashion.

First: Take 4 eggs, pinch of salt, beat well, then add 1 cup new milk, with a sprig of parsley cut up, beat a little more. Have a pan ready with a little hot fat, and pour mixture in. Get an egg-slice and gradually turn over to keep from burning. Serve on buttered toast.

Second: Cut up fair-sized onion in small pieces, fry a nice brown, then beat up same mixture as above and pour over onions.

Third: Mix a dessertspoonful of curry powder in the cup of milk, and mix with the beaten eggs.

Serve all 3 on toast.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. F. S. Brougham, Lipson P.O., S.A.

SARDINE CROUTONS

Cut tiny squares of bread, about an inch and a half square, and fry them in oil from a tin of sardines, adding a little more olive oil if necessary.

Drain the croutons and, when cold, pile them with mounds of the sardines chopped finely and smoothed to a paste with cream or sauce and some vinegar of lemon.

A variation is to fry the croutons in bacon fat and pile mounds of grated cheese, chopped prawns, small rolls of bacon, or other savories on them.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. Gene Hicks, 25 Piper St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

PEACH MARMALADE

Peel and stone ripe peaches, weigh them, and allow equal weight of sugar and the juice of half a lemon to each pound. Cut the peaches and lemon juice into the pan, and bruise them over the fire till they are boiled to pulp. Add the sugar and boil and skim for another half-hour or more, unless the jam becomes too thick and is liable to burn.



IN ADDITION to winning cash prizes, readers are enabled to exchange delicious recipes by reason of our best recipe competition. Many enterprising housewives keep a recipe index box and add favored recipes weekly.

Add, off the fire, a little essence of bitter almonds to flavor.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. Moss, 178 Rathven St., Toowoomba, Qld.

APRICOT WINE

Take 12lb. ripe apricots and boil with water, then reduce to a simmer. Continue simmering till the liquor is strongly impregnated with the apricot flavor. Strain through a fine sieve and add the sugar in the proportion of 6oz. to every quart of liquor. Boil again and skim carefully, and when too much scum arises, put in a pan to cool. Bottle next day with 1 lump sugar in every bottle. Keep for 6 months and it will be a very good wine; can also be used as a flavoring for cakes and fillings.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss Gilmann, Torrens Rd., Kilkenny, S.A.

PLUM DELIGHT

One pound plums, 1 lemon, 1lb. sugar, 1 pint fresh cream, 1 egg, vanilla flavoring, 1 pint milk, nuts and cherries.

Stew plums until quite soft, then pass through a sieve and you will have a stiff pulp. Beat half of the cream with this pulp until it is thick enough to cut. Make a custard of the egg and milk and flavor with vanilla. Pour this into a mould and, after allowing it to cool and set, place the mixture of cream and pulp on top. Whip the cream that is left and arrange round the dish, and decorate with nuts and cherries. This dish is beautiful if put in the ice-chest a while before serving.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. F. J. Farthing, Shepparton East, Vic.

BANANA SPLITS IN BATTER

Six bananas, jam, white of 1 egg, little castor sugar.

For the Batter: 6oz. flour, yolk of one egg, 1/2 pint milk, a few raisins, a little desiccated coconut.

Cut the bananas lengthwise, spread with jam, and cut off one end so that they can be placed upright in a pie-dish, ends pressed together. Sprinkle them with castor sugar. Make a batter with the flour, egg-yolk, and milk, then beat up the white of the egg with a pinch of salt and pour over the bananas. Drop the raisins into the batter, also the ends of the banana, pour round the banana splits in dish, and bake in moderate oven. Decorate with desiccated coconut. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss Myrle Rudd, 48 Bolsover St., Rockhampton, Cent. Qld.

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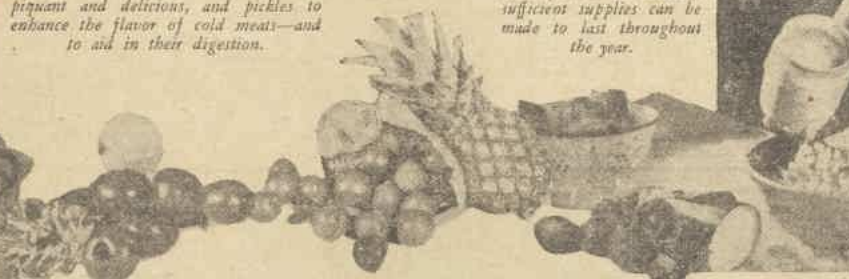
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And now shall we make CHUTNEY & PICKLES?

With a Piquancy and Dash About
Them to Win Quick Approval from
Keenly-Educated Palates

CHUTNEY to make the curry more piquant and delicious, and pickles to enhance the flavor of cold meats—and to aid in their digestion.

If one day is set aside to make pickles and chutney, sufficient supplies can be made to last throughout the year.



By OUR COOKERY EXPERT

Pickles and chutneys of a thoroughly reliable quality are easy to obtain in the stores, but they can never give that feeling of satisfaction that comes from being able to say proudly, "Do have some—they're home-made."

Here are a few out of the ordinary recipes that can be made from fruit or vegetables now in season, and will add a spice of variety to the menu when you want to give the family or guest a treat.

JUST a few hints before we start:

- (1) Use porcelain-lined preserving pan or saucepan.
- (2) Enamel spoon of good quality for stirring.
- (3) Vinegar should be of the best quality.
- (4) Spices should be tied in a muslin bag before adding to the vinegar.
- (5) Vegetables should be soaked in salted water before pickling—a brine may be made by adding one teaspoon of salt to two quarts of water.
- (6) Use wide-necked bottles or jars.
- (7) Wrap the corks in waxed paper, then cover with sealing wax. Screw tops corrode from the acids.
- (8) Always use glass spoons for serving pickles or chutneys.

CLEAR CHUTNEY

A pound and three-quarters apples, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. crystallized ginger, 1lb. salt, 1 quart vinegar, 1 pint lime juice, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 2lb. tomatoes, bottle of pickled onions.

Peel the apples and tomatoes, and chop finely with raisins, ginger, and onions. Mix all the ingredients well together. Boil for 2 hours, stirring well. Bottle and seal down.

FRUIT CHUTNEY

Eight pounds tomatoes, 2lb. peaches, 2lb. sliced raisins, 1lb. onions, 2lb. brown sugar, 2 quarts vinegar, chillies, 2oz. ground ginger, salt to taste.

Peel the tomatoes, peaches, and onions and chop finely. Mix all the ingredients well together. Boil for 1½ hours or till

thick, stirring frequently. Bottle and seal down.

PLUM CHUTNEY

Six pounds plums, 3 pints vinegar, 4lb. sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 2oz. garlic, 3 dessertspoons salt, 2 dessertspoons ginger, 1 tablespoon cayenne, cloves, peppercorns.

Stone the plums and chop finely with raisins and garlic. Boil the fruits and vinegar for 5 minutes, add other ingredients, and boil 1½ hours. Stir well. Bottle and seal down.

PLUM SAUCE

Three pounds plums, 1½ pints vinegar, 1lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne, spice, cloves, bruised ginger.

Cut the flesh of the plums from the stones. Put all into a preserving pan with sugar, spices, and vinegar, and allow to boil well till quite soft. Press through a colander. Reheat and bottle at once. Seal securely.

RIPE TOMATO CHUTNEY

Three pounds tomatoes, 1lb. onions, 1lb. ginger, 1 pint vinegar, 1lb. sugar, 2 apples, 1 tablespoon salt, garlic, 2oz. sultanas.

Remove the skin from apples, onions,

and tomatoes, and cut into slices. Put into a preserving pan with all the other ingredients. Boil for 1 hour, stirring well. Bottle and seal down.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE

Slice 7lb. green tomatoes and 6 large onions. Sprinkle over 1 cup salt, and leave all night. Next day drain well, add 2 quarts vinegar, 1lb. sugar, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 2 teaspoons turmeric, cloves, mustard, and all-spice. Simmer for 1 hour, stirring well. Bottle at once and seal.

MIXED PICKLES

Cut up and soak a mixture of any vegetables such as cauliflower, onions, French beans, green tomatoes, cucum-

A recipes on this page have been tested by our own cooking expert in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchens.

bers, or chokos, for 36 hours in brine. Drain, pour over boiling water. Allow to stand 5 minutes, then drain well.

Mix 1 cup flour with 1 dessertspoon mustard, turmeric to color, 6oz. sugar, to a smooth paste, with little vinegar. Boil 1 quart vinegar, add the paste. Stir till it boils, add vegetables, and boil for 15 minutes. Bottle and seal.

RED CABBAGE PICKLE

One red cabbage, small cap salt.

Cut cabbage into four, remove core, and cut into thin slices. Put into enamel basin. Sprinkle over the salt and stand 24 hours. Next day, drain well and pack into wide-neck jars.

To each quart of vinegar allow 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns.

raisins. Put all ingredients into preserving pan. Cook slowly 2½ to 3 hours. Stir well. Bottle and seal.

TOMATO CATSUP

Six pounds tomatoes, 1 oz. salt, cayenne to taste, 1 dessertspoon mustard, peppercorns, all-spice, 1 pint vinegar, little sugar.

Remove skin from the tomatoes and slice thickly. Put into a large saucepan with sugar, vinegar, cayenne, and spices. Bring very slowly to the boil, then simmer for 3 hours, stirring occasionally. Strain through a fine strainer. Reheat and bottle.

PINEAPPLE CHUTNEY

One tin crushed pineapple, 2lb. apples, 2oz. garlic, 1lb. raisins, 1oz. curry powder, 2lb. brown sugar, ground ginger, salt, 2 pints vinegar.

Peel the apples and put them through a mincing-machine with the garlic and

Why spoil good milk with inferior CUSTARD?

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17 Thurlow Street,
Redfern, N.S.W.

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

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More Recipes for Delicious Jam

A few weeks ago I gave you a collection of jam recipes covering the majority of fruits in season. As a result I received many appreciative letters—with requests for more! Here are a few.

PLUM JAM

To every lb. of fruit allow 1 lb. of sugar.

Wash the fruit, put into a preserving pan with a little of the sugar and place over heat, stirring till the juice begins to flow. Boil for 1 hour until fruit is soft. Add sugar, boil briskly till it responds to the test, stirring as little as possible. Apricots and nectarines can be used in exactly the same way.

FIG JAM

Six lbs. figs, 3 lbs. sugar, a little water, lemon juice.

Remove stalks of figs and cut them in halves, put into a basin, sprinkle with a little of the sugar, and stand overnight. Next day cook till fruit is fairly soft, add sugar and lemon juice. Boil rapidly till it responds to the test. Bottle and store.

GRAPE JAM

Allow 1 lb. sugar to every lb. of fruit, a little citric acid.

Remove the grapes from the stalks and weigh. Put into a preserving-pan and press well till all are broken. Heat slowly and cook till the juice is drawn out. Add sugar and boil quickly, removing the seeds as they rise. Do not add the acid until just before taking the jam off the fire. Boil till it sets when tested. Bottle and store.

BLACKBERRY JELLY

Put the blackberries into a preserving-pan and just cover with cold water. Bring to the boil and cook slowly till the fruit is soft, bruising the berries occasionally with a wooden spoon to extract the juice; strain through jelly-cloth, measure, and allow 1 lb. sugar to each pint of juice. Boil juice alone for 1 hour. Add the sugar and continue boiling till the jelly sets. Bottle and store as directed.

RIPE TOMATO JAM

Six lbs. sugar, 8 lbs. tomatoes, 3 lemons.

Pour boiling water over tomatoes, allow to remain for a few minutes, and remove skins. Cut into slices. Put into a preserving-pan with half the sugar, grated rind and juice of the lemons. Boil half an hour, add remainder of sugar, and boil quickly till it responds to the jelly test. Bottle and store.

MULBERRY JAM

Six lbs. mulberries, 4 lbs. sugar, juice of 4 lemons.

Boil fruit briskly for 1 of an hour, stir in well-heated sugar, boil till nice and thick; add lemon juice before taking off the fire.

HORT HOLLIMOOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Hollimook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***



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Rosella
Pure FOOD PRODUCTS

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

bought everywhere
by everybody

BEGGARS' HORSES

Continued from
Page 41

"YOU'RE quite right, Doctor. I've been doing it. As I told you, I went on until I was really at the end of my tether, and then I committed suicide."

"I woke up thinking I was dead, and was very sorry for myself. Being 'dead,' I got quite a new angle on life; and, having come back to life, I have retained that angle. And that's an interesting point again, Doctor. I woke up so certain that the quadruple dose had done the trick, and so sure I was dead, that I could not move. I'd got my hands crossed on my chest, all ready for someone to stick a bunch of snowdrops in them—and I couldn't move. Then, of course, I knew I really was dead, in spite of the fact that I could see and hear."

"Auto-suggestion again," smiled Sir Andrew McIlraith.

"And then I sneezed, and decided once and for all that corpses don't."

"Well, a tablespoonful of cold water gave you a peaceful sleep, my friend."

"Yes, and it gave me something more than that, Doctor, and I've come to thank you. It gave me, literally and finally, a new adjustment to life. It was more than a sleeping-draught, it was a cure. It cured me of what was killing me."

"And you'll stay cured," smiled Sir Andrew McIlraith.

"I shall, Sir."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Going to West Africa. Seconded to the West African Frontier Force."

"West Coast of Africa sounds a good place for a man who enjoys—perfect health."

"Yes, Doctor: with good luck and the help of God I may yet get rid of it."

"Of what?"

"My perfect health."

CHAPTER 26.

It is relevant to this veracious chronicle to state that Chuku M'Pangano, High Priest of the Great White Ju-ju of Okala, was an exceedingly nasty man; an unsocial person, peculiarly unsocial to white men in general and to the British in particular.

He had little affection for the Portuguese of Angola; he disliked the men

of Bula Matodi (the Stone-Breaker), as the negro calls the Belgian Congo Government; he hated the Germans of Togoland, the Cameroons, and elsewhere; he loathed the French of Dahomey and French Equatorial Africa; and peculiarly he abhorred the British of the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and the Oil River Country.

They had, moreover, promised to hang him—him, the High Priest of the Great White Ju-ju of Okala—if they caught him Secret-Society organising, witch-doctoring, slave-dealing, and human-sacrifice trading again.

Almost Chuku M'Pangano began, himself, to believe in the Great White Ju-ju; really to wonder whether it were not the great and powerful Ju-ju that all other men knew it to be. How else account for his amazing luck?

It couldn't be luck. No mere happy chance could have brought so amazing a tribute to the Ju-ju's might, as a White Sacrifice—out of the sky.

Actually out of the sky itself—borne on the wings of a great bird—for the greater glory of the Great White Ju-ju of Okala.

Chuku M'Pangano had never heard the words ad majorem Dei gloriam, but he uttered their exact translation when the news reached him by a huge drum that a White Man had fallen from the sky into the Okala jungle, and was, of course, being forwarded, forthwith, to Okala Town to the earth-shaking omnipotent Witch-Doctor High Priest Chuku M'Pangano, and the Great White Ju-ju of Okala.

Chuku licked his lips, rubbed his hands, smiled widely, and, in the joy of his heart, rose from his Stool of State, picked up his razor-edged machete and neatly smote the head from the shoulders of the dancing girl who was posturing before him.

A White Man!

Oh! he would know now to deal with a White Man!

THE White Man was brought before Chuku M'Pangano, witch doctor and High Priest, who sat on his Stool of State before the great hut that he had caused to be built for his house at the entrance to the sacred grove.

About him stood grouped his priests and deacons, guards and executioners, dancing girls and plump courtiers, chiefs and headmen, witch doctors, messengers, poisoners, lokali men, kurlu hunters, and assorted retinue. Also some Arab visitors, a deputation from a slave-selling king across the river, and the inviolable interpreter.

Chuku had made up his mind, and all men were to be informed of his decision.

And all the congregation should say Amen. Any man who didn't say it wouldn't have the opportunity to say much else.

And the decision was. That the Great White Ju-ju of Okala did not desire that the White Man should be sacrificed to it.

The Ju-ju desired that he should be its servant, living in its presence, in the Great Ju-ju House, forever, chained to a post.

And the interpreter was bidden to announce this oracle of the Great White Ju-ju, in all the languages that he knew.

In the human cattle-pen and slaughter-house that night, the interpreter made it abundantly clear to the White Man that he was not to be sacrificed to the Ju-ju; but imprisoned for life in the Ju-ju house, and that he would be deaf, dumb, and blind for the rest of his life.

"Alors, M'soo," the interpreter consoled him, "n'importe! N'avez pas peur."

Restez tranquille. . . M'soo sera mort bientôt! M'soo will not live very long after the ceremony. They are very rough, these executioners, with the tongue-cutting, and the ear-drum bursting, and the blinding. Very rough. M'soo will not live very long after the Ninth Day of the Ninth Month, seven weeks hence. No European would be likely to survive the suffering of all three tortures on one day.

"Man!" screamed the White Man, "I shall live another fifty years! . . . I shall live to a great old age! . . . I shall live to be over a hundred years old, and be laughed noisily, uncontrollably, and was seized with a violent rigor."

CHAPTER 28.

LIKE Chuku M'Pangano, Mr. Commissioner Herriott also had a great idea, and thought it over.

A month later, he sat at chop with the officer commanding the half-battalion of the West Africa Frontier Force that had arrived at his headquarters a few hours previously.

"We'll do the thing properly, Burlestone," he said. "I've long wanted to make a beginning, and now I'll make an end. This Okala country is simply an Alsatia for all the slave-raiders, slave-dealers, gun-runners, tin-peddlers, ivory-poachers, escaped criminals, and Bad Men of Central West Africa."

"The City of Okala is a robbers' nest and the headquarters of this damned White Ju-ju, and of the White Ghost Society, too. That wouldn't have been my official business, but they've been raiding well into my district—putting the fear of Ju-ju into my simple villagers and robbing them right and left—not merely of their women and children, but of their precious goods, as well as young men. Human sacrifice, of course. Slavery, anyhow."

"And now they've got this white man there—or had. Probably chopped the poor devil by now. . . and eaten him."

"How did you hear about him?" asked Major Stacey Burlestone, of the W.A.F.F.

"Lokali and spy. I have got a chap who must be about the best lokali runner in Africa. Drummer, too. I sent him sneaking into the Okala country, as far as he dared go. He's no hero. But he went far enough to hear the 'talk' of the Sacred Drum of the Great White Ju-ju of Okala relayed. Prob-

ably relayed several times. Fifty to a hundred miles.

"And he swears that he heard a message or pronouncement which, after the usual rigmarole, said that the Great Ju-ju had shown, once and for all, its infinite superiority to the White Man's Ju-ju by bringing a White Man to its feet as a sacrifice. Brought him down out of the sky, too, where he was flying about on the back of a bird. . . . One might have disregarded that as the usual Great Ju-ju bunk; but Sergeant All, my chief spy, has reported that personally, he's certain they've got a white man. It's all the talk in Okala town."

"How long ago is this?" asked Burlestone.

"The lokali man heard it on the 'jungle wireless' a month ago to-morrow, and Sergeant All reached Okala town three weeks back."

"Not much hope for the European, then—if they did get one," observed Stacey Burlestone.

"No. Barely sacrificed him to the Ju-ju, and eaten, by now," agreed Mr. Commissioner Herriott. "We shall be too late to do him any good, but he'll have done us and the Province some good, poor chap. . . . I think he was the best straw—or my tale about him was—that broke the Governor's heart, and got him to agree to my request for you and a quiet little half-battalion expedition. Just to demarcate the boundary between British and Mandated territory, once and for all, and to wipe out this damned Okala enclave, as such."

"Anyhow," he concluded, "we'll push along as quickly as possible."

"Wipe out the Okala Ju-ju, too, eh?" said Burlestone.

"Yes. And the slaughter-merchant as well. He's for the right end of a rope if we catch him."

The Ninth Day of the Ninth Month, the propitious and sacred Holy Day of the great White White Ju-ju of Okala, and of Chuku M'Pangano, its High Priest and Chief Witch-doctor.

T

HE scene, lighted by the moon and the flames of fire, sacrificial, cooking, ritual, and purely illuminatory, was impressive, with its setting of great trees, the Ju-ju temple, stockade and buildings, archiepiscopal palace and harem huts, the massed soldiery, priests, and people.

Swollen and proud with wine and feasting, tumbos, meale beer, trade goods and human "beef"—Chuku M'Pangano sat upon the Sacred Stool before the Ju-ju House and gave judgment, each sentence being promptly carried out by the stabbing spears of his young men.

Before him, naked and bound, stood the white man, sick with rage, humiliation, fear and hunger—for in the bowl of meale maah given him yesterday, he had found a tiny human hand, and had eaten nothing since. Another of Chuku's little jokes.

Beside him, unbound, but carefully watched by Oko the Wakeful, stood the yellowish brown man, the interpreter, whose business it was to make clear the words of Chuku to all men, be they natives of north or of south Okala; men from across the River; traders from Liberia, Dahomey, Timbuku, or Jericho; Arabs, Hausas, Aros, Touaregs, Europeans, Pagans, Turks, or Infidels.

"And now, dog," spoke Chuku M'Pangano, "announce that the Great White Ju-ju accepts the offering of the eyes and the tongue and the ears of the White Man this night. And that from this day he dwells in the Ju-ju House, to be its servant forever. Speak this in the two Okala tongues, in Bomongo, in Hausa and Ibo. First tell the White Man that he will fall on his face before the Ju-ju and cast dirt upon his head in token of respect, and that he will then lift up his voice and tell the people that his own Ju-ju is powerless, here, as elsewhere. And thrice he will cry aloud,

"Great is the Ju-ju of Okala whose servant I am."

To the White Man the interpreter spoke.

"Escusez-moi, M'soo. This black dog says you worship Ju-ju. He is a fool, M'soo. Whatever you say he will blind you and cut out your tongue, and that salau! B'sulo will hit you on the ears with rubber club-like paddle, and burst ear-drums. Whatever you say, Chuku will not kill you, because he think it more fame and honor to Ju-ju to have white man chained in Ju-ju House as slave. So, M'soo, I tell Chuku he is goddamned idolater and dirty black dog, and M'soo spits in his eye. Myself also, please, M'soo, join you in insulting this heathen."

The European moistened dry lips and spoke.

"Tell him that if he does this many White Men will come, soldiers with machine guns, and will destroy this place and hang him on a tree. Tell him the White Men never forget or forgive the murder of a White Man. Try to frighten him. Tell him my people will avenge you, too, if. . . . Oh, for God's sake tell him something that. . . ."

The interpreter turned to the Ruler of Upper and Lower Okala, and shouted as loudly as he could:

Please turn to Page 46



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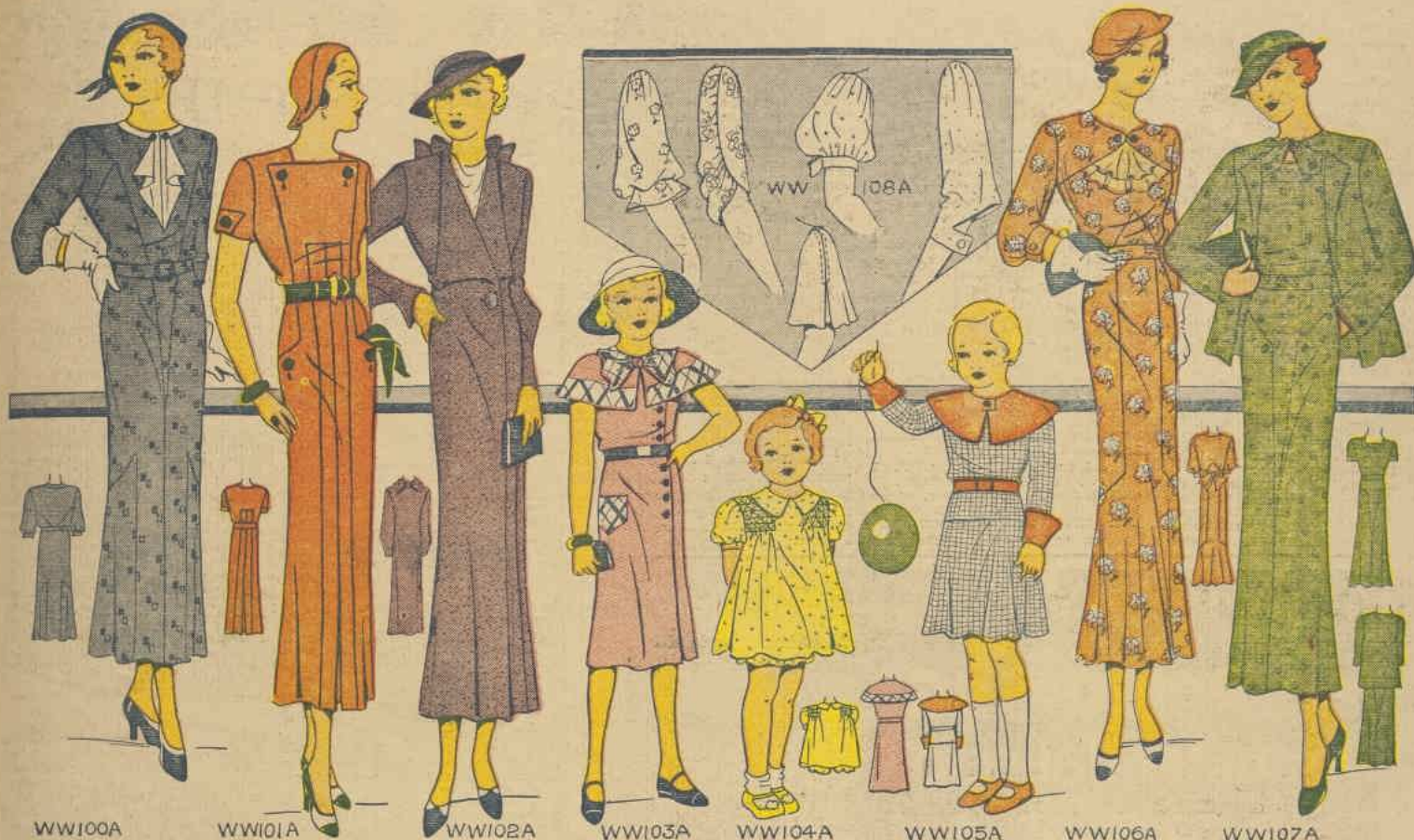
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WW101A

WW102A

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WW104A

WW105A

WW106A

WW107A

FOR THE MATRON

WW100A.—The matron might have something smart, and here it is. Front is trimmed with one of the favored jabots of contrast. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CLEVER BODICE

WW101A.—A striking design for the sporty girl. Front and back panels supply inverted pleats which provide freedom for sports wear. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WHEN BREEZES BLOW

WW102A.—You are now feeling the want of a light wrap to wear over your summer frock. This mode with the new-style sleeves will please you. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SLEEVELESS, WITH CAPE

WW103A.—Every schoolgirl likes a dressy frock to wear after school hours. This sleeveless model with the cape bordered with contrast is new and smart. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

IN WASHING SILK

WW104A.—Picture this little frock in pale blue washing silk, with cute bloomers to match. Material is smocked or shirred on to the shoulder. Short, puffed sleeves are gathered into the armholes. Pattern for child 1 to 2 years. Material: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

EASY TO MAKE

WW105A.—Here is a frock that is easy to make yet extremely smart, with a white Puritan collar. Blouse extends below the belt, where it joins the flared skirt. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FIGURED MAROCAIN

WW106A.—A youthful frock that would make up prettily in figured marocain, relieved by contrasting trimming. Skirt features a panel back and front with a low flare. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

A QUINTET OF SLEEVES

WW107A.—How often you would like to alter your last season's frock! Do so with one of these new sleeves. You have a choice of five in the set. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FROCK AND COATEE

WW107A.—Visualise this ensemble in a navy marocain with a white spot. Frock has a flared skirt attached to a pointed yoke. Coat lies loosely in the front and favors turn-back revers. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Purifies but does not Purge"



BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from
Page 44

"BLACK jungle-village dog! The White Man spits on you, and on your dirty image of a grinning idol. He says the shadow of his God and Jezu Christ His Son are more powerful than all the heathen ju-ju in Africa put together. They will save him from you. He will not worship your pig of a ju-ju. And the White Men will come and burn it and you and your swine's sty of a village."

Chuku M'Pangano, with a hiccup and a lurch, reached for his stabbing-spear and rose to his feet.

"I also, say it," shouted the interpreter, "for I, too, am a White Man and a Christian. Your ju-ju is a child's toy, a lump of painted wood, without power. . . . It is nothing! . . . I spit on it. And on you. You are a black idolater, a low bush cannibal . . . a dog . . . a thief . . . a liar . . . a coward. . . ."

And Chuku M'Pangano flung back his arm . . . and struck.

Chuku was not himself. Had he been sober he would have inflicted quite different punishment, enjoying the sight and sounds thereof, and yet not destroying a perfectly good interpreter.

As the murdered interpreter sank to the ground he rolled his eyes towards the White Man.

"Adieu, M'soo," he said. "A has le sale ju-ju. . . . Vive le bo' Dieu et so' Zis Saint Jezu Christ. . . ."

From the body quivering on the ground, Chuku looked at the White Man, again lost control of his temper, flung back his stabbing-arm and struck. As he did so, there was a cry, a turn-

ing of heads, a swaying of the multitude. . . . Up the sacred grove came a long huge serpent, swift, undulating; silent, brown, with a white head. The White Man's soldiers—with a man, dressed all in white, leading them. . . . O, kol . . . O, Ju-ju, n'dewu! . . . O, kol . . . Hol . . . Hol . . .

Mr. Commissioner Herriott fired from the hip, and Stacey Burlestone, walking, as requested, behind him, fired over the civilian official's shoulder. At the signal, every Hussar soldier fired his rifle in the air and howled a war-cry. Most of them fired, as they had been instructed, over the heads of the people, who with one accord turned and fled, as fast and as far as the extent of the night's feasting and tumbod-drinking permitted.

Glancing round the blood-soaked stage of the ceremonies, at the still-bleeding bodies of the executed, at the bound white man, Mr. Commissioner Herriott discovered a vein of hardness.

"Hane that dog, Chuku, Quick," he shouted to Sergeant Ali, "before he dies. There's a good branch. . . . Up with him before he bleeds to death."

For both the heavy soft-nosed bullets had pierced Chuku's broad chest.

"Good God! . . . Look here. . . . I say. . . . Why—it's Wallingford."

cried Burlestone incredulously, as he turned the white man over on his back. "Wallingford, the aviator. . . ."

"Alive, too," he added. "The spear

struck the ropes and only gashed him."

"Let your men scatter, and drive the devils into the cordon," shouted Herriott. "They must catch every mother's son who's got any white paint on him, or leopard-claw gloves. Sergeant Durando, take the police-section and set fire to everything here that'll burn. Quick. Start with the Ju-ju House."

Herd the White Ghost prisoners into the communal palaver-house, tied in pairs. . . . What's that about an aviator? . . .

The once notorious Okala enclave no longer exists.

CHAPTER 29.

ON the Bodiam Castle, Major Stacey Burlestone and Colonel Moresby Wallingford sailed for Home, the one on furlough, the other to make another attempt to fly round Africa by an all-red route.

"Nearly became red enough for you, last time," smiled Burlestone as the two men sat in their deck-chairs, gazing out across the glorious sparkling blue water, and breathing in new life, health and energy.

"Yes. I thought I was an honored guest of Mr. Chuku M'Pangano for life," replied Wallingford, "and a long life at that. Fancy being chained up in that ghastly Ju-ju House for—half a century perhaps."

iron courage—to hang on, and fight for life, like that."

"Yes. He'd got the information he went for. And the courage that took him there and carried him through, enabled him to get back with it. Kept him alive . . . and he'd be better dead."

"One knew his pluck and nerve and courage would be his undoing, sooner or later," continued Burlestone, "from that time he went into a cave after a wounded tiger—with a hog-spear."

"Yes," agreed Wallingford. "And when he grabbed the cobra with his bare hands at Barki, as it was crawling over his sleeping eye."

"Yes. And when he joined up with Ibrahim Afzal Khan's robber-gang, disguised as a Mahomed, to learn what the Amir was doing about it. They'd have jointed him alive, if he'd made a slip."

"And that cholera business among the deserted carriers. Another man's coolies, too."

"And his journey into Tibet."

"Talk about living dangerously! Bravest of the brave—and now he's a blind cripple."

"Yes. And makes light of it, his sister says," observed Burlestone, "Perfectly cheerful; and insists on learning to do everything for himself. Won't leave that cottage, or have anyone to live there and look after him. . . . Marvellous chap. . . . Pushes himself along the Moor roads, in a wheeled chair, and goes for walks on crutches, blind though he is. There's one blessing—Mary Harrington-Spenn settled (ten thousand on him, whether he liked it or not, so he can have everything he wants."

"Except his eyes and the use of his legs," said Wallingford sadly. "The price of—courage."

A long silence.

"He had," said Burlestone, "a great kindness, amazingly allied to utter ruthlessness. He looked soft—and there never lived a harder man."

"I'm not surprised," smiled Wallingford. "One somehow felt that Ganesh didn't get to the top of that particular tree on—blind benevolence, brotherly love, and a slow, if sure, sagacity and wisdom. In short, on being what he looked."

"No. . . . a very deceptive lad, old Ganesh, in the matter of appearances," said Burlestone. "But what a ghastly tragedy! Ganesh Hazorrig a blinded cripple—on crutches."

"Through being—the bravest of the brave," he added.

To be continued

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VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 39

THE trouble about Officers was that they had too many opportunities; too much choice; that, in consequence, they became unscrupulous and had been known to make love, even engage themselves, in profane manner, to more than one girl at a time. Waiting the delightful Deux-Temps to the famous "Officers' Waltz," they would propose to Kate; polking, later on, to the "Fireman" (with bells) they would so far forget all honor and decency as to squeeze the "lump" waist of Blanche, and tell her they loved none but her. This led to the most frightful occurrences, and the most appalling scenes, when Blanche's Papa would ask the Captain what his intentions were, and Kate's widowed Mother would tell him, weeping, that he had destroyed the peace of her child. The Officer, generally an adept at the game, through long practice, managed as a rule to steer himself out of difficulties; but the girls broke their hearts in the correctest manner, and were inconsolable for quite six months. ("It takes a really nice girl six months to get over a disappointment.")

All this was foreseen, ordinary, though regrettable. What Addie had done was quite another thing. Addie (whisper) was in love with an officer; an officer who was also a married man.

There may have been excuses. Captain Charlie Chaine, of the 99th Lancers, had been caught by the clever mother of Mrs. Charles; or so, at least, it was said. At all events, his marriage, not three years old, had been no great success; and he was said to swear frightfully, after the manner of our army in Flanders, at the mere mention of his mother-in-law's name. Captain Chaine, too, had very little in the way of regimental duty to keep him occupied; the Lancers, quartered in the neighboring town, and drawing in the long season that followed the Crimean War, seemed more concerned with entertaining and being entertained, hunting in the winter and racing in the summer, than with the prosaic details of military life. And as Charlie was above all a hunting man, and time hung heavy for him during the "off season" (meaning spring and summer), it may be that Satan, looking for idle hands, found an apt workman in Charlie. Charlie might have acknowledged as much himself; quite simply, he believed in The Devil, cloven hoofs, horns, tail, and all.

Therefore, and accordingly, misfortune fell upon the Vicarage, and upon the Vicar's family.

Eleanor could have told you that something of the sort, some Judgment, was likely to fall in time upon Addie. This younger sister, fair and gentle as she was, had never bowed to Eleanor's advice, accepted her wise counsels. If she wanted anything, she always took it—weeping sometimes, but determined, quite, to have it, whatever it might be. Eleanor, in the hour of distress, could not help remembering a certain scene of their early days. It had taken place in the Vicarage drawing-room, a choice apartment papered in white and gold, with red and gold furniture, very chaste, and ottomans, and causeuses, and occasional chairs, and whatnots, and candelabra, and a grand piano. There were two white marble mantelpieces in the drawing-room; vases of red and gold Bohemian glass stood on these, and the vases were hung with crystal lustres that sparkled and tinkled delightfully, in the breeze that blew in laden with scent of jasmine, Glotie de Dijon, and Marechal Niel, from the red-brick wall outside.

THE children were lying on their stomachs adoring something even lovelier than the lustres; four salt-cellsars of sapphire crystal that supported the piano legs. Addie, daintily familiar with sacred things, told Eleanor she was sure there would be lustres and crystal salt-cellsars in heaven, and that God would give them to her to play with. Eleanor, somewhat shocked, maintained that crystal seas were enough, and golden harps—had Addie forgotten the harps?

"I can't play the harp," objected Addie, "and what's the use of a crystal sea? You can't break bits off it."

Eleanor said: "I wonder, Addie, that you dare to talk about that, after what you did."

"Papa says," repeated Addie, "that if a sin is truly repented even God forgets it, but you never can forget that I pulled a lustre off and hid it, and it broke, and I didn't even get the chance of playing with it after all; but you want to be so much wiser than God! I shouldn't like to be like you, and I know God will give me crystal salt-cellsars if I can't get them here below, because He knows if I want a thing I can't be happy till I get it; so there!"

"You pick the flowers before they are

open, and you pop the fuchsias, and you will eat unripe fruit, though it's forbidden and gives you a pain in the stomach; you never listen to anything anyone says. I've tried to be a mother to you, Addie, since Mamma died, as I promised Papa, but I—I would as soon be a mother to a chattering, smattering pol-parrot!"

"You got that out of Mr. Dickens' last book," Addie cruelly and not at all impressed, replied.

And Eleanor, gathering up all her forces, launched at her the terrible Victorian curse—"You will come to a bad end!"

"What is a bad end?" Addie, impatiently, demanded.

Eleanor was not to be taken aback. She had not the least idea what a bad end might be, but she answered coolly, parroting from some half-forgotten bookish source: "I would not sadden your young life by telling you!"

And now, behold Addie, crumpled up in one of the red-and-gold chairs (because the drawing-room was the safest room in the house; servants didn't expect to find you there on a week-day morning) with her hands over her face, and Eleanor, grave as Portia, standing above her, ready to judge. Addie, eighteen, and Eleanor twenty. Addie loved—and Eleanor, the handsome, the good, without so much as the beginnings of an affair; without even the glory of someone "taking notice."

Addie involved in scandal; talked about (horror!) with a married man.

Very Victorian, all of it. No assignments in Town—one did not get to Town so easily, in that day of horse-drawn carriages. No little dinners in quiet restaurants; there were no restaurants and no little dinners; only supper rooms, where the openly sinful consumed supper, that wicked meal. No motor cars drawn up in quiet lanes, with lights turned off. No night clubs. We were in the 'sixties, and we acted accordingly.

WE danced with him, more than the orthodox three times. We sat out with him at the top of the front stairs, sometimes even on the back or school-room stairs, where no one was supposed to go. We listened, vibrant with feeling, to the story of his marriage; heard all about his wife, who did not understand him even though, mark his words, she was the best woman God ever made, and far too good for him. We thought the story strange and sad, and new. We hid in corners of conservatories, and were kissed. We gave a flower or two, and a glove or so; we accepted books, bouquets, sweets, and music, the sanctioned gifts of love—sanctioned, that is, when given by an unmarried man, but stained with iniquity, coming as they did, from Charlie. We had to be about these, and about other things, but we managed to do it swimmingly. We would have lied ourselves into the pit of fire and brimstone that was supposed to await all liars, for one glimpse of Charlie's golden whiskers, one whiff of the Wood Violet he used upon his hair. We couldn't, forty years after, smell Wood Violet—no longer used by man—without a queer feeling coming into our throat, a cloud before our eyes.

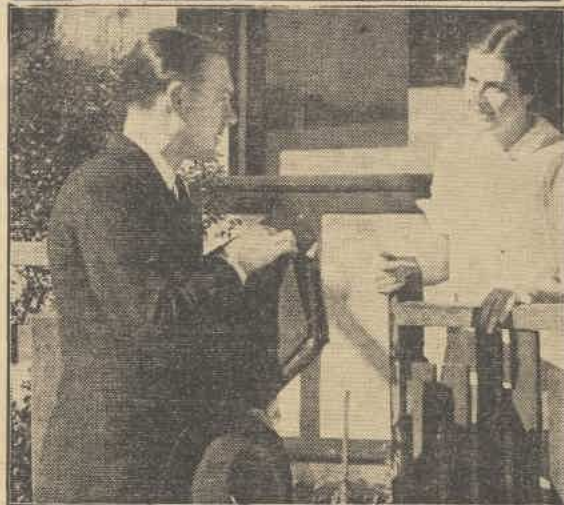
Matters went slowly, at the slow pace of the age. Addie, waking up one night, and taking an ordinary thunderstorm for the beginning of that Judgment Day that was the constant terror of the young, thought she was lost for ever. Waking again in the morning, and finding the dead still in their graves, and the last trumpet unsounded, she decided that she had been nearly in thinking her soul beyond all hope, but that she had better not let Charlie kiss her again; at least, not so often. Even, she thought of sending him a pathetic note, in which she should nobly give him up, with a suitable quotation from Mr. Tennyson—not from "Fatima," which Charlie had sent her, in the newest thin green volume, and which she had promptly hidden under her feather bed—but from the "Idylls of the King," in which people were always giving each other up with splendid speeches, and being noble, if not happy, ever after.

After she had sent the letter, she thought she would begin to grow very thin, with a "fatal rose" in her cheeks, and by and by she would lie a great deal on the sofa, like Alice in "The Wide, Wide World," and later on—

Addie had gone thus far when she saw, from her bedroom window, a red coat and military cap coming up the avenue, and realised that she had almost missed the arrival of the letters.

The postman was a good sort; for an occasional shilling he was quite ready to let Addie meet him out of sight of the house, standing grinning before her while she rustled over the bunch of letters made ready for the Vicarage, and directly picked out her own. Perhaps the postman himself had once been young, and remembered

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



That interview brought HER £683

ALL A.M.P. Counsellors can tell interesting stories of the way their advice to housewives has turned out. Here is one:

"I had persuaded a young married woman to invest in an A.M.P. Industrial Policy that called for the investment of two shillings a week; a policy to create a little nest-egg for herself, as she put it. One day, when I called, she told me that her husband had been made foreman of his factory, so I told her that he ought to invest in a £500 policy on his own life. She persuaded him to do so. That was in 1921 when the husband was 26. He died a month or two ago and (so good had the bonuses been) she received £683 from that policy. As a matter of fact, the husband had added two other small policies, but I felt, when I heard of his death, that that interview had brought her £683. That talk over the front gate had made all the difference to her future."

When an A.M.P. Counsellor calls, listen to what he has to say. He represents the largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire. His advice may mean your future security. It may mean the difference between comfort and poverty.

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Its creamy lather contains the purest Italian Olive Oil. And so, while it cleanses, Castile No. 4 Soap also keeps baby's skin smooth and supple and heals chafing or rawness. Mother, too, will find Castile No. 4 the ideal toilet soap. Medically recommended and cheaper than ever.

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Please turn to Page 49

FPLS

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY REEVE JR.



Yowie, Teddy, look at this!! What d'you say we go an' play at divers?



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

NOTHING ever happens in Mushroom Grove," said Fred discontentedly, one Sunday afternoon.

"Now, just what would you like to happen?" cried Wunderlust, "would you like an earthquake or a flood or something?"

"Oh, no, nothing as bad as that," said Fred. "Can't you understand? Just look at to-day. What is there to do? There is peeing down outside and there's not a thing in the world to do."

"You could read a book or a magazine," suggested the amiable Wunderlust. This remark was practically treated with contempt and Fred just stared ahead at the rain.

What was that?

Yes; thunder all right and lightning, but that was not all. A house down the street had been hit by the lightning and was now a raging mass of flames. Wunderlust knew that there were some half-a-dozen children in that house, so he quickly reached for his mackintosh and started off in the direction of the burning house.

Fred followed him and the two soon dashed into the house. Before long a number of other rescuers were on the spot and

BEST LETTER

JOYCE QUINTON, 28 Harristown Street, Marrickville, N.S.W., sent along the best letter of the week and won the \$5 prize. Her letter was neatly written, well expressed, and quite a pleasure to read.

Address all letters and other contributions to JILL, Box 13411, G.P.O., Sydney.

soon all the occupants of the house were brought out and taken to a nearby house to rest. They were all safe and sound, with the exception of one little boy who had a few small burns which could not be described as serious.

WUNDERLUST and Fred then walked slowly back to their home.

There was a long silence, which was eventually broken by Wunderlust.

"I feel a bit tired after that rush. I think I'll have a little nap."

"Yes," replied Fred, "that will do you a lot of good. That fighting the flames was enough to wear anyone out. It's a good thing we don't get lightning as bad as that very often."

"Why not?" answered Wunderlust, concealing a smile. "I thought you liked things to happen; why only a—"

"Oh, I was just silly," said Fred. "I always get a bit bored when it starts to rain, that's all. I certainly don't want houses to be struck by lightning all the time and people's lives to be endangered." Here Fred laughed. "I'll be all right when the sun comes out!"

Jill's Letter

MY DEAR JACKS AND JILLS,—The other day I was reading a book written by a Chinese. It was his impressions of different countries. It had been translated into English. Now here is just a paragraph of the book, and it describes some strange people. See if you can guess who they are:

"They eat enormous quantities of half-burnt bolls and sheep; they have to wash themselves very often, which shows that they must get filthy very easily; they live for months without eating a mouthful of rice. The men dress very much alike and look so odd, because they never carry a fan, and very seldom an umbrella, and even then they only put it up when rain is falling. None of them have long finger-nails; they eat their food with groups. They never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly at the graves of their ancestors, but they jump and run about kicking big balls; and they have no dignity, for the men quite often may be seen walking about with ladies."

What peculiar race of people do you think he was describing? He was talking of the people of England!

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerily Yours,

JILL.

Beauty Everywhere

By R. GILES

THERE is beauty in the sunshine. Beauty all around us. Day by day the same. There is beauty in the flowers, beauty in the bees, beauty in the circumlets. And in the tall gum trees. Blue sky hangs above us, beyond the fading sea. All this, and much more, is given to you and me!

Prize of 5/- to R. GILES (15), Hardgrave Rd., West End, South Brisbane, for this clever verse.

Queer Advertisements

FOUND.—A gown by a man with fur-lined sleeves. LOST.—Newly-bought sheets by a lady made of pure linen. FOR SALE.—A table by a lady very highly polished. TO LET.—A verandah room by a man with glazed-in sides. WANTED.—A maid by an old woman aged 21 years old. Prize Card to MARGARET HUGHES, 16 New St., Bondi, N.S.W.

THE FAIRY GIFT

By EDNA RALPH

THERE was great consternation in Fairyland, for the Princess Moonbeam had been lost all day long the elves and fairies searched without result. Worry and tired, by night they returned to the palace of the Fairy Queen. At last the Fairy Queen asked the birds to help her, promising the one who found the Princess a wonderful gift. Every bird joined in the search. When the sun rose on the second day of the search a kookaburra crept high up in a gumtree saw something shining on the ground, and descended, to find Princess Moonbeam caught on a blackberry bush, her pretty clothes torn. How pleased she was to see the kookaburra! She quickly climbed on the kookaburra's back, and soon they reached the fairy palace.

The Queen was overjoyed to see the Princess, and she bestowed on the kookaburra the greatest gift in the world—the gift of happiness. That is why, of all the birds in the Australian bush, the kookaburra is the one which can really laugh because he is so happy.

Sent by EDNA RALPH (15), 16 Dent St., Merveth, N.S.W. (Two Prize Cards).

About Ourselves

PATRICIA FEARCE, of Oakley (Qld.), is fond of sketching and painting; KATHLEEN FIASCHI, of Darling Point (N.S.W.), attends Aachen school and is nine years of age; JEAN MILLARD, of Young (N.S.W.), hopes to become a commercial artist in a few years time; MERLE HENDRICK, of Miles (Qld.), writes clever verse; HELEN SALTER, of Brighton (Vic.), is very fond of camping; JEAN EDWARD, of Cronulla (N.S.W.), recently went to Bundarra for a hike; KATHLEEN ADOCK, of North Kensington Park (S.A.), has a cocker spaniel for her pet; PHYLLIS SETON, of Southport (Qld.), does clever paintings; EDNA MAY, of Gladstone (N.S.W.), recently spent a pleasant holiday at Collaroy; JACK ALLSOP, of Rockhampton (Qld.), was fourteen last month; MAUREN MCGUIEN, of Oranmore (N.S.W.), is very fond of the town she lives in; LOIS KIRKIN, of West Ryde (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; FRANK MORGAN, of Geelong (Vic.), has a big black dog for his pet; EDNA HOPCROFT, of Wolloughby (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; AUDREY TURNER, of Cronulla (N.S.W.), is very fond of surfing; JEAN MELLIEU, of Borambola (N.S.W.), is one of the newest members of our happy band.

DON CUMMINS, of Adelaide (S.A.), has a pony and a dog for his pet; MABEL HARRISON, of Weston (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; DOROTHY SON, of Tived Heads (N.S.W.), has just returned from a wonderful holiday to Melbourne; MAIRE CARROLL, of Albert (N.S.W.), is fourteen years of age and attends the Albert Public school; MAUREN EKLUND, of South Brisbane (Qld.), is quite sunburnt after her stay at Palm Beach; RITA ODEWAIN, of Walls Walla (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; PEGGY GIBBINS, of Adamstown (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening; JOHN HARVEY, of Launceston (Tas.), likes playing games; DEBBIE BARTHOLOMEW, of Cheltenham (N.S.W.), always reads our popular paper; LORNA DAWES, of Brighton (Vic.), is fond of reading jokes and working out riddles.

FOR FUN & FANCY

TOM: Have you heard of the boy who dropped a lighted match into a tin of buns? Jack: No. TOM: He has never buns since. Prize Card to JOYCE ROMAN, 32 Seabrook St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Teacher: Joan, what do you mean by saying in your essay that there is only one eye? Joan: But, teacher, you told me yesterday there is only one "I" in love! Prize Card to JILL DOWDER, Farnell St., Rockhampton, Qld.

What is the lightest place in Ireland? Cork. What color is a bucket? Rather pale (pale). What key to the hardest to turn? A donkey. Prize Card to GRACE HADMAN, Coppley, S.A.

A teacher had been giving her pupils a lesson on the British Empire. "Now," she concluded, "can anyone tell who John Bull is?" "Bright Fuppi," cried Stan, "he's the fellow who makes the baking powder." Prize Card to R. EWINS, Cumberley Rd., Kurrajong, N.S.W.

The crater, mounted upon the usual little platform, was trying to convince a small and unimpressed audience of many amusing facts. "What would you say," he demanded, "if I told you that the rivers of the world were drying up?" From the back of the crowd came a voice: "Go that, and do likewise." Prize Card to JOHN NORRIS, Athol St., Wagga, N.S.W.

Dentist (just off for a run of golf): If anyone should inquire, Miss Brown, I'm away on business; I have eighteen cavities to fill this afternoon. Prize Card to PATRICIA FEARCE, Winfield, Oakley, Qld.



FEEDING BUNNY.—Prize of 5/- to Bode Keating, Rockwood Cemetery, Rockwood, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

The essay had been told to write an essay on Oliver Twist. In one of the essays the teacher came across this sentence: "The kitchen stood the statue of a policeman." Having no recollection of reading this in Dickens' famous book, he called the author and asked: "John, would you mind telling me where you read that?" "Please, sir," John answered, "it says in the book, 'In the kitchen stood a statue of a policeman.'" Prize Card to JEAN WILLIAMS, Tresseltown, Minnesota Avenue, Fearnham, N.S.W.

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 47

NOT many letters came from Chaele; he was, he told her, afraid of "sullyng her fair name," and he seldom seemed to want replies to what he wrote. Addie couldn't quite understand how letters addressed only to herself, and seen by no one else, could sully anyone's name, or what replies had to do with it. That Chaele, infinitely wiser, was taking precautions against scandal she never guessed. If she had known, she would probably have been offended, because their love affair was not in the least like any other in the world, and only the most narrow-minded and unkindly people could have made anything like scandal out of it.

Nevertheless, she saw that nobody would the chance; for Addie, even as other women of her day, was wiser than she knew.

To-day's letter, like its predecessors, was read in the safe, uncomfortable privacy of the bathroom. But it was not at all like any other of the letters that had been hurriedly devoured behind that locked door. Addie, sitting on the edge of the bath, nearly tumbled backwards when she grasped the significance of what Chaele had written to-day.

Usually, his letters were informed by a spirit of caution; briefly suggesting appointments, at dance or garden party, hinting, in ambiguous terms, at the love he so freely expressed whenever they met. This was different; this seemed red hot. It made her think, pantingly, again of the beautiful, wicked poem by Mr. Tennyson—"Palma"—that she had read a hundred times, and knew by heart. Something had happened to Captain Chaele. The last of their backstairs meetings—the one which had troubled the conscience of Addie, and caused her to mistake an August thunderstorm for the end of the world—seemed to have gone to Chaele's head. Kisses, freely exchanged (those kisses which convention forbade to any but a maiden's

betrothed lover), had turned him from a cautious, slightly amused Don Juan to a raging Romeo.

Not the Book of the Apocalypse, nor the consideration of his own or anyone else's sins, had occupied Chaele in the night that followed. He had spent most of it making up his mind (in the spare bedroom, under plea of a cold) and the rest in writing to Addie.

The letter asked her, plain and plump, to run away.

He could not live without her she said. If she refused, he would immediately kill himself. If she said yes, he would arrange everything, sell out of his regiment, settle half his income on his wife, whom God had not blessed with children (God always received the blame or the praise in these matters; Addie would have been shocked by any other view), and with the love of his heart he would fit, to other worlds, far, far away, to a land where the flowers had no scent, and the birds no song, but where the sun shone always, and (apparently as a consequence) love was free.

THERE was a good deal more. In fine, it amounted to a request that Addie should go with him to set up (illegal) housekeeping in Australia. And Addie, trembling and crying, fully aware that no one in the whole parish could possibly be as wicked as she, weeping when she thought of Chaele, shaking when the thought of her father crossed her mind—Addie might have gone, and made one more in the army of undesirable daughters, sons gone wrong, that was just then invading Australia (because there is a fashion in these matters, and one must never run away, or send away, to South Africa or the Argentine when Canada or California is the rage)—if it had not chanced that

she was wearing, that day, a dainty frock.

The frock was all right for morning, but not for afternoon, when one put on more petticoats, faced oneself up tighter, and robed one's hourglass-shaped figure in muslin or silk, ready for Company. Addie, leaving the bathroom, and thrusting her precious letter, not into her bosom, after the silly fashion of novels, but into her good, deep pocket, thought herself secure; since there were no pickpockets nearer than London town.

Nevertheless, when she changed the dainty, later on, for an embroidered muslin, she sealed the fate, and changed the lives, of at least five people. Herself, her lover, her lover's wife, her father, and Eleanor.

In a hurry she changed, with the sound of hoofs and wheels crashing up the avenue; knowing that she was careless, untidy, should have been dressed before three, though now it was nearly four. She tossed the dainty on her bed, and ran downstairs with her head in a whirl. Callers were sacred.

The old nurse of the family, coming in to tidy up after untidy Addie, found the frock, and before putting it in one of the enormous wash-baskets, felt the pocket, in order to see that nothing colored, likely to spoil the white dainty, had been left behind.

What she found was colored—excessively—in one sense. She transferred it to her own deep underdirt pocket, and after Company had gone carried it straight to the Vicar.

James Robinson read it, warned the old woman, who needed no warning, to hold her tongue, and sent her away, and then sat down with his head in his hands, to digest the greatest shock of his life. Men wept in those days. His

hands—beautiful hands; the hands of an idealist, a dreamer—were wet when he finally took them away. But he was calm, determined, knew what he was going to do.

First of all he took his hat, took his stick out of the hall rack, looked at it, and shaking his head, returned it to its place not without (one supposes) a little unclerical regret. Then he went quietly to the stables, called for the governess' cart, and drove away, in the direction of the Chaeles' big house, four miles distant.

Once there, he asked for Charlie, and saw him alone. What he said, in the main, no one ever knew, for James Robinson kept it to himself, and Charlie told no one. But when he was leaving, the parlormaid, coming sharp on the bell, caught one last significant sentence: "It had to be you or myself, and as it happens, I have only to-day received the offer of a colonial bishopric, so—"

Charlie said: "I—I—"

"And I do sincerely hope it will be a lesson to you. Thank God—"

He saw the parlormaid, and stopped; but the parlormaid knew at once why God was being thanked, and told them in the kitchen afterwards.

Charlie said: "I—I—"

James Robinson, rolling his umbrella unnecessarily tight, said: "Good-bye, and may you—"

The parlormaid's bright eyes stopped that.

Charlie said: "Indeed yes, thank you."

The door shut heavily. Afterwards, Charlie's wife found him in their room, looking for clean handkerchiefs; his nose was very red; his whiskers seemed less gay and golden than usual. "Have you a cold?" she asked him. He wanted to say: "I have a broken heart," but there was all life to be lived with Carrie still, so he said: "Yes, I don't know."

"A TREACLE posset at bedtime," she told him, "would probably be good."

Charlie looked at her, and suddenly a wild feeling came upon him, that she was horribly like a treacle posset herself; so dark, so heavily sweet, so good for you. Life with a treacle posset—to be taken at bedtime.

Who would drink the wine that had been dashed from his lips? Who would drown like a luckier Duke of Clarence, in the golden floods of Addie's hair? Said Charles to himself: "I shall get drunk to-night. Dead."

In the drawing-room, among the chandeliers and the lustres and the causeries and whatnots, Addie sat sobbing in her chair, and Eleanor stood above.

"Papa preached and preached," Addie sniffled, "and I cried, and he went on preaching, and he said that I had only by God's providence been saved from the lake of fire and brimstone. He went and saw Charlie—"

"Do you mean Captain Chaele?"

"—and he told him we were never to see one another again. He said we were going away, and he told me I was to stay in the house and grounds till we went, and meet nobody."

"Very nice," said Eleanor, "for me. Did he happen to tell you where we were going? Is it Brighton or Torquay?"

Addie sat up and put away her handkerchief. "It's Australia," she said importantly. "They're going to make him a Bishop." Then, collapsing: "But I don't care. I shall go into a decline and die." She coughed into her handkerchief, and languished.

Eleanor passed that by. "Australia!" she said.

"Yes. What does it matter where? I shall go into a—"

"Are you sure he said— why, it's half round the world!"

Please turn to Page 50



The Schoolboy's Smile

AND THE REASON FOR IT

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VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 49

"WHAT do you look like that for?" Addie did not dare say that Eleanor, flushed, shining, strangely eager, made her think, illogically, of Charlie in his more amorous moments; nor could she, or any of her generation, have caught the subtle implications of that likeness. It was passion that had seized upon Eleanor in that moment; the passion for far travel that had been hopelessly frustrated in her mother, that, till this hour, had lain unrecognized, almost unfeeling, in herself. How could one recognise a feeling that had no name, was not even supposed to exist? Girls were for love, for passion of one kind only.

Mrs. Pfeiffer, Miss Cumming, Miss Bird—one had heard of these distinguished women, but one did not wish, if one were truly nice, to emulate their feats. Wildly, daringly, they went to Japan, to China, to the Rocky Mountains and the South Sea Islands, all alone, and the world wondered, not quite admiring. Hadn't Miss Gordon-Cumming travelled without chaperon, for days and days, on a French man-of-war? Didn't Mrs. Pfeiffer roam about Asia in the company of all sorts of common people? Wasn't Miss Bird unfeminine enough to ride in frilled bloomers and a tunic, astride wild Western horses? Such feats might or might not be admirable; they were certainly "fast"—in the Victorian sense of that word, which had nothing to do with morals. "Fast" in mid-nineteenth century, meant doggy, horsey, athletic, outdoor-ish to excess; in fine, a feeble imitator of the inimitable Man.

Popular songs of the day were greatly concerned with the fast young lady, or, as some called her, the Girl of the Period. One song, a best-seller of its time, went dashing, like its heroine, to a music-hall tune:

"Yes, sir, I am grown up indeed,
I'm out of the schoolroom at last.
Pa says I'm a flirt, Ma says I am pert,
I say: I am fast, I am fast!"

(Last Verse)
"I handle the ribbons, I smoke my cigar—
I polk till Aunt Jane looks aghast,
I swim like a fish, ride like young Lochinvar,
In short: I am fast, I am fast!"

But no sensible young lady wished to be fast. It kept eligibles away at dances. It didn't encourage nice gentlemen to hang over the back of the cause where you were sipping your tea, at one of the new-fashioned "kettledrums"; in fine, it didn't do.

And anyhow, Marion, Mabel, Gertrude, Florence, and Blanche had plenty of legitimate occupations, without putting themselves out to imitate the Birds and the Cummings. They did the flowers. They wrote the notes—quite a task, in a day when telephones were undreamed of. They went calling with Mamma, they played croquet with the curate and the friends of their brothers. They tatted, crocheted, did crewel work, eyelid embroidery. When they went travelling, it was in a first-class railway car-

riage, with Mamma, and the governess, and the nurses, and the younger children (Papa having prudently discovered an engagement elsewhere for the day), to a rented house at the seaside, for July and August.

Or, being upper-class instead of middle, it was with Mamma, titled Mamma and Papa, of noble presence and splendid whiskers, and eyeglasses, proper to a Peer, and the girls and the boys' tutor, and the nurse and the nursemaid and the younger children. And in the second-class the valet and the maid; and dominating and managing the whole, the bearded, money-bagged, cosmopolitan courier—all going together to the Continent, and up the Rhine.

That was travel. As for the wild queer passions that were to lure the girls of forty, fifty, seventy years later away from their proper occupations of marrying and having babies, to send them spinning (first) upon silent, speedy wheels; then roaring along behind the wind-shields of sixty horse-power cars then cleaving high heaven in the pilot seat of a plane on the way to Sydney, San Francisco, or the South Pole—no one yet had dreamed of such monstrous improprieties.

YET some few of the young ladies of the day did, furtively, long for adventure. For the tang of salt seas, the sight of a palm tree drooping over a lagoon. Some of them knew strange nostalgia for places, homes that they had never seen. Eleanor was one of these. She had not been aware of it. She was hardly aware of it now—and yet, with her, the love of places that had made her somewhat cold to people, not quite, for all her beauty, attractive to men, was waking, and would never die. Even as in her little disappointed mother, it had survived to the very end.

What she said, however, was the thing that she was naturally expected to say:

"It will be pleasant and, I trust, instructive too."

Addie gave her handkerchief a moment's holiday. "There'll be some nice gentlemen on board—I trust," she said, mimicking Eleanor. "But none of them," she added, lifting the handkerchief to her eyes again, "can possibly be as nice as Charlie. You needn't look like that, I can't help it. When I think of him, it's just as if the world was full of organ music, all the little high bits that make you think you're an angel, going to fly, and then the boom-boom that goes right through the floor, and shakes your heart inside your—your bosom—and makes you feel—"

"And what do you call yourself," reprovingly demanded Eleanor, with her own definition ready.

Addie said, "I am a Grande Amoureuse. I read it," she added hastily, in the Dictionary of Biography. "There are some crummy pieces there, but they stop too soon. A Grande Amoureuse, I think, means a great lover, or loveress. A person," she said, "who never changes, and always loves the same person till they die."

Eleanor, somewhat more widely read, could not help entertaining a few doubts but she suppressed them.

"In any case," she said, "it doesn't seem a proper thing to be."

Addie passed that by. "I shall think of nobody but Charlie," she said, "no matter how many nice gentlemen there are on the—"

Eleanor said, ironically: "Yes, I think I see you walking deaf and blind among them—you who never think of anything but the gentlemen!"

"What else is there to think of?" Addie asked, with simplicity. "But, of course, you can amuse yourself a little without meaning anything. No one could possibly matter to you when your heart is fixed."

"Really, dearest—it isn't proper—you talk as if you were an engaged young lady!"

"So I am," said the little frivolous thing, dropping suddenly into a depth of gravity, curiously foreign to her light nature. "So I am. We can never, never marry, and Papa will see that we don't run away, but neither of us will ever really love anyone else as long as we both shall live." She rose to her feet, and clasped her hands as she spoke.

The resounding words from the marriage service, with all their tremendous implication, beat Eleanor, metaphorically speaking, to her knees. She had nothing more to say, though she felt that much more could and should have been said. Addie, standing still as

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have allied Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich.***

a statue, her white dress stiffly spread over its hooped crinoline, her bodice, lard as whalebones could make it, upholding movelessly her long white neck and sculptured head—Addie, not looking at the gay, incongruous room, but out through the window, over the low shrubs and the terrace, to the woods that far-off surrounded and concealed the home of Charlie Chaine—this Addie was new. Eleanor, with her inevitably bookish turn of thought, told herself that Addie looked like a marble figure of Constancy or Regret, or something of that kind, set upon a tomb. And that you could no more hope to move her, or influence her, than you could hope to set such a figure upon your shoulder and carry it away.

Instinctively she slipped to another phase of the inescapable subject.

"Papa says that he's in no hurry to have his daughters marry. He says that Mr. Right will come in due time. He says that marriages are made in Heaven." She did not believe any of these things, but she quite believed she did believe them.

Addie said, with sudden contempt: "Made sitting out on the schoolroom stairs, more likely. But it doesn't matter to me. As to being in no hurry, he married in a hurry himself, didn't he? His bread's baked, and it doesn't matter if no one else—well! Of course, I'm going to be—" she held her breath, and turned to face Eleanor, before she made the terrible pronouncement—"I'm going to be an Old Maid."

Eleanor said: "Pray, Addie, don't talk nonsense." But it wasn't as easy as usual to patronise this little sister, who seemed to have grown up in a day—an hour...

"Sweethearts," that fatal and passionate song, which she was used to using with perfect propriety and absence of expression, flashed into her mind. It came clad in new garb. It said things that she had never suspected, to be there. Addie could not sing; but it seemed to Eleanor, in that moment of illumination, that Addie was living the song instead.

"O love for a year, a week, a day— But alas for the love that loves away!"

Instinctively, she shrank away from the thought of all these disturbing things. Slipped back again into the pleasant commonplaces of every day. She realised that Addie's conduct, shocking though it might be, had opened the gate to much that might be agreeable. There would be no more district visiting. No sitting in stuffy rooms with geraniums on the window-sills, amid a smell of clothes half-washed, beds never aired, cabbage, cats and children, reading the Bible to Granny, This or Gaffer That. Upon the daughters of some other Vicar, by and by, these duties would fall. They soon would distribute buns and tea and prizes at school treats. They, and not herself or Addie, would listen to the drowsy recitation of the Books of the Bible, and the names of the Kings of Israel, by tired village children. They would fuss over ragged schools and mothers' meetings. Addie, Papa, and herself would be "on board" (delicious words) voyaging to Australia.

In an outburst of unconscious gratitude, she put her arm round Addie, and, regaining at a leap the elder-sisterly manner said, kindly:

"Don't be sad, darling, and don't trouble yourself about anything. Papa and I have already forgiven you. And I'm sure," she added, unconscious of bathos, "that God will forgive you, too."

CHAPTER 2

IT was incredible but the world was gone. The world that Addie and Eleanor knew. The world of little happenings, little proprieties, little duties. Of the sad scale of C and its mournful companions crying out from the dust-sheeted drawing-room that the days were long, long, that fruitlessly the suns arose and set; that one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, EIGHT—you could not hope for anything but this, this interminable smooth, sad life that was so accurately voiced in the smooth and scales of C and its companions (one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, EIGHT, and alas; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, EIGHT, and alas; and down again). . . .

Gone—all that. This was the world. This splendid serene steamer Philippi, three thousand tons burthen, with a tall, thin funnel and two masts, with sails that spread white clouds against the sky, and a gorgeous saloon, fitted up with a long table and swinging bottle-racks, and couches covered in buttoned leather, and mirrors in gilded frames, gilded woodwork where the great mast ran through. There was a cottage piano opening up over a high fretworked red silk back, and there were rows of doors at each side of the table, opening into wonderful cabins with ports that looked out upon the great, the deep, the ever-romantic sea.

To be continued

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A TIME OF TRIAL
Why Women Fear Middle Age

"I dread the next few years," says many a woman who has reached her forties. Although a woman's life is full of crises, perhaps the most trying years of womanhood are those between forty and fifty.

The upheaval of health that befalls a woman at this time betrays itself in many ways. One of the chief symptoms is a terrible depression, verging on melancholia. There is lack of self-confidence, with vague fears, extreme lassitude, severe back aches and headaches, fits of trembling and dizziness.

Sympathy and patience are necessary, but the most practical help any woman of middle age can have is a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills enrich the blood, nourish the starved and overworked nerves, and by their strengthening influence on the whole system they enable a woman to pass through the trying years of middle age tranquilly and without suffering.

Countless women have proved this, and you yourself can do so by taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. You will soon be as enthusiastic in your praise of these pills as is every woman who has tried them. All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'—and take no other.***

WHY SHOULDN'T Davis Cup Matches BE PLAYED HERE?

Rotation System would Enable All Countries to See Finals

By RUTH PREDDY

A team of Australian women tennis players will not represent Australia overseas this year. This decision of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association is one that will rightly occasion much concern.

Of equal importance is the suggestion that the Davis Cup finals might be staged each year in a different country.

THE draw announced over the week-end, in which Australia is scheduled to meet New Zealand in the first round of the Davis Cup matches, will occasion concern to the players of both countries, as no doubt by this time all concerned in the actual playing of the match have made arrangements to tour abroad.

This match should either be played in New Zealand or Australia, and so give the patrons of the game in either of these countries an opportunity of witnessing at least one round of these world-famous matches.

Either New Zealand or Australia will meet France in the next round, and the question of importance is not in regard to the winning team, but rather in reference to losers. Will the association to which the losing team belongs be willing to pay the expenses of three or more players, so that they can compete in the French championships and later at Wimbledon?

If Australia is eliminated in the first round, will the Australian Lawn Tennis Association feel justified in sending players to take part in these championships when they have turned down the suggestion to send Miss Joan Hartigan, who is ranked higher in the world's first ten players than any other Australian Davis Cup player with the exception of Jack Crawford?

Seven years have passed since the last Australian women's team visited England, and although the women tennis players in this country have done everything possible to gain recognition from the Lawn Tennis Council of Australia, their appeal has once more been set aside.

Last year was a memorable one in the history of women's tennis, for the Australian Council capitulated to the extent of donating £100 towards Miss

teams in other countries who enter for these games, with no hope of at any time winning.

It would be decidedly fairer, and would undoubtedly popularise the game of tennis more, if the matches were played in each country in rotation.

If we presume that this will be one of the conditions embodied in the international matches for women, and that these matches took place every two years, there is not the slightest doubt that England, America, France and Germany would gladly send a team of women to Australia, to take part in these matches, knowing that one or the other countries represented would receive in turn the next visit.

However, in the meantime, while these matters are being attended to by Mr. Brookes overseas, the women tennis players of Australia will patiently await results.

They will hardly be content with the fact that their claims have once more been shelved for the time being.



WOMEN LIFE-SAVERS on our beaches are still such an unfamiliar sight that they attract a good deal of interest. Here a demonstration of resuscitation work by two fair members of a Victorian life-saving club has attracted a number of onlookers anxious to learn the routine of life-saving work.

FIGHTING for 1935 Tennis HONORS

By JOAN HARTIGAN

Last year at Wimbledon ninety-six women players from all parts of the world participated in the singles championships.

This year with the entry of Helen Wills-Moody at Wimbledon it is anticipated that the interest created will be greater than ever.

WIMBLEDON, which must be described as the beauty spot of tennis in the world, will soon again see thousands flocking there in the hopes of obtaining admission to the ground.

The enthusiasm of the spectators is easily shown by the hundreds who will stand for hours in the boiling sun watching the champions from every country in the world fighting in the hopes of bringing back the world's title to their respective countries. Considering the amount of play the courts are subjected to during a fortnight's continuous play it is remarkable how well they stand up to it.

The electric scoring board on the two centre courts can be seen from almost any part of the ground, so that those who are not able to gain admission to the centre courts can, while watching matches on outside courts, know exactly what the positions are as regards the matches on both centre courts.

Last year of the 96 players competing in the women's singles the majority were British, while leading players from

America, France, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Australia, South Africa, India, Holland, Spain, and Germany took part. Again this year the enthusiasm will surely be just as great, and all nations represented.

Miss Dorothy Round will defend her title, and after having seen her in action Australians would probably not be surprised to see her champion of 1935. There are too many other British players of note to mention them all, but such names as Peggy Scriven, Betty Nuthall, Mrs. King, Kay Stammers, and others are well known to us all.

Champion Five Times

ADDED interest this year will be the reappearance of Mrs. Wills-Moody, the American player who has won the Wimbledon singles on five successive occasions. Those who have not yet seen her in action will have an opportunity, while those who have already watched this champion will be anxious to see whether she has improved, or on the other hand whether the long rest has proved fatal to her game.

America will also have Miss Helen Jacobs, runner-up to Miss Dorothy Round last year. Miss Jacobs, who has been runner-up in the championships for several years, will again be a serious contender for the title, and I would not be at all surprised if she proved an ultimate winner.

Madame Mathieu will probably again be the leading French player competing. It will be remembered last year she narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of Mrs. Hopman, who played the best game of her career.

German Champions

Germany, who has lost Frau Sperling since her marriage to a Dutchman, has nevertheless many other fine players. Last year, and presumably again this year, Fraulein Aussem, who won the title in 1931, and Fraulein Horn will be among the players who must be considered as having a good chance of success.

Holland has an outstanding player in Mademoiselle Conquerque, who did not do herself justice last year owing to an injured ankle. Mademoiselle Payot, of Switzerland, is also a likely competitor and is a very fine player.

Italy last year was represented by only one player in Mademoiselle Valerie, who resembles very much our own hard-hitting Mrs. Westacott. Another hard-hitting competitor will be Mademoiselle Jarczywska, of Poland.

The Wightman Cup competition, which takes place just before Wimbledon, has caused a great deal of discussion, as many think it too much of a strain on the girls having to give of their best in the competition, with the added strain of the Wimbledon fortnight.

It certainly does sound a great amount of tennis, but when one is only expected to play in either one or two matches each day during the tournament, it does not sound as though a player is being overworked.



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Let Women Control

This is a matter that should be left in the hands of the women players. They have a knowledge of running their own games so successfully that a conference abroad should have been attended by women delegates from several of the leading tennis countries, and they should have been allowed to frame their own rules on much fairer lines than those existing for the Davis Cup contests.

In the first place women are more inclined to study the health and welfare of the player of sport, and would probably have vetoed the suggestion that these international contests should be played each year. Rather would they be inclined to favor these matches being played every two years, as it would not endanger the players in becoming stale, or tennis weary.

Cup Finals

ANOTHER matter in which they would profit from experience in the Davis Cup matches is the absurdity of the finals being played in the country where the holders of the Cup reside.

For years now Australia, with clock-like regularity, has sent a team of men abroad, hoping to win this much-coveted prize, so that this country may become the scene of at least one Davis Cup match. There are much weaker

IT'S TIME "Amateur" Rules WERE REVISED

By RUTH PREDDY

THE recent proposal by two of the leading golf clubs in England to have the word "amateur" excluded from the Ladies Golf Union is one that is causing considerable interest not only abroad but here in Australia as well.

The abolishing of the word should not materially affect those players who are amateurs, providing the rules of the constitution are so based that no doubt remains in the mind of the players as to what constitutes an amateur. These rules, if properly framed, should also acquaint the player as to what class she belongs should she infringe any of these rulings.

In all branches of sport the amateur has been in the field much longer than the professional, and therefore it is incumbent on the professional to show that she has forsaken the rank of her amateur status.

The professionals in golf jealously guard their status, and one cannot enter for any of the professional golf matches until she has served two years' apprenticeship as a professional. Therefore a player forsaking the amateur ranks would have to consider herself an outcast until such time as she was admitted as a professional, for once having violated the amateur code, the player has a very slender chance of regaining her amateur status.

EACH and every sporting association has its own code which define the word amateur according to their own

sport, but a question that often arises in the sporting world is how far these rules affect people playing other sports.

For instance, can a professional in golf play tennis with amateurs without endangering her position, and can an amateur swimmer participate in a swimming race with a League footballer? Some prominent officials in sport take the view that once a professional in one sport, a player should be considered a professional in all other sports. Others take the view that a player can only break the amateur code when playing in one particular sport, and that it would not do her harm from taking part in another sport as an amateur.

The whole question of the amateur rulings is so muddling that players one day may find themselves inadvertently thrust into the ranks of the professional simply because the constitution of the association with which they were playing has failed to define clearly the meaning of the word amateur according to their rulings.

The existing trouble these days is that with the meteoric advancement of sport many of the associations are reluctant to change laws of the constitution of their association which were probably drawn up seven or eight years ago. Much could be done by all sporting associations if they would revise all constitutions drawn up to meet the needs of the players prior to 1920, and instead of acquiescing a player with what she must do to remain an amateur, it would be easier these days if they were instructed on "what not to do."

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★ Usually 5/11

Maids' Merc. Lisle Hose

The kind of stockings that wise mothers will stock up with at this price! A fine even knit that is very pleasing to wear in an assortment of fawn and grey tones (also black for school wear). Fully fashioned with double heel suspender welts and reinforced feet, so they'll survive a lot of hard treatment. Sizes to fit shoes 11 to 2, but not all sizes in every shade. Usually 5/11. These are mediums with very slight imperfections at pair, 2/1.

No Stocks for Phone or Mail Orders

MAIDS' ROBERT — GROUND FLOOR



Unparalleled Clearance

★ Usually 9/11

500 Hand-embroidered KIMINOS now 5/1

We're expecting a stampede of the Kiminos at such a price! They're made from Rayon Brocade in an attractive style with gracefully draping Oriental sleeves and lavishly hand embroidered with vivid bird and flower designs. Ground colours are black, rose, green and blue. In all sizes. Usually 9/11; now specially priced for the sale at each, 5/1.

KIMINOS ON THE THIRD FLOOR

★ Usually 5/11

Amazing offer of smart MEXICANA SANDALS, 5/1

Here's a chance to save on these gayest of summer Sandals that have been priced at the very lowest possible limit! A T-bar strap design with interesting cut-out vamps and slightly raised heels that make them beautifully comfortable for all sport wear. The stripes are bright and gaudy to add a vivacious touch to summer cottons; the colours are Mexicana—red and yellow or Mexicana green. Sizes, 2 to 7. Now specially reduced for the sale to, pair, 5/1.

WOMEN'S SHOES ON THE FIRST FLOOR

★ Usually 9/11

190 Prs. Less than Cost! SUEDE FABRIC GLOVES, 5/1

They're French! They're white Suede fabric, and they're smartly finished with crisp lace garters! In fact, they're absolutely satisfactory in all respects. Made by Perrin's, which is a well-known and reliable maker. Don't let the sale pass without treating yourself to a pair, and remember, there are only 190 pairs to go at this price! All sizes. Usually 9/11 per pair; now priced at pair, only 5/1.

No Stocks for Phone or Mail Orders

GLOVE DEPARTMENT — GROUND FLOOR



Extraordinary Reductions

★ Usually 19/11 to 25/11

150 Art. Silk Swagger COATS now 10/1

The smartest styles with distinctive new finishes that will make you proud to wear these Swagger Coats! Very useful, too, when the weather begins to get cooler. Colours include licetick red, cherry, beige, fawn, airforce blue and indigo. Available in sizes S.W. in O.S. Usually 19/11, 25/11; now at each, only 10/1.

No Stocks for Phone or Mail Orders

COATS ON THE SECOND FLOOR

★ Usually 17/11

98 New Elastic Knit BATHING SUITS, 10/1

You can't help getting excited about this sale bargain in Bathing Suits! Elastic knit throughout, so they'll keep their shape well both in the water and out. Very smartly cut with the new square neck and halter tie finish. Colours are green, red, blue, brown and black. Sizes, S.W. W. O.S. Usually 17/11; now only 10/1.

No Stocks for Phone or Mail Orders

BATHING SUITS ON THE THIRD FLOOR

★ Usually 13/11

Linen Finished Single or 3/4 bed SHEETS, 10/1

A thoroughly reliable wearing quality, bleached snowy white, well finished, size 63x90 inches. Usually 13/11; now priced at pair, 10/1.

★ Usually 16/6 to 21/-

Ornamental Clocks

Modern design and reliable timekeeping are qualities you'll find in these good quality clocks. There's a delightful assortment to choose from in large and small sizes with a variety of cases, materials and colouring. All harmonize with the furniture. Finished with chromium fixtures. Usd. 16/6 to 21/-; Now 10/1.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES ON THE GROUND FLOOR

**In every street where'er you go, yellow parcels serve to show.
Wise is she who does not fail to visit David Jones' Sale!**

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

ROAD HOUSE

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8 FEB 1935

NEW SOUTH WALES



Free
Supplement
to the
Australian
Women's
Weekly

• THIS SUPPLEMENT
MUST NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

By MONICA EWER

Road House

By MONICA EWER



LIKE a fleet of great ships, the lorries moved majestically along the by-pass. The private cars vied with one another, passing and repassing. The young trees, newly planted along the edge by a far-seeing corporation shivered slightly in the light April air.

Patsy Reed shivered in their company: a little in fear. She stood for a moment, and read the big notice board.

The Harbor Bar, it said in letters a foot high, and underneath she read, "Mark Gaynor, Managing Director." Then the type grew large again to announce, "Terry, Chita and the Boys."

She turned away, and walked resolutely to a side door that said, "Employees only."

"Mr. Mark Gaynor, please?"

The page eyed her suspiciously. "Appointment? Name?"

"Yes, Miss Reed—Patsy Reed."

"This way, Miss."

The page ran ahead of her up the stairs, showed her into a room, and closed the door behind her. The other two girls who were its occupants barely looked in her direction.

Patsy took a seat and surveyed her opponents carefully. Right away she discounted the girl sitting nearest the door. There was something rather arty about her clothes. No man in his senses would choose her. But then, man, she reflected, hadn't really got much sense.

She thought the other girl a more formidable rival, very tailor-made and terribly upright and efficient. Of course, she wouldn't really be right either—not in the Harbor Bar, the newest and most glamorous roadside on the by-pass. She would be too rigid. But could a man be trusted to see that at a glance, could a man be trusted to recognise that with a private secretary like Patsy Reed the world was his oyster? She laughed to herself. She was a fool, but still these days if you didn't laugh you had to cry.

"Miss Dean, please?" A man put his head around the door and the arty young lady disappeared. Five minutes later the first girl was walking back and the second had been beckoned into the inner sanctum, and Patsy was alone within the four bare walls of the waiting-room.

She inspected her appearance anxiously in the little cracked mirror of her bag. She pushed a stray piece of hair under her hat—brown hair that had a glint of red that matched the glint in her temper.

SHE powdered her nose and marshalled her achievements. First, there had been the big shop in which she was such a very junior clerk, then that year with the doctor, then six months with a lady novelist, and finally she'd been with Mr. Mason, stockbroker, who had gone under in the depression. And now?

Well, life was a big thrill any way you looked at it! She wished the interview were over.

"Miss Reed?"

There were two men in the inner room. She noticed the one at the desk first. He wasn't the type you would miss. He was six foot and broad in proportion. Everything about him was big—his voice, his

gestures, his features. His keen grey eyes looked her quickly up and down and he smiled a mischievous, mocking smile that was not unlike her own.

The other man looked slight beside him. He stood with his back to the window and Patsy had an impression of a clear-cut regular face, a slim taut body, and a smooth head. She looked hastily from one to the other.

"Are you the last?" asked the man at the desk.

"Yes."

"Well, that's in your favor, anyway."

The man at the window made a movement of protest, but Mark Gaynor only laughed. "That's all right, Harrison, much better let me begin as I mean to go on. Well, you look the most hopeful of them. No, I don't know that you'll do. I'm not looking for a beauty chorus, you know."

She whipped out her handkerchief, and rubbed her lips hard. "That better?"

"Much, but—but it doesn't get down to the root of the matter."

He made a gesture with both hands. "It doesn't do away with this—and this—and this. The motto over my door, in letters of flame, is 'Leave sex appeal behind, all ye who enter here.'"

A QUICK gust of anger shook her. "I don't need sex appeal to get a job," she said and slapped her references down in front of him, accompanying the gesture with a recital of her accomplishments, her speed, her commercial French, her bookkeeping.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted impatiently. "I know all that. The trouble in interviewing you girls is that one has no means of finding out the things one really wants to know."

"The agency have sent you the best people on their books," said Harrison.

"I know—I know. They've sent me three young people, all with top-notch qualifications because I'm offering a top-notch salary, but—"

"But what?" asked Patsy.

"I'm willing to believe you're a streak of lightning on a typewriter, but what I want to know is are you intelligent and tactful and good-tempered? Have you a sense of humor? Can you cope with the thousand and one unexpected dilemmas that arise in a place like this? Prove that to me, and the job is yours."

Patsy faced him squarely. "I'm pretty good at coping. I've done it since I was sixteen."

"I know that you've held down one office job after another," he hit her references an impatient tap. "I've got the saga here, but it doesn't tell me much."

Patsy flushed. "That's because you can't read between the lines."

"Is that so?" he said mockingly. "All more important jobs than I realize?"

Her temper was rising. "No, they weren't important."

"What then?" he said sharply.

She threw her head back with a little gesture of defiance. "If you had any imagination, you'd know that a kid of sixteen, equipped with nothing, but a commercial college diploma, did a bit of 'coping' to keep in work at a rising salary for the last four years."

She stopped, ashamed, and smiled wryly. "There, you know now that I'm not good-tempered. Did you do it on purpose?"

"Yes," he said shortly.

She nodded. "Well, that's sunk me." She smiled again. "I'm quick but I'm not sulky. I don't bear malice. It was a fair test. Still, I would like to say one thing—just for your future guidance. It's a lot to expect a girl to have a hundred per cent. technical qualifications and then on top of it all to be a sort of mixture of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale." Nick Harrison made a move. "All right, I'll show myself out. I'll mind the step."

"STAY where you are," said Mark Gaynor. "You're engaged."

"I'm engaged?" she stammered.

"But, Chief—" protested the other man.

"All right, Harrison, I'll tame her. I like taming 'em. The ones that need it are always the best in the end."

"Now, listen to me, young woman. You're going to be pretty well paid as secretaries go—but, believe me, you'll have to earn every penny of it."

"Yes, Mr. Gaynor."

"Your duties can be summed up in one phrase: you've got to do as you're told. Personally, I work about twenty-four hours a day. I'll let you off with twelve. This place never closes. You know that. So we're never really off duty. Anything may happen at any hour of the day or night and we've got to be ready to jump to it. Now go home and fetch your things. Ask for the housekeeper when you return. Get fixed up with her and then report to me. Here—" He scribbled a chit. "Take that to the garage and if one of the cars is going to town you can get a lift. Now look snappy. Let's see you cope."

Patsy took the words so literally to heart and ran so fast downstairs that she precipitated herself bodily into the arms of a young man who was ascending.

"Hello, sweetheart," he caught her neatly.

"Body-line bowling! Do you always come downstairs at that rate?"

She looked up into his laughing face.

"I'm so awfully sorry," she stammered.

"Mr. Gaynor told me to look snappy, and I'm afraid I obeyed his orders too literally."

"I don't agree. Every order that throws a lovely young lady into my arms should be obeyed literally. What's the Chief doing? Hiring you, or firing you?"

"Hiring me."

"That's splendid. Then we'll have lots more occasions to be thrown together. My name is Terry. I lead the band. And yours?"

"My name's Patsy—just any old Patsy."

"Not at all. The only Patsy who ever threw herself at me. Keep right on doing it, sweetheart."

"I shan't have time. I gather I work twenty-four hours a day."

"You do—I do—he does. The Chief's a slave-driver, but at least he shows himself no favoritism. Well, I must go and tell him about my new number." He hummed a few bars. "Well, so long, sweetheart. See you later."

He ran lightly upstairs and disappeared out of sight. Patsy watched him go with a slight feeling of bewilderment. The morning had been so rich in incident. First she had got a job in defiance of all the rules of the game. Then she had thrown herself into the arms of the Terry, most famous of dance band conductors, and he had treated her as an equal. Very soon,

she supposed, she would wake up and find that none of this had really happened, but that she was still in bed at the hostel.

At the garage she presented her bill to what looked like a foreman.

"Hi—young Ted," he called. "You just going to town? The Chief's got a passenger for you."

Young Ted looked out from the driver's case of his van. "Hop up, Miss, and we'll make for the big city."

As Patsy scrambled up she heard the foreman say: "Got it all correct, Ted? They'll give you the invoices the other end, and they're to go straight to Mr. Harrison. Last time you made a mistake and gave 'em to the Chief. Harrison nearly got me fired."

"All right, all right!" Ted got impatiently into gear and turned the van into the by-pass.

Some ten miles from the Harbor Bridge Ted pointed to a big house in course of erection.

"See that?" he said. "It's going to be a rival place. Folks have just tumbled to the idea that there's a lot of money to be made this way. I hear it's to be called the Good Pull-Up. The Chief won't mind. He's a fighter."

Patsy nodded, convinced that Ted was right.

Ted's hair-raising driving deposited her in record time at her destination. At the hostel Patsy subdued her excitement and sedately told the matron that she had secured a job as private secretary to Mr. Mark Gaynor.

Up in her cubicle, she put her things together. The lingerie that took so little space, the old black evening frock, and the new pink one, last year's coat and skirt and knitted jumper, three washing frocks, and the plain blue that she wore at work, and then a miscellaneous collection of shoes and stockings, hair brushes and washing things, and her post office savings books which showed a balance of three pounds, four shillings and sixpence.

She was going to live in and be well paid, and quite soon she could have a new suitcase full of shimmering frocks and silver-backed brushes and real silk stockings. Then she laughed. This was provided that she and Mark Gaynor did not lose their tempers at the same moment, and it seemed a pretty weighty proviso.

With her case in hand she walked along the hot streets and by a series of buses and trains managed in two hours' time to get herself back to her starting point.

In the bare stone hall of the employees' entrance she hesitated. "Please," she asked a passer-by, "where do I find the house-keeper?"

He indicated a door and Patsy knocked and a moment later stood before a middle-aged woman counting spoons.

"It's the souvenir hunters," she said, without looking up. "This generation doesn't think it's dishonorable to steal—they just think it's funny. We're fifteen short to-day." Then she looked up and saw Patsy. "Good Lord," she said, "who are you? I thought you were Francis."

"I'm sorry," said Patsy. "I'm Mr. Gaynor's new secretary. Where do I go, please?"

The housekeeper got up with a jangle of keys. "Follow me, my dear. The Chief rang through to say you'd be along. You share a room with Hope Wilson. She works for Mr. Harrison, you know."

Patsy obediently followed up two flights of stairs, and the housekeeper threw open the door of a medium-sized room in which a girl was making up her face before the mirror.

"Oh, Mrs. Morley, you startled me," said the girl.

"I'm glad you're there, Hope. That is—what was your name, my dear?"

"Patsy."

"Oh, yes. She shares your room and you can take her to lunch. Show her the staff table and her way around."

"All right," said Hope ungraciously, and Mrs. Morley shut the door and left them alone. "I'm sick of looking after novices. Why can't the Chief keep his secretaries? I've been with Nick Harrison two years, but the Chief rarely keeps anyone two months."

"What happened to the last one?" asked Patsy.

"I don't know," said Hope languidly. "He's got the most frightful temper and they had the most outsize row then, instead of thanking Heaven that she's escaped from the brute, she came up here and wept buckets."

"I can't promise to stay," said Patsy, "but I can promise not to weep." She plunged her face recklessly into a basin of cold water.

Hope eyed her resentfully. "Don't be all day. I'm hungry."

Hope, who had finished her face, sat on the edge of the bed and watched her companion. "I ought to be paid extra for acting as a nurse. There isn't any 'way about.' This place is no better than a mad-house. Last night I was taking dictation till two in the morning."

"Sounds exciting," said Patsy, now standing slim and straight in her home-made undies.

"It's not. It's just hard work. Are you ready?"

"Yes," Patsy gave her nose a final powdering. "Ready for anything."

Hope looked at the smiling face. "Don't you kid yourself this place is fun. It isn't. At least not for us. Sounds all right in theory, but sitting hour after hour as you will with the letters—believe me it's a joke that calls."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Patsy cheerfully. She was unruffled by Hope's resentment of her presence. She had in the day's work met all sorts of people in all sorts of places.

Hope led the way into the big restaurant. Through the great windows at one end you could see the cars tearing up and down the by-pass and if you leant a little to one side you could see the rows of petrol pumps and the garage for repairs and the great car park. Through the other window you could see the gardens, the swimming pool, the clock golf and the tables for those who preferred to lunch in the open.

To Patsy, however, the most important feature of the room was the jazz band, for there on the platform was Terry—the Terry—conducting his "boys" in their white naval mess jackets, for the scheme of decoration was extremely nautical.

"Does it make you feel seasick?" asked Hope. "Terribly blue and white and open-airish, isn't it?"

"I rather like it."

"THE chief is rumored to have said the only wholesome thing in the place is the decoration—and he should know."

"Why?" asked Patsy, since Hope was obviously dying to tell.

"Oh, ask Lady Merrick!"

"I see," said Patsy non-committally. She was surprised and a little disappointed. Somehow Mark Gaynor had not looked the kind of man who gave cause for gossip, or indulged in cheap intrigue. She followed in silence to a long table labelled "Staff."

Hope effected one or two bewildering introductions and then turned her attention to the young waiter. "Buck up, Henry, I've got to get back on the job."

He served them quickly with what was evidently the plat du jour and Hope gave her whole attention to her food. But Patsy was more occupied with the band. Terry looked very slim and attractive as

he led his team with a superb appearance of indifference. Yet every flicker of his fingers counted for something, and every now and then he executed a tiny step to mark the rhythm.

"Don't go to sleep," said Hope, as Patsy let her plate be taken away and ate fruit salad as one in a dream. "You'll be able to see this dreary spectacle three times a day, if you suit the Chief."

"How does one suit him?" Patsy looked across at Terry, and it suddenly seemed more important than ever that she should be able to hold this job.

"I haven't an idea. The only person who has been with him since the word 'go' is my boss—Harrison. He's the only person the Chief trusts implicitly. Harrison never tells any secrets—not that I want to know them. I don't intend to stay here a moment longer than I can help."

"You don't like it?"

Hope shrugged her slim shoulders. "It's well paid. That's all that interests me. I've got a friend in America. She earns twice what we get and has a much better time. As soon as I've saved two hundred pounds I'm going to try my luck."

"Two hundred pounds!"

"Yes—and I've got a hundred and sixty of it already," Hope pushed back her chair and closed the conversation. "You'd better go and see the Chief. He's probably already purple with rage at the length of time you've been."

Patsy remembered she had a job, and brought her mind back to it with a jerk.

As she crossed the room Terry saw her and smiled, and her heart thumped as she smiled back.

She knocked at Mark Gaynor's door. "Come in," he said, and glanced up as she closed the door behind her. "Ah, that's good. Now we can get to work. I haven't even had the time to open the letters."

They were in a pile on his desk. He reached for them, and on the top Patsy noticed an envelope in a large, sprawling female hand. It was marked Private.

He read the letter quickly, frowning, and then lit a match and holding it by one corner let it burn and dropped the charred remains into the ashtray. Then, very lightly, he dusted the tips of his fingers, one hand against another, as if dismissing something disagreeable.

Without wasting another moment, he settled to work. Methodically he attacked the pile of letters, reading, deciding, dictating all at top speed. Patsy had never encountered an employer who thought faster, was surer of what he was going to say, or made fewer concessions to the human machine at his elbow. But for two telephone interruptions, which gave her a breathing space in the first ten minutes, she felt that she might have ruined her reputation by saying "Wait."

Patsy had time to study his methods, because the afternoon resolved itself into one long series of interruptions. First it was the publicity man who had had several surprising inspirations; then it was the nurse foreman with a complaint; then the housekeeper with another, then the wine waiter; then dozens of unspecified callers who came and went so quickly that Patsy had hardly time to understand their business.

At five o'clock a young waiter came in with tea, but Mark Gaynor paid no attention. Patsy did not like to appear weaker. She began to think that there was some truth in Hope's gloomy prognostications. At a quarter past six, however, Mark Gaynor ceased work.

"I've got to change," he said. "You'd better do the same. Then have a meal, finish off those letters, and come and tell me when they're ready and I'll come up and sign them. You'll find me in the restaurant. And above all—"

HE was interrupted by a knock on the door. A young waiter stood outside.

"Lady Merrick said to let you know she's here, Chief."

Mark Gaynor stopped. He was so seldom still, that it gave the moment a little significance all of its own.

"Is Sir James with her?"

"No. He's coming later, Chief."

"I see. Tell her I'll be down in—." He thought a moment. "No, tell her I'll be down right away." He turned back to Patsy. "What was I saying? Well, it doesn't matter." He was plainly preoccupied. "I'll see you later."

Hope was already changing when Patsy got upstairs. "Hello! Through for the night?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"How did you get on?"

"Not so bad. He's nice, isn't he?"

"Who?"

"The Chief."

"Well, if you like 'em big and brutal."

"I don't think he's brutal—just awfully outspoken and frightfully intent on the job in hand." Patsy paused and added casually, "Who is this Lady Merrick?"

"She's the wife of one of our biggest shareholders. Sir James put up the capital for this place originally. Of course, it's paid him well."

"I see."

"Lady Merrick is always here. I suppose she's making sure we don't squander her future alimony. From the way she looks at Sir James, one can see she's just waiting for a divorce. The fool worships her. Harrison says if the Chief doesn't look out, he'll be the co-respondent."

"That's not very loyal of Mr. Harrison, is it?"

"Oh yes, he wants to warn him in time—but, of course, you can't warn a man like Mark Gaynor."

"Is he so much in love?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said Hope impatiently. "You seem to think 'an Enquire Within.' I'm going to eat, see you at table."

Patsy waited to unpack her few belongings. When she came down the restaurant was already crowded. A space had been cleared in the middle of the floor and a few early couples were dancing. There was a bundle of new arrivals, cars disgorging laughing young people, some in sports clothes, some in full evening dress. There was still a sprinkling of drivers on business, and one or two family parties whose cars were laden with luggage and whose minds were set on a square meal before they pushed on farther. Outside, the garden was flood-lit and the flowers in the still spring evening gave promise of future glory.

Patsy made her way to the staff table and took her seat next Hope, who introduced her to the sole other occupant, a dim young man who had something to do with the catering.

"Come on," said Hope tartly, "eat your bun and stop staring at your betters. Oh, and since you're so curious—there's Lady Merrick—the one in white with the sapphires."

Patsy saw a woman sitting alone at a table near the staff entrance. She might have been thirty, passing for twenty-five. She had a kind of miniature perfection, with small regular features, and a Dresden shepherdess charm which was all strangely contradicted by her eyes. For, whereas they should have been blue and placid, they were dark and unhappy.

Presently the arrival of Mark Gaynor rewarded her watching. Patsy saw him stoop and say a word or two to her, and then walk deliberately from table to table with a smile for every client. Near the staff table he called a waiter to him.

"I've told you before," he said in low even tones, "always serve the drinks first."

That practically ensures a second order. If you don't need a bonus on your week's takings, I need to show a profit on my catering."

"Sorry, Chief."

Mark Gaynor nodded unsmilingly. "First offence," he said, and walked on.

As he moved about the staff seemed galvanised into extra activity, the waiters ran faster, the cashier gave change quicker, the cloak-room attendant was more prodigal of her smiles. Even Terry gave a single-minded attention to his job.

And Patsy knew that every woman in the room saw Terry just as she did herself, in a romantic glow. Their eyes strayed from their dancing partners to the slim figure on the platform, the faces of the elderly women grew motherly and sentimental, a girl between dances went blushing to ask for his autograph, the bolder ones laughed in his eyes as they danced past him and he laughed back.

IN the office, she settled down quietly to work. She flicked over the pages of her notebook. Now that there would be no interruptions, she thought that an hour would see her through.

Half an hour later she heard the door open, and looking round surprised she found herself face to face with Nicholas Harrison.

He evidently had not expected to find her there. "Sorry," he said quickly. "I thought the Chief was here."

"He's in the restaurant."

Queer, Patsy thought to herself as Harrison withdrew, the Chief was so very much in evidence talking to his clients and he was not the kind of man you missed in a crowd.

Another half-hour saw her through, and she went downstairs. She found Mark Gaynor sitting at a table with a couple of men.

He got up as she approached. "Letters ready? All right. I'll come up and sign 'em." He turned back to his companions. "I hope you make it."

"Thanks. Good-night."

Mark Gaynor followed Patsy across the floor. "Very important not to neglect our ordinary clients," he said. "We never want to get so smart that they're frightened to come to us. The people who use the by-pass because they're really going somewhere are the backbone of our business. Besides," he added reflectively, "ordinary people on a job are so much the most interesting."

"Yes," she said. "People who don't work are a race apart—they never seem to understand."

"That's right," he said sharply and nodded his approval. "You've learnt something during your years of 'coping.'"

He opened the door of his room and sat down at his desk. He looked through his letters quickly, signed them in a firm, bold hand, and gave them to her to fold. He did not look up until he had finished.

"That's a good night's work. Now you'd better go down and have a dance." His tones were official. He might have been inviting her to take a verbatim report of an international conference. "Only don't be in bed too late. I'll want you at nine sharp in the morning."

Downstairs, the lights were lowered in anticipation of the big event of the evening. Patsy stood at the door to watch. Terry had called his band to attention. There was a moment of anticipatory silence, and then a chord. Chita stepped forth, sinuous, vital as a flame, her slim white figure outlined in a white silk shawl over which sprinkled huge barbaric red roses.

For a moment, she stood with a hand on her hip and surveyed her audience with magnificent contempt, then the small dark head turned towards Terry, and the strings, low and insistent, spelt out an Andalusian measure. The little red heels of her shoes marked the complicated

rhythm, she stamped, she tapped, and then for a moment the music enshrouded an old Arabic wail and the sensitive mouth drooped and the great dark eyes were sad.

Patsy looked from the dancer to the audience, their faces white in the half light, all of them feeding on the intense emotions of the dancer.

"Like it?" said a voice in her ear.

She turned to see Mark Gaynor at her side. "It's wonderful," she whispered.

Mark Gaynor frowned. "For bringing coal to the pit head a lucky miner earns three pounds a week. To wriggle her hips and tap her heels she makes me pay her a hundred!" He turned and moved quietly away.

Patsy found that her eyes followed him. She was surprised. She did not think that anything could have distracted her attention from the dancer and yet at hand was a more compelling magnet, this strange, brusque, purposeful man.

The dance ended and there was a burst of applause. Chita did not smile in response. She seemed to draw away. She bowed her little head condescendingly and looked towards Terry. There was a movement among the band and his place was taken by the first violinist. Terry stepped across the room and the clapping was renewed. He slipped an arm round Chita and they glided into a tango.

ONE evening Patsy went back to the office to get her fountain-pen. She opened the door without knocking, because she knew the Chief was downstairs—and she surprised Harrison bending over her employer's desk. He rebuked her angrily for not knocking, and she answered him indignantly. Then they heard footsteps.

Mark Gaynor pushed the door open, noisily, abruptly as was his way. Very big, he looked as he stood there in the doorway. It seemed to Patsy that he dwarfed them both into insignificance.

"Hello, you two." He smiled at them.

"What are you conspiring about?"

"I came to bring you the ledger," Nicholas Harrison bent once more over the desk and opened the heavy account book. It was a perfectly good explanation. Patsy wondered if she had been unduly suspicious.

"I came to fetch my fountain pen," Mark put his hand affectionately on Harrison's shoulder. "Expect me to go through that to-night?"

Harrison laughed. "I don't expect you to go through it at all—I'm just keeping up an honored custom."

"Well, leave it there and come downstairs with me." He turned to Patsy. "Bun along to bed, and don't be late in the morning."

"Yes, Mr. Gaynor."

He gave her a friendly smile. "You 'coped' very well to-day. You see, Harrison, I was quite right. I told you the ones you have to tune are the best ones."

Harrison's smile held very little warmth. "You're always right, Chief," he said quietly—too quietly, Patsy thought.

But Mark Gaynor did not seem to notice anything. "That's the spirit," he said, heartily. "Well, good night, little girl. Sleep well."

"Good night, Mr. Gaynor."

Patsy slipped out of the room and walked thoughtfully upstairs. Her mind was troubled. There was something wrong somewhere. She could feel it in the air.

She made a tiny mental reservation. She must wait a little. She must watch. She distrusted Harrison, perhaps unjustly, and she had an oddly protective feeling towards Mark Gaynor. Absurd, of course, because he was the big boss well able to look after his own interests.

She found that Hope was already in bed. "For Heaven's sake, buck up," she grumbled. "Get that light off."

"I won't be a minute," Patsy hurried obligingly out of her clothes. "What kept you?"

"I had to go back to get my pen." Some instinct prompted her to keep silence about her encounter with Harrison. "When did you finish work?"

"Oh, quite early. Harrison is taking a sleep cure. He went off to bed about ten."

Patsy looked at her watch. It was eleven-thirty. She wondered how long he had been in Mark Gaynor's room.

"I'll set the alarm for eight," said Hope. "That'll give us time enough."

Mark Gaynor's alarm, however, must have been set for an earlier hour, because when Patsy presented herself punctually at nine he was already at work.

"MORNING," he said briskly, with barely a glance in her direction. "Let to do-to-day. Got your book?"

"Yes!" He spoke fast and decisively. "We'll be into May next week. The weather is mild. We've got to get tennis going again. People are very conventional. We've got to get 'em playing earlier and earlier till we keep 'em steadily at it all the year round. We'll have a gala week."

He followed the command with a multitude of quick-fire directions. Patsy must get in touch by phone, by wire, by letter with a small army of people who seemed necessary.

There was the head gardener who was to see that the courts were in apple-pie order. There were the two handsome young men who gave lessons. There were certain exhibition players with "names." A tie-up must be effected with one of the West End shops for a mannequin display of tennis frocks. The man who supplied their carnival gifts must come along with some tennis ideas. The publicity man must get busy.

Finally, Mark Gaynor sent for Terry to get his contribution to the occasion.

"Got to have a special number, Terry—and perhaps we could get down a dancing troupe. Ring up the agency, Patsy." Mark Gaynor pushed a card across at her. "Explain what I want. Eight girls in tennis shorts."

Terry interrupted. "I say, that won't go down awfully well with Chita."

Mark pushed back his chair. "You tell Chita I'm still running this show."

"But, Chief, she was to be billed as the sole attraction."

Mark Gaynor's voice had lost its amiability. "She's billed as I choose."

"I wouldn't dare tell her," said Terry.

Suddenly Mark Gaynor's voice boomed out and he hit the table a resounding blow. "All right, if you're afraid of her, send her to me—but don't bother me with argument. You ought to know by now that I won't stand for it. I've got to go down to the kitchens. You'd better see that Patsy gets the right bunch from the agency. You've had more experience with them than she has."

Terry gave a crooked smile of resignation. "Right you are, Chief. If you'll deal with Chita—"

"Why, didn't you know?" Mark smiled across at Patsy. "Fanning 'em is my speciality."

Terry drew up a chair very close to Patsy's desk. "Well, Chief, in Chita you'll have some fine raw material to practise on."

As Mark Gaynor closed the door it seemed as if the room were filled with a heavy silence. Terry emitted a long low whistle. "The Chief is certainly a man of wrath! Ever see him put up that act before?"

"No," said Patsy thoughtfully. "I've heard about it, though."

"Wonderful instrument. To be able to lose the temper violently, effectively—what power it gives!"

"And everyone gives way?"

"Always."

"I wonder," said Patsy slowly, "what would happen if one didn't?"

"One would be out on the by-pass on one's ear." Terry lifted a lock of her hair. "Your ears, sweetheart, are much too shell-like to break your fall."

"Museum 4630," said Patsy in reply.

He watched her profile. "I'll have to write a song number for you."

"Is that Mr. Jacob?" She handed over the receiver and a moment later Terry was deeply involved in the engagement of a tennis dancing troupe. Finally he hung up the receiver, stood up, and squared his shoulders. "Now for the storm."

"Good luck! Perhaps Chita won't mind a bit. You never know."

He was standing behind Patsy's chair, his hands gently on her arms. "Oh, but I do know. She'll mind very much." He bent and kissed Patsy very lightly on the cheek. "Be a good girl till I come back again," he said and left the room, humming a new number.

Patsy proceeded to waste ten minutes of the time for which Mark Gaynor paid so high a price. She sat with her hands folded in her lap and her eyes were stary.

Useless to tell herself that she was absurd, useless to tell herself that Terry probably kissed every nice-looking girl he met—useless because her heart didn't want to listen! This, she argued, was different. After all, she had something to give him. He wanted peace and quiet. He had had his fill of noisy scenes and fiery recriminations.

She was roused out of her reverie by the realization that she had a lot of letters to finish before lunch.

When Mark Gaynor came up to sign them, he told her that he was expecting Sir James that afternoon.

"We've got to get out a statement for him." He opened the ledger. "These figures—here's the heading. You see, it's quite simple. . . ." He went on rapidly showing her what she had to do. "We have a finance committee every week." He tossed over a pile of bills done up with a rubber band. "Those are the actual receipts, but you needn't bother your head about those. If you get sunk, you can go across the corridor and ask Mr. Harrison. It's normally Hope who does this, but I've snowed up their department under working out an expenses statement for the gala. I'll be back in an hour."

Patsy settled automatically to copy out the details till she came to a figure she could not read. She reached for the pile of bills. They were neatly numbered, and she soon ran her quarry to earth, and then absently looked at the figure of the next bill. The receipt said four pounds ten had been paid for a case of sherry. Five pounds ten, said the ledger. Without further thought, Patsy picked up the book and the ledger and carried them across the corridor to where Hope worked with Nicholas Harrison.

"What is it?" he said smoothly, looking up from his figuring.

"There's been a mistake, Mr. Harrison." She laid the documents before him.

HE barely glanced at it. "That's very careless. Leave it with me. I'll have to take the column again. Hope will bring it to you in a minute."

When Hope appeared five minutes later with the ledger, however, she did not bring back the bundle of bills. "Here you are," she said. "Not very careful, you know, finding out our superiors' mistakes."

"Oh, well everyone makes a slip sometimes. It was just a fluke that I noticed it."

"I hope so."

Patsy looked up quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," Hope replied. "I wouldn't be too clever, that's all, and with these cryptic words she left the room."

Patsy dismissed the episode from her mind in her struggle to be ready before

the arrival of Sir James Merrick. He came in just as she was on the last column, a tall, slight man, coldly handsome, immaculately dressed, in striking contrast to Mark's sturdy disorder.

He moved very quietly, and acknowledged her presence by a slight inclination that was almost foreign. "Mr. Gaynor not here?"

"He'll be up at once, Sir James. I know he's expecting you."

He looked her over calmly, and something in his look seemed frightening—almost vindictive. Absurd, of course, for what could he have against her?

"You're Mark's new secretary?" he said, slowly.

"Yes, Sir James."

The light voice was mocking. "Well, I hope you stay longer than the others. If you can stand his temper—great waste of time and money, the way he keeps changing his girls!"

"I hope I stay, too," she said, controlling her feelings and trying to bring a little human warmth into the conversation.

BEFORE Sir James could reply, Mark Gaynor himself appeared. "Hello, Merrick. You're on the nail. Ready, Patsy?"

"Yes, Mr. Gaynor." She laid the papers on his desk.

"Right. Well, then, go and tell Mr. Harrison we're all set, and after that—" He looked at her and smiled and then turned to Sir James. "I've kept her at it pretty hard. I always forget about resting 'em and airing 'em and all that."

"No method," said the other. "That's what I always say, Gaynor, you break down as soon as it comes to handling the human machine."

Mark looked at Patsy thoughtfully. "That's bad. Especially with this little girl. I don't want to kill her before her time because she's a girl who can cope."

"Cope?" echoed Sir James.

"Technical expression, meaning to manage bad-tempered and slave-driving employers. Eh, Patsy?"

"It's not for me to quarrel with your definitions, Mr. Gaynor. I know my place!"

"Good. Now you go and eat a large nourishing tea, and then walk briskly along the by-pass and be back here by six. Oh, and, Patsy—make a note—"

She stretched over to her desk for her book. "Yes, Mr. Gaynor."

"The days I forget to air you, I'm to be reminded."

"One moment," said Sir James. "On your way down tell my wife—" he paused for a second, and Patsy had the impression that he was searching in his mind for a message.

"Tell her I'll be free just after six. She's in the restaurant."

Patsy called Harrison to the meeting and went downstairs in search of Lady Merrick. She found her sitting alone, at a little table in a far corner of the room. She seemed bored, unconscious of her surroundings, unconscious even of the gay tune which Terry's "Boys" were putting across with so much vigor. Her tragic dark eyes looked blankly across the room.

"Lady Merrick?"

The dark eyes turned questioning and suddenly came to life. "Oh, I know. You're Mark's new secretary."

"Yes, Sir James asked me to tell you he'd be finished about six."

The light died out of the dark eyes. She had hoped perhaps for some other message. But she continued to look fixedly at Patsy. "Won't you sit down and have some tea with me?" She smiled apologetically at Patsy. "You must get tired of the meals here."

"I haven't had time to get tired of them yet."

"True. How do you like it?"

"Very much."

"I'm afraid Mark never keeps his girls long. He has such a temper."

"I hope I'll be an exception."

"Oh, well, my dear, a pretty girl like you could always find a job."

Patsy shook her head. "The world is full of pretty girls—especially the kind that type."

"After all, typing isn't everything. Don't you want to get married? I expect you have any number of young men breaking their hearts for you."

Patsy saw through this transparent ruse. Lady Merrick would like to be sure that anyone working for Mark Gaynor had their affections engaged elsewhere. But Patsy was not able to give her much satisfaction. "No, I'm afraid not," she laughed. She was always hopelessly honest and down-right.

"Still, I bet all your employers make love to you."

A little crude, thought Patsy. She looked again at Lady Merrick. The dark eyes were full of anguish and unsatisfied hunger.

Patsy dropped her own. "No," she said slowly. "My employers don't make love to me. I've been at work since I was sixteen and no employer has ever made love to me. I suppose I'd be better off to-day if they had."

"Oh, I don't know. It can never lead to much, can it?" And then she added softly, almost as if she were speaking to herself: "Money isn't everything."

Patsy agreed gently and steered the conversation into less personal channels, and as soon as she decently could, she got up to leave. The orchestra had just finished a number, and as she passed Terry gave her a smile and bent to speak to her.

"Hello, sweetheart, how are things?"

"Did you catch it?" she asked.

"I haven't broken the news yet. I don't think one should start fireworks till after dark, do you?"

Out in the by-pass, the spring air blew fresh and invigorating. Patsy quickened her steps as the cars tore by, passing and repassing one another, the little roadsters roaring along, the high-powered cars slipping by as silently as ships at sea. The young trees were a haze of green.

Patsy turned up the first lane that led off the main road, because she felt that she wanted to hear herself think. She walked sturdily along, the air whipping a delicate rose into her creamy cheeks. Anything seemed possible on this happy spring afternoon. So absorbed was she in the fairy tales she told herself as she walked between the budding hedges, that she was nearly late and had to run the last lap of the way.

Mark Gaynor looked at the gay color in her cheeks. "That seems to have been a good walk, Patsy. I ought to do that not only with my staff but with my clients."

"If you turn off that way," she waved a vaguely directing hand, "you get into the country."

He smiled. "I've never been," he said simply.

They worked till dinner and then he dismissed her for the evening.

Hope came very late to bed. "Gala," she said indignantly. "There's a week's more preparations and already I'm sick of the word." She kicked off her shoes and contemplated a hole in her stockings. "And did you hear Terry and Chita?"

"No, I guessed."

AND after dinner the chief had a field day upstairs. He had a row with the chef, and he sacked the second wine waiter.

"This place seems to be bad for the temper."

"You had it, too?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, don't worry. Your turn will come. All living at too high pressure. You can't do it in this climate. Now it's different in

America. The air, you know, I shall be glad to be out of all this."

"Yes, but when? Forty pounds takes a lot of saving."

"I know." Hope contemplated her toothbrush. "I might do it in two years—a year and a half, with luck."

But Patsy turned over on her pillow and thought of Terry. "I don't want to leave here," she murmured sleepily. "I like it."

For the rest of the week the gala pursued them all unrelentingly. In the morning Terry could always be found in the rehearsal room with the orchestra and the dancers supplied by the agency. His boyish smile had faded.

IT'S a nightmare," he confided to Patsy. "A nightmare; eight girls whose legs move as one and whose minds don't move at all."

Nicholas Harrison was busy trying to strike good bargains with the contractors. Mark Gaynor was swamped in a mass of detail. The preoccupation of the heads of departments was reflected all through the staff. The response to the idea of the gala had been surprising. Every spring that Mark had pulled seemed to bring clients in his train. Tables were already being booked for the week. Francois, the head waiter, wore a permanent frown of perplexity.

Towards the end of the week, however, Terry managed one afternoon to slip away from his duties between lunch and tea and take Patsy for a ride in the roadster.

"Hurry yourself in," he said, "because I have a feeling, these days, that anyone who wastes a minute is robbing Mark Gaynor of his heart's blood!"

Patsy hurried in as she was bidden, and the car roared along the by-pass. "I'm going to make for an inn I know," Terry shouted above the noise of his cut-out. "It's off the main road."

"Right," Patsy shouted back, "but I must be in by four."

"Of course, so must I." Impossible to talk in Terry's car, but it was only twenty minutes before he stopped before a quiet little public house, with well-scrubbed wooden tables in a garden full of tulips.

They ordered an early tea, and settled with pleasure in the thin spring sunlight.

"Oh, it's lovely here, Terry. So quiet."

"Away from gala! One consolation is that at the end of next week I'm off to keep a Sunday engagement in Paris. I shan't be sorry for the change."

"And Chita?"

"Oh, yes. Chita goes, too." He sighed.

"A great artist, but what a hell-cat!"

Patsy laughed. "Nonsense, Terry, you know you adore her really."

"Do I?" he asked. "I did. But now? I don't know." He looked straight across at Patsy. "I don't know."

She dropped her eyes. "Yes, you do. It's just this week—all the fuss and upheaval. We don't any of us feel quite the same as usual."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You may be right. And yet—"

"Yes?"

He paused for a moment before he answered. "You're a sweet kid, Patsy. It's not just that you're damned pretty, but you've got some common sense." He propped his chin on his hands. "I like you, so take my advice. Get yourself a nice quiet job in a solicitor's office, or a department store counting house, or a private lunatic asylum, but get out of the Harbour Bar."

"But that's nonsense—"

"Look at me. Nice bright lad once! What am I now? Just the wreck of a band leader."

She laughed. "You frightened me. For a moment I thought you were serious."

"I am serious. It's not my fault that I never look it or sound it. I mean it. I'd miss you terribly, but I wish you'd get out. They'll spoil you. They're all too hectic."

I want to keep you just as you are—cool and fresh and honest, with both feet on the ground."

"But I like them—especially the Chief."

"The Chief?" Terry fell silent a moment.

"Yes, he's all right," he said, at last, slowly.

"Well, then—"

"Oh, what's the good of my fatherly advice? You won't take it, and, anyway, I don't feel a bit fatherly."

"It's not exactly your long suit."

He got up and held out his hand. "Come on, let's look at the garden and pretend we know the names of the flowers."

Hand in hand they walked along and paused at the stile at the end of the little garden. Terry lifted her lightly, and set her on the top.

Then he caught her hands that lay in her lap and kissed her two soft palms. "I need a lot of sympathy and affection and attention—"

"And don't you get it?"

"I'm greedy. I can do with more."

She looked down at the fair head in her lap, and her wrist-watch caught her eye.

"Terry, isn't it getting late?"

"No. It can't be more than half-past three. The tea and toasters are not allowed their dose of music until four."

"Let me look," she said gently, disengaging her hand.

"Sweetheart, why are women always so practical?"

"Terry," she gasped. "It's four."

"Good Lord, leap to it, Patsy! Holy smoke! We've got to break all Brooklands records for baby cars."

They made a dash for the car and sped breathlessly down the by-pass. But they could not beat the clock. It had been four when they started and even with the best possible speed it was a quarter-past when they arrived.

"I shan't change," said Terry, and throwing his coat to an attendant he charged through the restaurant and a moment later had taken the baton from his astonished substitute. He gave the clients one of his most winning smiles, nodded here and there to patrons whom he recognised, and at the first chorus led his boys in a vocal version. Somehow he had made of his belated entry a gesture. He was the leading man coming on after his subordinate had warmed the house. A showman to his finger tips.

Patsy stood for a moment anxiously watching the little drama, and then, reassured about Terry, she lifted her eyes to the balcony from which Mark was accustomed to survey the room. He was standing there, and the moment he caught her eyes he beckoned to her to come up, turned on his heel and went into the office.

PATSY'S heart sank. She rushed upstairs snatching off her beret and coat, and throwing them untidily on her bed, and hurried along to Mark's room and arrived flushed and breathless before him.

"I'd like to know what this means?" He was undisguisedly angry. There was no mistaking his mood.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Gaynor."

"That helps a lot."

"Well, I can't do more than apologise."

"It was bad enough for you to be late yourself, but it was worse to make Terry late. Perhaps you don't realise," he went on cuttingly, "that people come here especially for his sake. He plays at four, and when I promise my patrons something, I see that they get it." He hit the deck a resounding blow.

"Well, he made a beautiful entry," said Patsy indignantly, forgetting that she was in the wrong.

For a moment Mark Gaynor looked at her, too astonished to speak, and then his wrath gathered momentum again. His words came tumbling out at express speed.

"When I want you to teach me how to run my business, I'll let you know! If I want

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people to make late entries. I arrange it. His entry may have been a success, but what about yours? Sir James has been here. I wanted you to take notes. Where were you? Why do you imagine I pay you a salary? So that you shall spend your time rushing along the by-pass? Is that your idea of your duty?"

"I've only been late this once and it was quite by mistake."

"It's nice to know that you didn't do it on purpose. However, once is generally enough for me."

"All right," stormed Patsy. "I won't repeat the offence. I won't stay to be tempted. I've slaved for you and your gala. I've worked all hours of the day and night. And I've worked well, and now once just because I'm half an hour late you storm at me as if I'd completely disorganised the whole business."

"You have," shouted Mark.

"All right, then," Patsy tossed her curls defiantly. Her face flushed, her breath coming quickly. "I'll get out. You can't rule me by getting in a temper. It may work with the others. They all give way to you when you storm, but I won't. I was sorry, I apologised. I didn't mean to do it, but if you haven't the grace to accept an apology, I can't do any more—I'll get out."

THE room was so still that Patsy thought she could hear her own heart beat. She was a fool! Through pride and temper and pig-headedness she had thrown away her job; thrown away the opportunity of working for a man such as Mark Gaynor; and, worst of all, thrown away Terry's friendship.

Yet she couldn't climb down. That was unthinkable. Her eyes were riveted on Mark. Tall and broad, he stood outlined against the window. She could see the thick, curly hair, the head held very high, the strong hands loosely clasped behind his back. Mark quite still at last and, as always in his rare moments of inaction, impressive and alarming.

He swung round suddenly and faced her gravely. Anger had died from the grey eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"What?"

"I apologise. I had no right to lose my temper."

"But—"

"You have worked hard. You're very young and so is Terry, and the by-pass is a primrose path to you both." He looked at her doubtfully. "You won't forget that about the primrose path, will you? It's a place dangerous to pedestrians. I was a fool to lose my temper. Force of habit, I suppose. It's my system for getting my own way." Suddenly he smiled. "Only, of course, even the best systems don't always work."

"You're very generous," she said softly. "Self-interest. I don't want to lose you. I knew from the first that you were the kind of secretary I needed. You're quick and intelligent, and I believe you're honest. So will you please take back your notice?"

Patsy gave a large, expressive sigh and sat down suddenly because her knees had given way.

"Whatever is the matter, child?"

"I'm sorry. It's relief. I lost my temper, you know. It's not my system, it's my failing." He laughed delightedly, but she continued, anxiously explanatory. "It probably pays, when you're the one in command, but it's a frightful handicap when you're the one who takes orders."

"I see."

"Then I was scared. I saw myself out again—round the agencies—worse off than ever. How long were you with Mr. Gaynor, and why did you leave?" And my reply. "A week and I lost my temper. Not a great help!" She got up, suddenly feeling better able to face the world.

"Please, I would like to stay and I won't do it again."

"Oh, yes, you will—and so will I."

"I won't," she said earnestly. "Honestly, I won't." Her eyes met his gravely, her lips were parted eagerly. "You see, I couldn't. I had so much, much more to lose than you had, but I was too pig-headed to apologise. No one has ever apologised to me quite like that before. I've got to live up to it."

He moved away from the window and stood quite near her, scrutinising her closely as if he were seeing her for the first time. "You're a funny child. It seems to me that I'm not taming you—you're taming me."

"Mutual—by kindness."

"Still, no matter how much you tame a leopard, you can't change its spots—and you and I will continue to lose our tempers."

"Oh, no!"

"Nonsense. We'll make good resolutions, but you can't reform by resolution."

She looked at him wonderingly. "Why do you bother about me?" she asked. "I shouldn't tell you so, but there are hundreds of girls as good at the job as I am—and they haven't got my temper."

"Perhaps it's because I like you, Patsy. You're alive. You're a worker. You amuse me. I believe you'd stand by a man, if he were in a hole. I couldn't get along now without you." He stopped abruptly and turned away as if he thought he had said too much. "Well, we'd better make up for lost time."

She picked up her notebook and waited.

But Mark Gaynor walked across the room and opened the door to the balcony. From the restaurant the music floated upwards, and Terry's light tenor crooning a blues. "He's back on the job—the world's heart-breaker. You can be glad you don't have to deal with his fan mail."

Was he trying to warn her? Trying to tell her to keep her hands off the darling of his clients? She smiled self-confidently. Already the smelt garden of the inn lay in a haze of romance, already her sweetest memory was Terry bending over her at the still, Terry kissing the palms of her hands, Terry like a little boy lost asking for peace and quiet and affection.

"Everyone loves him," she said softly.

He did not look round. His voice came back a little solemnly. "And he loves Chita, they tell me." He stood for a second looking down, and then with a shrug he dismissed the topic. "We've wasted a lot of time. Let's get to work."

He swung round on the word as if he threw off all personal preoccupation. He became once more the inexorable employer pressing for the last ounce of attention.

Patsy worked busily till Mark left for his tour of the restaurant.

As she was typing her last letter, Terry pushed the door open.

"Alone?" He came over to the desk. "Did you catch it? Was the Chief a tornado? Did the welkin ring? Did the earth tremble?"

She nodded. "Yes, but I got forgiven in the end."

"FORGIVEN?" He sounded incredulous. He stood close behind her and ruffled her soft hair with an affectionate hand. "But the chief raved?"

"Not much," she lied loyally.

Somehow she didn't much want to tell the story. It was a private understanding between Mark Gaynor and herself. He had behaved handsomely, but she didn't think he would want it blazoned abroad, or would consider that the rest of the staff should model their behaviour on hers. Her recital was therefore brief and blank.

"Oh, we both lost our tempers, and I

said I'd go and then the Chief asked me to stop on."

"What!" Terry gasped. "Patsy, I believe you're lying."

She saw a way out. "Well, we all like to make a case for ourselves," she said vaguely. "Did he say anything to you?"

"Yes. Cold as the driven snow. Said that probably I hadn't realised that the orchestra was billed to play from four o'clock." Terry's hand rested on her shoulder. "It was worth it though, Patsy, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The primrose path," she thought, with her eyes half-closed, very conscious of his hand, very conscious of his presence, so tantalisingly near. "It was worth it."

"And we shall repeat our offence—often."

"Often," she echoed softly.

"Bless you." He bent and kissed her lightly on the top of her head. "Bye, I mustn't be late twice in a day. I've got to eat before the diners come and wait me to sing through their soup. And the Chief has got another fury of gala organising!"

Terry spoke the truth. Mark Gaynor's organising fury kept the staff busy. For Patsy, the pace of life accelerated madly. It became a kaleidoscope of the Chief's letters, the Chief's telegrams, the Chief's telephone, the Chief's chits and his clients, the Chief's memoranda and his messages.

The next day, flying along the corridor with a note for the Chief, she was brought up short by seeing Sir James talking to Tommy, the page. She waited unseen for a moment, hoping that Sir James would pass on.

"You won't forget this time," she heard him say, and at the same moment he caught the boy by the arm.

Patsy watched in amazement. The color had fled from young Tommy's face, and there were beads of perspiration on his upper lip.

"I won't forget, sir," he stammered.

Sir James relaxed his hold. "That's right," he said pleasantly, and went on his way.

PATSY hurried to the boy. "Tommy, what happened?"

Tommy's hand was on his arm, but he withdrew it quickly. The color crept back slowly into his cheeks. He kept his chin in the air. "It's nothing, miss," he said. "It's his way. He does it to all of us. Twists yer arm to make you remember. Not that I care. Young Fred he let a yell out of 'im the other day. Soft, I call it."

"He twists your arm?" echoed Patsy, horror struck.

"It ain't nothing, miss. Just 'is way.' A grin spread over the boy's freckled face. "I guess he goes too much to the pictures. Well, I must 'op off and get 'is beastly cigarettes."

Patsy nodded, but she did not turn to see him go. She stared blankly ahead of her. "Just 'is way.' No wonder Eve Merriek's dark eyes were haunted.

Then she pulled herself together. These were days when there was no time for thought. The Harbor Bar was feverish with activity.

The opening of the gala brought no respite.

It was "Patsy, will you just show Lord Elroy our swimming pool?"

"Patsy, this gentleman from the Daily Sun would like to see our kitchens."

"Patsy, stay where I can find you at a moment's notice. You can't think what a comfort it is to have an intelligent person on tap," said Mark. "I know that you'll give them the right story."

The gala went well from the start. The weather was delicious. The Mayor attended the first night banquet, the Press rolled up and did their duty and the public responded eagerly.

In the gardens were charming young mannequins in tennis shorts and tennis

skirts and tennis trousers, gay little sweaters and fancy feminine blazers, bandeaux and eye-shades and jockey caps. On the courts, the professionals were handsome and popular. Indoors the eight step-dancers tapped their way through their routine a dozen times a day.

The waiters wore more and more the look of having been born and bred in airless cellars, but they went on whispering deferentially in the customers' ears, suggesting a little of this, a bottle of that, and pocketing the champagne corks and the tips, and hoping to make enough to see them through the lean winter.

Francois, the head waiter, counted table bookings in his sleep, but even there the best position in the room was always reserved for Sir James and Lady Merrick's nightly party. Their guests were staid people; Patsy presumed that they were Sir James' business associates.

It was Terry, however, who suffered most from the strain of the gala. "I can't stand this much longer," he confided to Patsy, who had brought a message to his dressing-room.

"It's a bit hectic."

"The others have only got to do one job apiece, but me—"

"I know."

"I've got to conduct, and play and sing; remember the customers' favorite airs and their silly faces; sign their damned autograph books; wake up the tympanist when he falls asleep over his drum; take care of my voice for Paris; keep those dancing troupe nitwits up to the mark—and deal with Chita's tantrums!"

"And radiate charm."

"And compel attention."

"And project your personality. Oh, Terry, what a tall order!"

"But it's the truth—isn't it?"

Patsy knew that it was. No one was called on for a greater effort than Terry that week. "It's a raw deal," she said soothingly.

He pushed her gently into an armchair and sat on the floor at her feet. "Chita is like several thunderclouds! Andalusian graces and the click of the castanets, they don't go with this gala atmosphere of English open-air sport. We have an average of three rows a day."

"I know," said Patsy. Indeed, everyone knew. The rows and recriminations, the scenes and hysteria, had become a joke with the staff. Everyone knew, too, that Terry consoled himself with more than his usual number of whiskies and sodas.

"Oh, Patsy, my sweet, to think that once we spent an idle April hour in an old inn garden. Half a lifetime away. Imagine having an idle hour?"

"There isn't such a thing. I just don't believe in it."

"Oh, Patsy, I'm tired," he said, and pillowed his head in her lap.

Instinctively her hands touched his hair and her cool fingers traced their way across his hot forehead. "Only two days more," she murmured.

"And then I've got to be bright all the week-end in Paris. Is it worth it?" He sighed. He half closed his eyes. "Is it worth any money in the world? Oh, Patsy, I'd rather be living simply with you and making sweet music on a penny whistle with the birds for orchestra, and you for audience. In a little cottage—"

"Two stories high."

WITH roses round the door and orchids on the dressing-table. And we'll keep a cow to give us milk and a pig to dig us up truffles."

"And a gardener to dig us up weeds."

"And, Patsy, you'll wear a gingham pinny, a girl like you with velvet brown eyes, and absurd untidy curls, and a skin like satin, looks her absolute best in a gingham pinny! And what an economy

for me. You'll need no crepe-de-chine or chinchilla."

"I wouldn't need anything but you, Terry," she said softly.

He sighed luxuriously and kissed the palms of her hands as they lay in her lap. Then he sat up. "Which reminds me. Three minutes to the hour. I must scrounge a drink before I get back on the job." He jumped lightly to his feet. "Dear little Patsy, you're the only thing that's sweet and sane in this whole mad-house. Be good while I go and drink to you in a very stiff double."

The only person from whom these hectic activities seemed to take no toll was Mark Gaynor, but he did that day remember that Patsy was human.

"By the way," he said, "I hope you're not dying of the strain this week, child?"

SHE shook her head and then, greatly daring, she added, "But I think Terry is pretty near breaking point. His voice is almost gone."

"Tell him to lay off those reviving whiskies and sodas."

"But he's got to have something to keep him going."

"Rot. What keeps you and me going? Will power."

She laughed. "Now, Chief, that's not fair. Terry's a temperamental artist and you—"

"And me?" he asked.

She sought in vain to express the dynamic impression she received. "You, Chief, you're not a man. You're a machine."

"Well, don't you forget that when a machine breaks down it's more trouble to repair than a human being. Nature helps the human, but you've got to be clever with the machine—and how few people are clever. You can stop a machine—throw a monkey wrench in the works—"

Patsy laughed. "You're the kind of machine that would take no harm. You'd just chew up the monkey wrench."

For a moment his face clouded. "I hope you're right, Patsy. By God, I hope you're right." For a moment he brooded, inactive. Then he shook off the mood. "Let's get to those letters."

For the last night of the gala The Harbor Bar had been granted an extension of their license till four a.m.

The staff made a final despairing effort. Tempers were frayed, nerves were strained, the only people who did not seem to tire were the clients.

The weary night dragged on. At a quarter to four, Patsy took a message across to the garage that they were to have the cars and the lorry ready by four for Terry, Chita, the boys, their instruments and their luggage. They were to be driven to the Hendon flying field and to take off in a special plane to Paris.

As Patsy came back, the sound of voices arrested her. They came from the foot of the stairs in the staff quarters. Then as she approached, she saw what it was. A waiter, and Tommy—most ubiquitous of the page boys—lingered beside Chita and Terry. It took more than an ordinary row to hold their attention.

Patsy could see better now. Chita's voluble speech seemed to be drawing to a close, when suddenly her hand shot out and hit Terry hard across the mouth.

For once his normally complacent temper was roused. "Shut up," he shouted hoarsely. "Shut up. This is the last time I'll stand your tantrums. I'm through—do you hear?—through! I'm sick and tired of you and your temper, and your jealousy, and your artistic ego. I don't care whether you come to Paris or not. My hand can get on without you—don't make any mistake about that. Whether you can get on without my hand remains to be seen."

Then, on the impulse of the moment, Terry turned and put an arm around

Patsy. "Come on, Patsy, let's dance this. Let's have a little gala on our own."

He had been drinking. Patsy could smell the fumes of whisky. But he seemed perfectly normal as he piloted her swiftly down the room. His substitute was conducting for the few remaining dancers. When Terry came to a vacant table he pushed Patsy gently into a chair, ordered himself a drink and leant across eagerly.

"You heard? Well, I'm through with her, you know, absolutely through. Life isn't worth living at that price—as a series of emotional upheavals. I can't stand it any longer. I've got to have peace and quiet."

The waiter brought his drink. "Mr. Gaynor told me to tell you, sir, that the cars and the lorry are there and to ask are you packed, sir?"

"Yes, Alphonse. Tell them to chuck my suitcase in the car. It's in my dressing-room. And the gentleman who's conducting now—ask him to see that the instruments are safely stowed. They're one more number to play."

"Yes, sir." The man withdrew and Terry turned back to Patsy.

"Patsy, dear, what are you thinking?"

She smiled at him affectionately. "I was thinking I wish you hadn't got to go to Paris to-night. You ought to be in bed."

He laughed. "Oh, Patsy, you're so sweet. You're all the peace and quiet I've ever known. You think of practical things like going to bed as a cure for a broken spirit. You're my breath of fresh air. Patsy, darling, funny sweet little Patsy—couldn't we make something of this?"

"Make something of this?" she echoed puzzled.

The band had started on the last number. He quickened his speech. "You like my jazz—my songs—you like me?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course I do, Terry."

"And I like you, Patsy, and your sweetness and sense. Don't you see? It's a brilliant idea."

"What is?" she asked, as the orchestra worked up to its grand finale.

Terry had to raise his voice above the crashing chords. "Why, you and me, Patsy. You and me—and a wedding ring and rice and church and clergyman—and then the life idyllic. Oh, Patsy, what do you say?"

"MARRY you, Terry?"

The band had a last spurt of energy. Terry tossed off his drink. The room, hot and noisy, seemed to swim before Patsy's eyes. The music stopped. The last of the clients moved laughingly towards the cloak rooms. The band were stretching, yawning, putting away their instruments.

"Come on, Terry," called the first violinist.

Terry leant across the table eagerly.

"Marry me, Patsy?"

"Yes, Terry, yes. I love you," she whispered back, quickly, as if she dreaded that someone might snatch the proffered gift from her grasp.

"Sweetheart—"

"Come on, Terry." The first violinist was at their table. He looked at the empty glass. "You must have picked your inside this week! Come on." He took Terry by the arm. "Let's propel the body into the automobile."

Terry got to his feet with an almost imperceptible stagger. "Bye, Patsy. Our secret. Be good, my sweet."

"Bye, Terry. Our secret. See you, Monday."

She stood for a moment at the door. A cold breeze whispered along the by-pass. It seemed to reach out a malicious hand and stir the dust at Patsy's feet. Already there was a suggestion of the white light of dawn. The stars had gone, but the pale old moon still hung like a belated reveller in the sky.

"Aren't you in bed yet, child?" It was Mark Gaynor. "To-morrow will have clients, too—I hope."

She turned and followed him obediently to the foot of the stairs. "I was just going, Chief."

"That's right. I shan't expect you till eleven in the morning. We're bound to be a bit slack this coming week—but not too slack, I hope."

He turned back to the restaurant to see if everything was in order. Patsy heard the cars start. It was too late now to see Terry again.

TWO of the waiters who had been helping with the loading crossed on their way to the kitchen.

"As soon as he got into the air he passed right out," said one. "We had to lay him unconscious on the floor of the car."

"Wonderful how he carries it. I don't know how many I've served him to-day."

They passed through the green baize door that led downstairs. Patsy wondered to which of the "boys" they were referring.

She hurried to her room. There was no hardship in going to bed when you took with you such golden dreams. Terry loved her. Terry wanted to marry her. The world had nothing more to give.

She built her castle in the air, two storey high, of mellowed brick and sunset tints. They would have a little cottage, with sixteenth-century beams and twentieth-century sanitation. They would have a large garden, and a fruitful orchard, and keep bees in a row in white hives. There she would create for Terry the atmosphere of peace and quiet for which he craved.

Patsy wore her dream blatantly on her smiling face as she walked into Mark Gaynor's room just before eleven the next morning.

"Bless me," he said, looking at her dancing eyes. "You don't look as if last night's work hurt you. You positively thrive on galas."

"I enjoyed it."

"That's more than the rest of the staff did." He sighed impatiently. "One of the garage men has given notice; one of the maids has left without notice; two of the kitchen boys quarrelled and one of them knocked the other's teeth down his throat, and now his mother is coming to vent her wrath on me; there are fourteen hand towels, three down spoons and a mustard pot missing; and there will be at least a hundred letters from clients who didn't get the table, or the food, or the waiter they liked." He looked up at her. "Don't smile like that. You should look perturbed at your employer's troubles."

"We'll soon straighten them out," she said cheerfully.

"What's come over you? Someone left you a legacy?" He paused a moment. "Don't tell me some penniless young man has asked you to be his household drudge?"

She shook her head. "Certainly not."

He gave a sigh of relief. "For a moment I got a fright. Well, dim the radiance and let's get on with the work. We've all overslept ourselves this morning. Saturday night's post hasn't been fetched up yet. Mr. Harrison normally gets it. I think he must be still asleep." He handed her over a bunch of keys. "It's in the letter box. This key. We'll just see if there's anything very pressing and then you can have the rest of the day off. Run down and get the letters."

"I won't be a minute, Chief."

Patsy ran lightly downstairs. She had an instinct that Harrison would be furious with himself for having overslept. He was fussy about little things. He couldn't bear anyone to interfere with his work. She had heard him very short with Hope, when she had gone to look up some figures in one of his own pet ledgers. "Now," thought Patsy scornfully, "he'll probably think I've

stolen his postal orders." Not that it mattered. How could anything possibly matter since Terry loved her.

She walked along the passage that led to the side door with its big locked letter-box. She bent and fitted the key, swung it open, and gathered the letters in her hand. There were hurrying footsteps behind her.

"What are you doing?" said a peremptory voice, and she looked up to see Nicholas Harrison standing in front of her.

"I'm getting Mr. Gaynor's letters."

"That's no business of yours," he said with cold fury. "You know perfectly well I always get the letters."

"But you weren't there, Mr. Harrison," she retorted, trying to keep her voice polite. "Mr. Gaynor wanted to start work."

"At eleven," he said doggedly. "The letters would have been there. Now, get out of my way, please."

She had no alternative but to give him the bundle of letters and follow him back to Mark Gaynor's room.

Harrison laid the letters on the desk and began to sort them rapidly. "Really, Chief," he said, "what made you send this irresponsible chit of a girl, about whom we know nothing, to open the letter box?"

Mark Gaynor looked surprised. "Goodness, Nick, what harm could she do?"

"Honestly, Chief," Harrison managed a tolerant smile. "If I weren't there to watch your interests I don't know where you'd be!"

"After all, if anything goes wrong, if anything's missing—who gets the blame? I do. For my own sake, I can't have careless girls carrying the mail around." He straightened himself and gathered up his own letters. "There you are, Chief. I'll have the week's figures all ready for you to-morrow."

"Fine."

WHEN the door closed on Harrison, Mark Gaynor turned half apologetically to Patsy. "You mustn't mind him, child. He's like an old bulldog when it comes to defending my interests."

"By law you're responsible if the dog bites the harmless bystander."

"He won't bite you, Patsy, unless you're my enemy."

Before she could answer, the phone rang. "If it's anyone else with a complaint," said Mark, quickly. "I can't see them to-day."

Patsy took up the instrument, then she put her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Mark Gaynor.

"It's Lady Merrick."

A shadow clouded his face. "I'm not here," he said shortly. "I've gone out."

Patsy delivered the message and turned back to receive her next orders. But, for once, Mark was not attending to his business. He sat slumped in his chair, staring gloomily ahead. The strong face looked white and tired.

"What did she say?"

"She'll ring up again later."

He nodded and pulled himself together. "Now let's just see if any of these must be answered to-day."

Through the armor of her own happiness, Patsy was conscious that Mark was uneasy. His work might be wrecked by a spoiled, wilful woman. He must be diplomatic and discreet and he preferred to be blunt and honest. He saw the work of years trembling in the balance, and felt himself unequal to the finesse which the situation demanded.

But Patsy had not many thoughts to spare for Mark Gaynor's troubles. Like herself, he was a fighter, he could stand on his own feet. But her Terry, poor lamb, would always need helping and loving and mothering. To Mark you could mete out justice, but Terry would always ask for indulgence. She was strangely clear-sighted for one in love.

It was a disappointment when a wire

to Mark that evening announced that Terry couldn't get away till the Tuesday. He would be back in time to relieve the temporary orchestra at lunch.

Patsy was disappointed, too, that there was no word for her, but she consoled herself by remembering that Terry must be breathlessly busy. She knew the routine of his days, the constant rehearsals, the long hours he had to spend before the public. She knew how little leisure a visit to Paris would leave him. Between performances he would be feted by fellow artists, and lionised by society hostesses. It was natural that he should send no word.

As Mark had prophesied things were moderately slack. Monday was never a very busy day and the weather had broken. In the afternoon Mark worked through the figures which Harrison had got ready. At last, he drew breath.

"Pretty quick work of our accounts department to get those out by to-day."

"Yes," said Patsy without enthusiasm.

"You don't sound as if you thought so." He looked at her reflectively. "I forgot you don't like Mr. Harrison."

"No."

"Why not? Oh, I remember—you and he had a row."

"That's not the reason, Chief. You and I had a row. I don't brood over rows," she said, decisively. "I just don't like him."

"Why?"

"I don't trust him."

"That just shows what superficial judgments are worth. I'd trust Nick with the Bank of England and I've known him since we were kids together and copied each other's Latin."

"I bet he copied yours."

"He did, as a matter of fact," he admitted. "But you wouldn't hold that against him."

"And I bet he borrowed your slate pencil, and your French grammar and your girl." She stopped, surprised at herself. "I'm sorry, Chief. Perhaps it is all because we had a row."

"You're all wrong, Patsy," he said, and his voice was unusually warm. "You'll see some day. In all this shifting sand, Nick is the only one I really trust. It means something to have been young together." He was thoughtful for a moment. "I don't care for many people. Nick is the exception. I'd trust him and—"

He paused and looked at her. "I'd trust you. The one is conviction based on long experience, the other is instinct."

He bent his head again over the figures. Slowly and thoughtfully, Patsy rapped out the date on a letter. Then she was conscious of a movement behind her. It was the door that led to the service stairs. Queer that one of the staff should come in without knocking, queer that they should come in in this slow and stealthy manner. Patsy looked round in surprise just as the door closed behind Eve Merrick. She stood for a moment leaning against it, her lips parted, the delicate color heightened, and in her eyes a challenge. Mark had not raised his head. He was adding a column of figures.

LADY MERRICK stood quite still, keyed up for adventure. The seconds moved slowly. Patsy had time to notice how the famous sapphires caught the light and winked wickedly. She looked at the stones and wondered. One did not wear sapphires at five o'clock on a Monday afternoon in May without a purpose. Patsy, decked only in the proud regalia of youth, wondered. Was it to intimidate with a display of wealth, or just to blind the eye of the beholder? And suddenly Patsy had a protective feeling towards Mark. He could be no match for this woman, inspired by a single purpose.

Then Mark turned his head. "Eve," he said in surprise. "Why on earth did you come in by that door?"

"You got my note?"

"No," he said impatiently. "I've asked you not to write— He checked himself.

"I had to see you. It was important. I didn't want to run into anyone." The little red mouth curled disdainfully. "You're not always available by the front door, or on the telephone."

Mark got to his feet. "Sorry, I've been busy." He tried to sound casual. "Well, let's go downstairs and have some tea."

"No, I must speak to you alone, here and now."

"But over the tea table— He tried again. He managed to smile. "Greatest secrecy preserved, you know. Have you never noticed our discreet arrangement of tables? Your neighbors can't overhear you. You can plan an elopement, or a murder—or a melodrama." There was a shade of reproving emphasis on the last word.

LADY MERRICK made a movement of impatience. "I want to speak to you here," she repeated.

"And what about my tea?" said Mark plaintively. Mark, who forgot to drink his tea five days out of seven.

"Oh, never mind your tea. What's come over you, Mark? This is important." She turned imperiously to Patsy. "You can run along."

Patsy looked questioningly at her employer. "You ask Francis to bring up some tea then," said Mark.

Lady Merrick raised her voice just a shade. "I've told you, Mark. I don't want any tea, and for this once you can surely wait for yours."

"All right, Patsy, you seem to be the only one who's going to get any tea!"

"Run along," said Lady Merrick impatiently.

Mark nodded resignedly in reply to her glance.

Patsy wandered down to the restaurant. She was uneasy. She had pledged her loyalty to Mark, and she had a feeling that he might need it soon.

Hope was taking her tea at the staff table. "Sit here," she said, pushing back a chair.

"In a minute," said Patsy. "I want to get some cigarettes."

She wandered to the window at the other end of the room. She bought her cigarettes absent-mindedly. She was being absurd. What possible harm could there be in Lady Merrick talking to Mark alone in his office at five o'clock on a Monday afternoon? It was the most innocent, most natural thing in the world.

But why had she come in by the service door? Why had she been so insistent that it must be the office? Why should Mark be so patently uneasy?

Patsy stood resolving these questions, her cigarettes in her hand, staring unseeing at the road beyond and at the gravelled open space, where, prior to parking, the cars drew up and turned. It was empty now save for a young man doing something to his motor bicycle. On the road, cars flashed up and down in an unending procession.

A Rolls detached itself from the others, slowed, and turned towards The Harbor Bar. A vaguely familiar Rolls. Almost before the chauffeur could bring it to a standstill, Sir James Merrick jumped out.

For a second he was held up by the motor cyclist who had now got his machine started and who inadvertently barred the way. For a second, while Patsy's mind raced anxiously wondering what she ought to do, convinced—absurdly, perhaps—yet somehow instinctively, that Mark was in danger. For a second, that seemed abnormally long, Patsy felt her heart thumping, while she stood hesitating.

The friendly old Cocker, that spent his days greeting the clients, ambled up to Sir James, his tail a waving flag, his body leaping in enthusiastic welcome. Sir James turned impatiently and cuffed the dog sharply.

Then Patsy knew what she had to do.

THE dog and motorcyclist both moved away. Sir James came forward quickly, and almost at the same moment Patsy found that she had slipped out the side door and was racing up the staff staircase.

Sir James would go the public way, which was a fraction longer. With luck Francis would stop him to say "Good afternoon." Patsy would gain a minute. She didn't know whether that minute was of any use to anyone. She only knew that she had an instinct that Mark Gaynor was in trouble and that she must take action.

She was breathless when she reached the door. She paused for a moment to steady herself. Nice fool she would look if her bit of rescue work was unnecessary or unwelcome. As she knocked she invented a harmless message.

There was a movement inside, as if the two occupants of the room had shifted their position.

"Come in," called Mark's firm voice. As she opened the door his steady gaze met hers, and she thought that she detected an expression of relief.

"Oh, Mr. Gaynor, Sir James is here, and I think he wants you." She kept her voice low and even, as if everything were just as usual.

"I'll go and meet him," he said quickly, and then to cover his retreat, he added: "Just show Lady Merrick the press write-ups we had for the gala. She'd like to see them."

He turned and left the two women together. Patsy saw now that Lady Merrick was white with anger, that the dark eyes were stormy, and that the perfection of the face was crumpled in distress. All at once she was sorry—sorry for the Dresden china shepherdess, who was at once so bold and so brittle. She would be smashed between the man who loved her and the man who didn't. From the serenity of her own love, Patsy wanted to cry out to her, to warn her of her danger. But all she did was to reach for the press cuttings book, murmuring politely: "We really had wonderful publicity."

Eve Merrick paid no attention to this opening. "You didn't stay away very long, did you?" she said.

"I beg your pardon?" Patsy felt that it would be safer for them to observe their everyday behaviour.

"Why pretend?"

There were a dozen good reasons, but Patsy couldn't give them. It was essential to pretend. If they didn't, they might say things—things enough to wreck a home and break a heart. Besides, it wasn't her fight. So all she did was to echo, "Pretend?"

"Yes," Eve Merrick made a movement of impatience. Patsy saw the light flash on her sapphires. "You knew perfectly well that I wished to speak to Mr. Gaynor in private. First of all, you did your best to stay here—and now you come racing back with an absurd message. What if my husband is here? He can wait, can't he?"

"I don't think he intended to wait."

"Well, what of it?"

So Patsy's instinct had been right. Eve Merrick didn't want to be "saved." She wanted to compromise Mark Gaynor. A mean trick, thought his unofficial guardian. She opened the cuttings book. "We had a wonderful press," she said deliberately.

Eve Merrick paid no attention. "I said, 'What of it?'"

"Don't you see . . ." Patsy faltered and waited.

"No. I'd like your explanation."

Very well. It took a woman to fight a woman. If Eve Merrick insisted that they both put their cards on the table, there

was nothing for Patsy to do but take a hand and hope to beat her at the game.

"I think Sir James was upset."

"And what is that to you?"

"I had a feeling that it would be better if Mr. Gaynor went downstairs to meet him. It's only natural that he would like to show every courtesy to one of our directors. An employee is only doing her job in warning her chief when he is wanted."

"Very ingenious. Now shall we face the facts?"

"Don't you think it's better not?"

"The facts are that you are jealous. Little sentimental love-sick secretary making rather a fool of herself. My poor infant, do you imagine you could possibly mean anything to Mark Gaynor?"

"No," said Patsy firmly. "I don't imagine anything of the sort."

"Oh, then perhaps it's for my sake? To save my honor from an irate husband?"

"No."

"Do tell me then?" The voice was honey-sweet.

Very well, if Eve Merrick was so anxious to face facts she'd let her have everything. After all, she'd asked for it. "I'll tell you, Lady Merrick. I wanted to save Mr. Gaynor from your efforts to compromise him—because I like to see fair play."

"Compromise him!" Eve Merrick laughed. "Because I spend half an hour alone with him in his office in broad daylight! Isn't that singularly old-fashioned?"

But Patsy was not to be put off her stroke. "No—not under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

Patsy hesitated. "You know it isn't really my affair. Why are you so anxious to drag me into it?"

"Oh, come. If you felt like that, you should have stayed downstairs—but, since you didn't, I'd like to get this straight. What circumstances?"

Patsy gave a shrug of resignation. "The thing wouldn't be anything taken by itself. It's just that Sir James is suspicious already—a very jealous man, isn't he?—and he's perpetually adding two and two together and making five. And you'd like him to do that. You'd like him to quarrel with the Chief, and divorce you and have a large-scale scandal and wreck the business. One thing I will say—you're not mercenary. Mark Gaynor won't be able to keep you in the luxury to which you've been accustomed."

Eve Merrick answered slowly, triumphantly, as if she were glad to face the truth, glad to be free of polite alarms and ambiguities. She wanted to force the situation to a crisis and here was someone who recognised her aim. It was almost as if she had intended to help her on the way.

"Very well," she said, "supposing all that is true. How are you going to stop me? What I can't accomplish to-day can wait till next week or the week after. You won't always be here, you know. Perhaps you've forgotten that you're only Mark's secretary and that Sir James can get you dismissed."

Patsy shrugged her shoulders. "Of course he can, but you still have to reckon with Mr. Gaynor."

"What do you mean?"

PATSY paused for a moment. She was going to play her ace. She was going to strike. It might be kindest in the long run.

"Do you honestly believe he loves you?"

There was silence in the room. When Eve Merrick spoke again her voice had altered in quality. It was soft and intense.

"He must love me," she said.

Patsy shook her head. "You know he doesn't."

Eve Merrick turned quick as a flash and her face was hard. "It's a lie," she snapped out. "What makes you say it? You think that you—"

"He loves his work, that's all." There were voices on the staircase. "Here they are," Patsy picked up the press cuttings

book and held it invitingly open. Eve Merri-
risk lowered her eyes to a newspaper
photograph of Terry and the troupe dancers.
"Wonderful publicity," murmured Patsy,
and smiled back fondly at the smiling
photograph.

As Sir James came in, he glanced swiftly
at the two women. "Good afternoon, my
dear," he said to his wife in precise, icy
tones. "You didn't tell me you were coming
here. Which car did you take?"

"I didn't bother. I took a taxi. I just
came on the impulse."

"Expensive impulse."

"I needed a breath of fresh air."

"Fresh air." He laughed. "This is the
last place I should come to look for that."

MARK GAYNOR said
nothing. He had walked to his desk and
was busy with his papers. He turned to
Patsy. "Where is last week's balance
sheet?"

"Top drawer, Mr. Gaynor."

Sir James turned and concentrated his
cold attention on Patsy. "I see, Gaynor,
you've still got the same little girl. Is she
setting up a record?" His tone was inso-
lent.

Mark Gaynor's face did not alight, but
Patsy saw that the hand round the knob
of the drawer tightened.

"Oh, yes," he said, evenly. "Patsy is get-
ting along all right."

Sir James looked at her critically. "Do
you endorse this statement?"

It wasn't her quarrel, she reflected. Why
should she feel so frightened? He could
only sack her—and what did it matter
now? In a few months, perhaps in a few
weeks, Terry and she would be living hap-
pily married in an idyllic cottage. But she
was frightened, all the same. Sir James,
with his frigid, formal politeness, was more
alarming than Mark Gaynor at his most
violent. For Sir James took a refined
pleasure in making people uncomfortable.
He liked to say the thing that would em-
barrass. He liked to watch his victim
redden and squirm. But he might carry
this trait a step farther. Perhaps on more
important occasions he might like to deliver
a fatal blow and watch his victim agonise.

She was so long in answering that Mark
Gaynor interposed. "You're not very ready
to give me a good character, Patsy."

"Oh, yes, I am." Her eyes were on Sir
James. "I'm getting along quite all right,
thank you." She lowered her eyes. She
wanted to be clear of this strange, oppres-
sive atmosphere. "Is there anything else
you want, Mr. Gaynor?"

"No, thank you."

It was queer, Patsy thought, as she made
her way downstairs, that these two deter-
mined men should be matched against each
other. An exciting battle to watch if you
didn't care which side won. Sir James had
no intention of losing his ornamental wife,
of shocking his conventional business
acquaintances, of suffering the expense and
discomforts of divorce, of being made to
look a fool because he couldn't hold his
own. He was going to nip this thing in
the bud, but he rather hoped that all the
parties concerned would take their turn
upon the rack. He looked forward to the
business. In his own way he loved his wife,
but he would enjoy making her suffer.

But as the day wore to a close Patsy
grew less and less interested in their affairs.
Already she could start to count the hours
to Terry's return. She walked as one on
air.

Next day she attacked her letters in a
fury of concentration, so that she should be
free before one o'clock. At a quarter to the
hour she laid the last of the batch on
Mark's desk. Then she sped upstairs to
make herself look her best.

Hope was before her, languidly polishing
her nails sitting on the side of the bed.
Patsy was sorry. She would rather have
had the little room to herself, so that
nothing should distract her from the busi-
ness on hand.

"You're early," said Hope.
"Is Terry back?" asked Patsy, pulling her
frook over her head.

"Yes. Quite sobered up. He looks a bit
morning-afterish and repentant, but that
is only right and proper."

The clear May sunlight danced through
the window. Patsy took a clean washing
frook off a hanger, a little green and white
silk which seemed to fit with the day with
its promise of summer and her mood with
its promise of happiness. "They'll play at
lunch?" she asked.

"Rather. Apparently they stayed in
Paris to get Chita a new outfit. The tennis
troupe gave her a fright. She thinks the
dreamy fango is all very well in the dark
days, but in the summer you've got to give
'em something else. Hence she's rehearsed
a new number—danced in tight black
trousers and a bolero—plus a naughty
French song."

"Well," said Patsy, delicately coloring her
mouth. "I hope it's improved her temper."

"Nothing so good as letting off steam. I
gather they're turtle doves again."

Somehow the news made Patsy uneasy.

"How's your bit of trouble?" she asked, to
change the subject.

"Harrison? He's all right. He's got it
in for you, though. What do you do to
strut him up so?"

"I dunno! He's always hated me."

"You're too nosy. You should be like
me. Just do what you're paid to do—no
more and no less. Don't believe 'em when
they tell you to take an interest in your
work. It doesn't pay."

"What do you mean?"

"In nine cases out of ten, the 'work' is
a racket and the boss is a crook. I've
always found the less interest I took the
more they liked me. It's a great safeguard
if they think you're too stupid to be sur-
prised if you see them blowing open a safe."

"Yes," said Patsy, slowly, as she con-
sidered yet another lesson in business train-
ing. "I suppose from their point of view
you're right." She took a last look at her-
self in the mirror.

"You know a lot, Hope," she said. "You're
really hard-boiled. I only pretend to be."

Hope got up with languid grace. "Don't
worry; you'll grow up some day."

Somehow the conversation had a little
subdued the radiance with which Patsy had
approached her reunion with Terry.

Silently, she followed Hope downstairs.
Terry was there, on the platform, at his
most engaging. Patsy stood for a moment
and watched him, her heart beating very
fast. There were not many visitors assem-
bled in the restaurant, but he was giving
them of his best, as an apology for having
deserted them for the week-end.

"By-pass blues,
Get the car,
Get your shoes . . ."

The haunting little air floated across the
room. The saxophone wailed softly, the
flute whispered gently, the drums beat out
the rhythm, and Terry crooned the invita-
tion which seemed to offer to every woman
some secret delightful assignation. To Patsy
the tune was only for her. They had gone
together down the primrose path, they
would go together for ever and ever down
other more difficult paths, keeping step to
the melody in their hearts. And Terry
turned and saw her and smiled—his heart-
breaking, boyish smile.

SHE walked across the
room and took up her position at the staff
table. She ate very slowly, listening in a
dream to the music. The Chief had told
her to go out for an hour after lunch. He
didn't need her till three. She would sit
where she was till Terry was free to come
and talk to her.

Gradually her colleagues drifted back to
work. Gradually the lunch clients went
out to play tennis, or clock golf, or to stroll
round the garden, or get again into their
cars and go tearing down the by-pass.

Shortly after two, Terry handed his baton

to his first violinist, and came across the
room. Patsy looked up at him and smiled.

"Hello, Patsy," he said casually. "How's
the world with you?"

She checked herself. It was not quite
the greeting she had expected. "Fine—
and you, Terry?"

"Me? I had a busy time in Paris. You
wait till you see Chita's new act. A peach.
They'll eat it."

"Yes." She waited breathlessly.

"Oh, and other news," he rattled on. "I'm
sobered up! Last time we met I had cer-
tainly looked upon the whisky when it was
golden." He laughed cheerfully. "And so
had you."

"I hadn't," she said indignantly.

"Hadden't you?" For a moment he seemed
puzzled. "Didn't we vow to lead one an-
other to the altar?"

"Yes," she said in a low emotionless
whisper.

"Then we must both have been canned.
Confess now, Patsy. Be a sport."

She was. She ignored the pain in which
her world was suddenly enveloped and
steadied her trembling lips. She tilted up
her chin, she smiled, she looked him straight
in the eyes. "I confess," she said. "We
must both have been canned."

"Brave girl." He got up and patted her
lightly on the shoulder. "Must go. Make
lovely music. See you later."

She watched him go, like one dazed, with
a smile glued to her lips.

UNCONSCIOUS of every-
thing, unconscious even of the hurt in her
own heart, Patsy sat on stunned but smil-
ing. She lit another cigarette. She stared
straight ahead at the band—and the slim
young leader in his white jacket. Fifty
yards away he stood, but she could never
reach him now.

"Hello, Patsy. Meditating?" It was the
cigarette girl on her round.

Patsy came back to earth with a start.

"That's right," she heard herself say.

"Well, don't overwork the grey matter."

The girl passed on. She had done her
work. For Patsy feeling began to awaken.
She began to realise what had happened.
There was a dream in ashes at her feet.
Terry didn't love her. It was all a mistake
—all a ridiculous mistake.

Pain clutched at her heart. He didn't
love her. She looked across at him, and a
great sense of loneliness swept over her.
In her dreams she had been cherished and
important, she had had a work worth
doing, the job of making a man happy.
There would have been someone in the
world on whom she had a claim, someone
with whom she came first. Now it was all
swept away.

Never before had she felt lonely. She had
fought her way in the world ever since the
day, years ago, when her sister-in-law had
intimated that the divan she occupied in
their attic was needed for a paying guest.
Her brother and his wife were somewhere
in the North now. Patsy didn't exactly
know where. She had never missed them.
She had enjoyed her battle. She had never
thought of the future. There had always
been too much to occupy her in the present.

Now all that was changed. For a week-
end, the future had danced before her daz-
zled eyes, rosy and delightful—the sort of
future that one would plan for oneself at
night in the last five minutes between
waking and sleeping. Such a future had
seemed assured and now it had all been
swept away.

"Excuse me, miss." It was Alphonse.
With a deft movement, he whipped off the
white linen luncheon cloth and put on the
gay check that did duty at tea. "This fine
weather brings them in for tea early."

"I'm sorry, Alphonse. I'm in the way."

She struggled to her feet. With her head
held high she crossed the room. Blindly,
she made her way back to Mark Gaynor's
office. He would still be in the kitchen. He
had a costing conference with his head
buyer and his chef. He would not be back
till after three.

Automatically Patsy sat down at the typewriter. From force of habit she put in a sheet of paper. She pulled the roller straight and then stared at the blank sheet. What was she supposed to write? She couldn't remember. Her lips quivered. It wasn't fair. A tear stole down her cheek and then another, and a moment later the soft brown curls were bent over the keyboard, and the thin shoulders shaken with sobs.

That was how Mark Gaynor found her. He stood for a moment unheeded in the doorway and listened to the heart-breaking sound. She cried like a little child, he thought, and paused for a moment in the midst of his worries to think how like a child she really was, and to wonder uneasily if he had done right to introduce her into the cynical atmosphere of The Harbor Bar.

He walked across the room and laid a hand softly on her shoulder. She started and looked up quickly, and seeing who it was she smiled at him through her tears. "I'm so sorry," she stammered, wiping her eyes. "You—your master's mind me."

"What happened, Patsy? Was someone rude to you? Did you have a row with Harrison?"

"No—no. It wasn't anything. I'm just being foolish." She fumbled for her mirror to estimate the facial damage.

"Now, Patsy, if anyone has been annoying you, just let me get at 'em."

"No, Chief, honest." The brown eyes implored. "It's nothing. Women often weep. Her trembling lips framed a smile. "They enjoy it."

"Is it a man, my dear?" He looked over her head out the window to the fields that stretched beyond. There was no answer. He went on slowly. "You take it from me. No man is worth it." He shook his head regretfully. "Men and women—for a moment of passion, we wreck each other's lives." He moved away to his desk and seemed to be talking half to himself. Patsy knew that he was no longer thinking of her. "For an emotion that will probably be dead in a few months, we do the most extravagant things—and we have to pay the cost, year in year out, all the rest of our days." His voice lightened. He made an effort to throw off this mood. "If we only waited."

"You don't believe in 'for ever'?"

"No. Do you?"

She wondered. Some day, she supposed, she would laugh again; that queer, numbing pain would pass from her; she would be interested in herself and her future. But that day could only be intellectually conceived. It was too far away for her to find it of any interest.

"It depends on the person," she said. "Some are cursed with a dreadful fidelity."

She was like that, he thought unhappily; where she had given her heart it would rest.

"I know."

"But that's not me," she said suddenly taking fright. "I'm only crying as a schoolgirl cries—a mixture of self-pity and spiritual growing pains."

He patted her shoulder softly and moved away. He was not one to force a confidence. "I don't believe you, my child, but have it your own way," he said.

"Thank you," she whispered. She pulled herself together. "Have you some letters?" she asked as she picked up her notebook.

"Yes," he paused for a moment. "Patsy, were you able to trace a note that Lady Merrick told me yesterday she had written?"

"No, Chief. It wasn't among your papers. I went through them all again afterwards."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Let's get on."

But Patsy knew that it did matter very much. Like herself, he was bluffing. He was worried sick by the ever-present danger of Mr. Merrick's infatuation. For she had nothing to lose. You couldn't intimidate her, you couldn't make her see reason, you were helpless in her hands. You could only

sit tight and wait till the storm broke. But Mark also held his head high. He, too, would go down fighting.

By the time Patsy went to dress for dinner she looked almost normal save that her eyelids were a shade swollen.

"You look a bit pipped," said Hope.

"I may have a cold coming."

"Well, for Heaven's sake don't pass it on. Quaff a flagon of quinine or something."

"I will," said Patsy obediently. "It may not come to anything."

"Here's hoping." Hope rolled her stockings neatly at the knee. "A boy I know is coming to dance to-night. I shall be furious if Harrison fetches me away."

"Perhaps I could go for him—if it's only letters?"

"Don't be silly. Harrison is full of phobias. He thinks you first cousin to an international spy. He wouldn't even let you read one of his sale catalogues, and he certainly wouldn't dictate a letter to you."

"Looks as if he had a guilty conscience."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Hope casually.

"Are you in all his secrets?"

"Of course not. I never try to be. That's why he likes me. I've told you before. What does it matter to me if he robs the bank?"

"Not even if you knew the manager?"

Hope gave her one swift look. "I don't know the manager." She paused. "And I shan't try to find out his name. And take my advice—don't you try, either. Ready?"

"Yes." Patsy straightened her shoulders for the evening's ordeal. "I'm ready."

It was not easy to walk into the restaurant as if nothing had happened, to smile at Terry cheerfully, to force the food down one's throat, to agree to dance with the second tennis instructor, and with Burton, the press agent, and then with the coatings clerk. It wasn't easy to behave as if nothing had happened. It wasn't easy to watch Chita's new act, which was very smart and naughty, and did as Terry had prophesied, bring down the house.

SHE was somehow sustained by the sight of Mark going from table to table and stopping to speak to his clients, the sight of Mark slaying as long as courtesy demanded at the table where Eve Merrick and her husband were entertaining a party of Americans. It wasn't easy for him, either.

Time, she supposed, would save them both. If only she could have cut clean away—new sights, new people, new interests. But she had to see Terry every day, and Terry seemed perfectly ready to resume relations on their old footing. She was to be his comfort and friend. She guessed now that it was Chita who sent his blood coursing quicker through his veins, that even their quarrels—when they called on heaven to witness their detestation of one another—even their quarrels were only another expression of their feelings.

But he needed Patsy, too.

"My Patsy," he said to her airily, next day, when he caught her alone as he came off duty in the interval between lunch and tea. "I've hardly seen you since I've been back. Can't we take to the hard high road together and this time we needn't be late?"

"I can't, Terry," she said quickly, proffering the first excuse that came into her head. "The Chief needs me." Actually, he had told her most firmly to go out and take the air.

"That slave-driver! Well, when do we get together?"

"Oh, sometime," she said vaguely. "Soon. But now I must fly."

He caught her by the wrist. "You cross with me?" he asked unexpectedly.

She had a sudden panic lest he should remember his proposal, imagine her heart broken. "Of course not, Terry. What should I be cross about?"

"You're evading me."

"I'm not. You know how wild the Chief gets if anyone's late."

"I know the Chief is this moment down on the tennis courts with the pros."

"But I've got some letters to finish. Still, if you feel hurt I'll walk once round the garden with you." Anything rather than that he should imagine she had a grievance!

HE nodded, and they moved towards the garden. "You look washed out," he grumbled. "That brute works you too hard. I've a good mind to tell him so."

"Don't you dare," she gasped. "I'm perfectly all right."

"Gaynor thinks he can get away with murder," he went on. "It's time someone stood up to him. His latest is that Chita should put on her act three times a day. And she won't, you know."

Patsy heaved a sigh of relief. So it was really his own grievance that he wanted to air. Poor Terry, she thought, how Chita harassed him.

"Well, I should get the Chief to speak to her himself." She said the thing she knew he wanted to hear.

He took her limp little hand and tucked it inside his arm. "You're right, Patsy. Bless you, you're a fellow's best friend."

"And severest critic," she added lightly, and drew her hand away from the bitter sweet of contact.

"Why did you do that?" he asked, and stopped accusingly.

"It's too public," she said. But her heart said "too painful." "Bad for business, too. You're paid to break the clients' hearts, not to flirt with the staff. How's your fan mail this morning?"

"Dreadful. All gush and giggle." He looked thoughtfully ahead. "Hush! I'm glad you blew in here, Patsy. When I met you I was just beginning to think that there were no sane women left."

"Come—what about Chita? She's hardly a fan."

He laughed. "She's insane, all right, though—gloriously insane."

"Here we are," said Patsy in a tight little voice, as they stood once again in the shadow of the entrance. "Now I must go."

"Wait a minute."

His light, irresponsible kiss only brushed her cheek, but it seemed to stab her heart.

"Oh, don't!" she cried involuntarily.

"Why, Patsy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing. She made hasty disclaimer. "You startled me, that's all. No, I really must go."

"Well, bye, sweetheart. Be good."

She slipped from him and raced upstairs to her own room. She couldn't stand it.

She wouldn't stand it. She wouldn't go on every day seeing Terry. There was a way out—a daring, dangerous way. She wasn't a bond slave. She could give Mark Gaynor a week's notice. He would give her a good reference. She would have a few pounds in her pocket. It should be in her favor that she had left of her own free will.

After all, last time she had only been "out" for three weeks. She gave a little involuntary shiver. The girl who had slept next her at the Hotel had been out six months. And that other girl who had been there when she arrived. She'd given up the struggle after a year's idleness and gone back to live with her people. Only Patsy hadn't any people.

She tossed her head in a gallant gesture of defiance. The world couldn't break her. But she couldn't go on seeing Terry.

As she thought of him, her knees trembled and she had to sit down suddenly on the side of the bed. It was absurd—ridiculous. She saw now with horrid clarity. Terry was just a spoilt, charming boy. Why did she have to love him so absurdly? It wasn't for any measurable quality. Love wasn't like that. You didn't love people for their solid worth or their square chin. You loved them unreasoningly; so that it

was no good trying to argue yourself out of love. The only thing to do was to run away. She would tell the chief at once before her resolution wavered.

She looked at her watch. It was time she went downstairs. She combed the soft brown curls, she powdered her nose, she examined her lips. It wasn't going to be so easy to tell the Chief. He wouldn't be pleased.

He was waiting for her and when she saw him again in the flesh she realised anew that it wasn't going to be easy. He would think that she had let him down.

"Hello, Patsy. Have a good walk?" Then, before she could reply, he said: "Telephone again about that new bread-cutter. Say if it isn't delivered to-night the order is cancelled."

Before the call was finished, the house-keeper came in about a matter of towels disappearing from the cloakrooms. She alleged that they were stolen by the maids, and the maids alleged that they were stolen by the clients, and the house detective alleged they were stolen by one of the more light-fingered of the page-boys. When they had gathered breath after the argument the chief gave her some letters that had to catch the seven o'clock post, and then the garage foreman had come with details of a row with a client who accused the garage of cracking his windscreen. There never seemed an opportune moment for Patsy to break her news.

A little calm settled over the office in the late afternoon. Patsy was on the last of the letters, and was determined to speak as soon as it was finished.

But she never did speak. Mark was spared that at least.

Because, just as she had reached, "yours truly," the door of the office was opened brusquely and Sir James came in unannounced.

Patsy looked up quickly from her far corner. Sir James was no longer cold and polite. His face was grey, and there was a hot, angry flush over his cheek bones. The cold blue eyes were steady, the thin lips twitched. In one hand he held a long envelope. He did not seem to see Patsy. He walked straight across to Mark's desk.

"We have a little matter to settle," he said and his light voice was barred.

"I beg your pardon?"

Mark was immobile—that impressive immobility of the active man. He had himself on a tight rein. Sir James was essential to his business. For once he was determined not to lose his temper. Patsy could see his hands clasped together in a vice-like grip. She could see the color leave his cheeks.

"I think you know."

Mark's voice was low and even. "Just what do you mean?"

"This."

Out of the large envelope, Sir James drew a handful of letters—letters on lavender paper, with a crest of fluttering pennons, letters in a familiar, sprawling feminine hand.

Sir James threw away the envelope that had held the letters. It fluttered to the floor at Patsy's feet. Some instinct made her stoop, very quietly, and pick it up.

Neither of the men noticed her. They were both staring at the letters on the desk.

"THESE?" echoed Mark. Sir James lifted his top lip a fraction, his teeth gleamed white for an instant; it might have been a smile. "Why, yes, my dear fellow. They were written to you."

"To me?" Mark was playing for time. "By my wife." Beneath his calm was a hint of anger.

Mark picked up a letter and ran his eye down the contents. "Strange, because I never had them."

"Not a pity!" The cold voice lashed like a whip, the thin lips formed a disdainful crescent. "They're interesting. She

writes very well, my wife. She has quite a literary turn—but then, everyone is apt to grow poetical under such circumstances." Sir James turned his back to Mark and walked to the window. Patsy saw him raise a malevolent hand and crush a fly on the pane.

"Such circumstances?"

"Put crudely, my dear fellow—they're love letters, you know."

"I didn't," said Mark.

"No? Well, I'm telling you." Sir James took a turn across the room, his hands in his pockets, rattling his money.

HE halted again by the desk. "Rash, you know—very rash. You haven't forgotten that I'm your chief shareholder. My vote, you know, can get you out—of all this—"

Patsy crouched behind her typewriter motionless. It was too late now for her to get up and leave the room. They had both forgotten her, obscured in her corner.

A great wave of hatred engulfed her. Cruelty was the meanest of all the vices, and Sir James was cruel. He was playing with his victim and enjoying the game.

"Of course," Sir James continued, "I've always understood that the world was well lost for love. But it's a different thing when it comes to parting with one's job."

"Still, you've not forgotten that I'm earning you a twenty-five per cent. return on your money?" Mark paused deliberately and lit a cigarette. His hand was steady. "That's not so easy to come by nowadays."

"You think, at that price, I should allow you to make love to my wife?" Over the cold blue eyes, the brows were raised in a mocking inquiry.

"No. But then, Merrick, I didn't make love to her—and you know it."

"And the letters?"

"And your common sense? You know quite well what's been happening."

"Do I?" Sir James picked up the letters from the desk and dropped them one by one, as if they were playing cards. "Do I?"

"Yes." Mark paused a moment to let the word sink in.

"And your answers, Gaynor? I shall enjoy reading those."

"I'm afraid there aren't any answers."

"Too careful to put pen to paper?"

"No. I'm not very careful where my personal affairs are concerned. I'm blunt. Too blunt—you've often told me so yourself. No control of my feelings. I say what I mean. If I loved your wife, I'd be very proud. I wouldn't hide it. You ought to know me well enough for that."

"So. You're going to tell me that you don't love her?"

Mark nodded. "I'm sorry. I feel somehow that it's ungallant. Such a charming and beautiful woman. But love isn't reasonable. It can't be commanded. It just happens that—"

Sir James smiled. "Your affections are engaged elsewhere?"

"Exactly."

"You're sure?"

Mark continued to burn his boats, one by one, hiding his reluctance as his fleet of honesty and truth, of hopes and ideals, of reticence and self-respect, went down before the enemy. "Sure."

"My dear Gaynor, it won't do. What you're saying doesn't make sense. 'Your affections engaged elsewhere,' he echoed, incredulous. "Why, whom do you see from morning to night? A batch of clients whose names you barely know. Don't tell me you're harboring a secret passion for one of them? No, until you can produce the lady, I'm afraid that story is too thin even for my credulity!"

"I don't see why."

"Don't you?" Sir James shrugged his shoulders. "I just don't believe it—that's all. What's her name? It would add weight to the story."

"That's my affair."

"Yes. Or else there isn't any name." Sir James laid a thin hand on the pile of letters. "No name—what a pity!" he said, and the light, high voice was mocking. "Sure there's no name?"

Mark's glance wandered desperately round the room. He was cornered, beaten. His mouth set in a grim line. Beaten by Sir James and his stupid wife. Beaten. The work of years smashed. There was only one loophole. If he could put up a convincing alibi for his affections. Anything that would choke off Lady Merrick would satisfy her husband.

The desperate grey eyes raked the room for inspiration. The blank walls looked blankly back. The green fields outside shimmered in the afternoon sun. The solid mahogany furniture proved without inspiration. Then Mark's roving eye lit on Patsy's typewriter, and there was Patsy white and silent—Patsy, the girl who would stand by a man if he were in a jam.

For a moment his eyes held hers in question and entreaty. He signalled an SOS. An agonising second of suspense. Then he saw her hand move very quietly till she pointed to herself. Her head inclined a fraction.

Mark caught his breath. Then he turned back to Sir James. "I'd have to ask the lady's permission," he said.

"You're very diffident."

Mark turned towards her. "Patsy, may I—?"

"Please, do," she said in a whisper.

Sir James gave an almost imperceptible start, recovered, and smiled politely. "Do what?" he said.

"Yesterday, Patsy and I got engaged." Patsy heard the words, but somehow refused to recognise their importance. They had been swept along by the emergency of the moment. After all, it was an empty phrase, and her assent was purely formal, a temporary measure of escape. They could evade the consequences once the jealous storm had subsided. And, anyway, what did she care? Terry no longer loved her—never had loved her. So why did it matter?

"Yes," she heard herself saying. "We meant to keep it a secret."

SIR JAMES looked from one to the other. He took a turn up and down the room before he spoke. "So that's the story," he said at last.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'll tell you something." He leant across the desk confidentially. His smile was bitter. He dropped his voice to a whisper. "Frankly, I don't believe either of you."

"No?"

"The whole thing is a put-up job."

"Come, Merrick, that's not very polite. Why shouldn't I want to marry Patsy?"

"Simply, my dear fellow, because you never gave her a second thought till this minute. She offered you an avenue of escape. When I am out of the way, you will compensate her with a nice little cheque." He turned to Patsy. "You must make him pay you well, my dear. You're obliging him now and you mustn't ever let him forget it." He paused for a moment and added more slowly. "And that would be all that was ever heard of your matrimonial intentions."

"Would be?"

Sir James walked thoughtfully to the window. He looked out across the sunlit fields. The oppressive silence was heavy with dread. Then he turned with new decision. "Because I'm going to call your bluff."

"I don't quite follow you?"

Patsy felt her heart beat quicker. She pushed back her chair and watched Sir James, as a rabbit watches a snake.

"I'll tell you," Sir James satisfied himself that his audience was attentive. Then

he paused to light a cigarette, while he planned his campaign. He was beginning to enjoy himself. "You see, I don't much care if it is a put-up job. All that interests me, Gaynor, is that you should be kept away from my wife. To get you married to another woman is as good a way as any. So I have a delightful surprise for you both." He licked his thin lips.

Mark smiled in return. He was determined to receive the news of whatever Sir James had planned with acclamation. "That's fine. Let's have it."

"Well, as the courtship has been so secret, at least the wedding shall be public."

"The wedding," Patsy breathed the words. She had never thought that her assent to Mark's proposal would involve her in anything more than a temporary make-believe engagement. Sir James swung round quickly, but before his glance reached her she had recovered and was smiling. At this game of make-believe, she could play a hand as well and as carefully as Mark.

"My gift to the bride. We will have everything—full ceremony—white satin and confetti and wedding cake and a big reception. And it shall be soon. I am due over in the States in July. I'll take three weeks to call the banns. Oh, yes; we'll have a church wedding. I'm right in thinking that in her heart every woman likes to be led to the altar."

"Quite right," said Patsy, firmly, gaining confidence—whispering to her anxious heart that this was all only a game.

"At your parish church—the one they've just put up. Now, like your love. A by-ways church, very appropriate."

MARK assented with enthusiasm. "That's the right church. On the pioneer road, the living road of adventure."

"I'm glad you approve," Sir James nodded curtly. "Leave it all to me. I'll see about it. And we'll get on to the papers. Good romantic publicity for The Harbor Bar. Mustn't forget business." He was talking very fast now. "I'll foot all the bills—with pleasure. My wife must take Miss Patsy to her own dress designer. We've no time to lose."

He went on sketching plans for the ceremony and the reception. His eyes never left Mark's face. He was a man spending his money to see his victims squirm and he did not intend to lose a moment of his pleasure. He was not interested in Patsy. She was a pawn in the game. But with every word he hoped to see some visible sign of the anguish of Mark's spirit.

Mark sat very still. Patsy wondered if Sir James appreciated the significance of this immobility. Mark did not twitch a muscle. His strong face was a mask. The lips were set in a fixed smile. Patsy had the impression that Mark was biding his time, waiting to spring. He was not beaten. He was thinking, planning.

At last Sir James had finished. He was going to act at once, to make retreat impossible. He had not, so far, had much satisfaction out of his afternoon's work—but that would come. No doubt Mark still thought that he could wriggle out of the affair. But Sir James would show him he could not.

He had all the weapons. He could smash The Harbor Bar. He could disgrace its chief. Or he could force him to marry a little typist who would be a millstone round his neck, or perpetually in demand of alimony.

"Now I'll get right ahead," he concluded. "My wife is coming out here to dinner. I'll scrape up a party. We must celebrate."

"Splendid," said Mark. Sir James hesitated a moment, then he stretched his hand for the letters which still lay on the desk. But Mark was before him. He gathered them up, flung

them into a drawer, locked it and pocketed the key.

"They were written to me, you know," Sir James glanced swiftly across at Patsy. "You've paid the price for them, perhaps."

Mark affected not to hear. "We'll see you later, then."

Sir James nodded curtly and left the room. For a moment Mark sat staring at the door through which he had disappeared. Then he pushed back his chair abruptly and stood up. "My God, Patsy, what have I let you in for?"

"It doesn't matter," she said softly.

"But it does." He moved about the room in his old restless manner. "I've got to get you out of this. Three weeks. Good Lord, in three weeks I ought to be able to think of something!"

"Yes," she said a little doubtfully.

I FALL sick—or you fall sick—the wedding would be postponed—Sir James would go to America—

"You think that would work?"

"No. I think he won't let us out of his sight. If either of us falls ill, he'll arrange a bedside ceremony." Mark took another turn round the room. "How would it be if you ran away with someone else? Don't you love some penniless youngster? I'll stand the racket. Then what can he do? What can he do?" he went on more slowly, "except smash up this outfit by getting me sacked?"

"But I'm not on eloping terms with any penniless youngster."

"But you must be in love, Patsy. Girls are always in love." He stopped a moment, recollection flooding over him. "Why the tears at the typewriter, Patsy? Wasn't that for some young man who'd lost his job and could no longer afford to name the day?"

"No," she whispered. "It was for someone who didn't love me."

He stood for a moment watching her. "It isn't possible."

"So you see," she went on. "I don't much care what happens. I want you to do whatever is best for you—and The Harbor Bar."

"You mean it, Patsy?" He was planning quickly now, reorganising his campaign, seeing another way of getting even with Sir James. "You mean we go cheerfully through with this ceremony. Then, when the excitement has died down, we'll get a divorce. I'll provide for you handsomely." For the first time that afternoon he looked at her as if he really saw her. "I always knew you'd stand by me if I were in a jam, Patsy. How do I thank you?"

"Don't!" She forced a smile.

"Now we've got to think pretty quickly. At this moment Sir James is spreading the glad news at the bar. We've got to be careful not to look as if our hands had been forced." He grinned suddenly, his spirits rising with the necessity for action. "You take it that I've done a bit of quick work. Will you simulate all the girlish delight possible?"

But she could not smile in response. "I'll do my best." It had never occurred to her that she might have to play an active part in this tragic-comedy. It was one thing to let yourself be led passively to the altar, it was another to go wreathed in deceptive smiles.

"You see," he went on quickly, earnestly, conscious of her reluctance, "he wants to see us suffer. I'm damned if we'll give him that much satisfaction."

"This aspect of the case stiffened her resolution. "I wouldn't give him a crust if he were starving!"

"Fine. Now we've no time to lose. I must first tell Nick the truth, before the others get at him. He'll be our ally. Then do you get ahead with things here. Don't forget those letters for the post. Even if wedding bells must ring The Harbor Bar must get on with its work."

He opened the door, then turned back. "First thing in the morning get on to those agency people. I'll need a new secretary. Tell 'em to send me a bunch of hand-picked damsels." He grinned. "Not that I'll ever get another girl who can cope like you, Patsy."

The door closed behind him. Blindly Patsy gathered up the letters for the post. A quarter to seven. Terry would be changing. He always had a couple of drinks at the bar before he started the evening's work. She wanted to catch him first. She wanted to tell him herself. She didn't want him to hear it from waiters and bartenders. She knew their methods. She had heard their laughter.

She wanted to shield him. Terry didn't love her, but at least he thought she was his friend. He wasn't going to like this sudden engagement. It was going to be a shock to him. Such secrecy would seem like treachery on her part. She didn't want him hurt. All her thoughts were as to how to soften the blow, how to protect his boyish self-esteem, how to give him confidence that his friend had not deserted him. How to do all this, and yet not be disloyal to Mark.

A gleam of sunlight fell across her typewriter like a gleam of hope. The beat of her heart quickened. Surely—surely Terry wouldn't just passively accept the news? When he knew that he was going to lose her, perhaps he would realise—Her lips parted eagerly.

Terry would never stand by while she married another man. He didn't want to be tied down, but when it was really necessary he would change his mind. She would be such a featherweight burden. Everything was going to be all right. Once more she looked steadily, hopefully, fearlessly ahead.

She jumped up quickly and hurried out by the service stairs. She gave the letters to the first page boy she met. She ran along the corridor till she came to Terry's dressing-room. She knocked at his door. "Who's there?" he called.

"It's Patsy. I want to speak to you. Are you respectable?"

"I've reached the gardenia. Come along in." She pushed open the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold smiling. Her eyes were very bright and she wore, like a diadem, an air of happy expectancy.

"Why, sweetheart, you look wonderful!" He came to where she stood, closed the door behind her, and with a deft gesture put an arm around her, bent, and kissed her lightly on the lips. He released her instantly. Terry's caresses were so neat and swift that the minute after always found Patsy wondering if they had really happened, or if she had just imagined it.

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I've got something to tell you." Suddenly fear had her by the throat. Supposing she were mistaken? Her heart was pounding. Her lips refused to formulate a sentence.

WELL, let's hear it over a drink," Terry tucked a clean handkerchief into his breast pocket. "No—in private."

There was a knock at the door, and a voice said: "Ten to seven, sir."

"Thank you." The boy's footsteps clattered away into the distance. "Well, what is it?" Terry asked again.

Patsy smiled apologetically. "It's not easy," she said. "Why hadn't she decided beforehand just what to say, just what proportion of the truth would be loyal?"

Chita passed outside. "Don't be long," she called. "I'll order your drinks."

"I shan't be long, beautiful," he called back.

A chill struck at Patsy's heart. "Let's go into the garden for a minute. It's more private."

"Well, the garden, then," he agreed. "That's where Eve told Adam that the

apples were sweet. Only we mustn't be too long. I've got to have a drink before I go on duty and the chief is after me with a stopwatch."

"It won't take long," said Patsy, leading the way.

She walked quickly down the stairs, and out at the back, past one or two chattering groups, near the doorway, and on to the deserted summer-house.

"What is this," grumbled Terry, "an endurance test or a simple marathon?"

She stopped then and faced him. "I wanted a moment's privacy," she said.

He looked at her puzzled. "What is all this about? Have you robbed the safe, poisoned the soup, or knifed the chief?"

She looked at him blankly, her lips parted, suddenly unable to say the words that might be so dreadfully final.

"Patsy, darling, do cough it up. I have a date with a drink."

She swallowed hard. "I'm trying to tell you, but it's all been rather sudden. You'll hear it presently, inside—but I—wanted to tell you myself." Her voice faltered. "Because we were friends." She gulped, and the words came at last with a rush: "I'm going to marry the chief."

"What!" He paused, stupefied for a moment and then he threw back his head and laughed. "Well, I'm blessed! You clever infant! You've stolen a march on the lot of them, wiped Lady Merrick in the eye—and all done without a word. Well, I'm dashed."

PATSY'S heart dropped like a stone. "You didn't know me," she said tonelessly.

"I did not. I'd no idea that anything of the sort was in the wind. Even now I can hardly believe it. You, Patsy, so funny and sweet, and that great big—"

He broke off. "I can't stand. I can only conduct."

She stepped inside the summer house and took a place on the hard wooden seat. "There's nothing to think about, Terry."

"Oh, but there is," he said, settling down beside her. "Where do I come in the new scheme of things?"

"You?"

"Yes, you can't take on a job as guide, philosopher and friend and then just throw your hand in suddenly and leave me in the lurch."

"I shan't, Terry, and that's the trouble," she said softly, wearily, forgetting that only that very day she had meant to give Mark Gaynor notice. In order to escape the bitter-sweet pain of ever seeing Terry again.

"I'll be there whenever you need me."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"Then I forgive you, sweetheart. Let's go and drink to it."

"You go. I don't want to go in yet."

"Why?"

She nodded. It seemed as good a reason as any.

He got up and, taking her hand, he pulled her to her feet. "Well, bye, sweetheart. Don't forget your promise."

"I shan't forget."

But in her heart she prayed that she might soon forget. Forget his light laugh, and his easy kisses, his boyish smile, his gaiety, his charm—she prayed that he might be wiped forever from her memory.

"That's right. Be good till we meet again—and then be as bad as you can."

He turned quickly and hurried down the path, humming softly.

The garden was almost empty. The light was fading and the last of the tennis players were putting their rackets away. One or two couples who had been strolling idly thought of dinner. Patsy walked slowly towards the farthest end of the garden. A light or two shone from the house. In another half-hour the big flood lights would be working and there would be no privacy, even in the sweet scented garden—just as there was no privacy in the house. Hope

would be in the bedroom, Mark would be in his office.

The head gardener was gathering up his tools. "Good night, miss," he said quietly as she passed.

The swimming instructor had been supervising the filling of the pool. There was a hint of chill in the air. He came away pulling a jersey over his head.

"Good night, Miss Reed." His voice had a certain self-confidence.

Only Patsy, it seemed, had lost her way. She wanted to sort out the tangle of her thoughts. So much had happened in a few hours and she wanted to discover what it all meant. She couldn't think of her future. It all seemed too incredible. All she could think of was Terry. How lightly, laughingly he had taken her news, considering it only from his own point of view.

It seemed that she was just a pawn in all their games. One man proposed to her because he was drunk, another because he was in a jam. Well, men weren't very marvellous, anyway.

As she turned towards the house she found Nicholas Harrison in her path.

"The very person I'm looking for," he said with false cordiality. "I must congratulate you."

"Thank you," she said non-committally.

"Of course, the circumstances are a little peculiar," he smiled discreetly—"as we know. But as far as you are concerned the whole thing is, of course, very advantageous."

So Mark had told him the truth. Patsy fought down her resentment and murmured: "I hope everything will be for the best," which she considered a model of tactful vagueness.

Harrison gave her a searching look, but she maintained her air of bland innocence. "I hope so," he echoed. "I was asked to tell you that Sir James has arranged a little dinner party."

"I was just going to dress."

"Eight-thirty, at his usual table."

"Thank you."

She slipped past him and hurried upstairs to her room. Hope was already at dinner. As Patsy pulled off her frock something woke in her again. After all, she had her pride. She'd go through this strange business with dignity. Sir James would get no satisfaction out of her. And, as Mark had suggested, when the time came they could be divorced quietly.

She stood, for a moment, with her frock in her hand. She hardened her heart. Then she would be a rich woman. Mark was generous. The idea that she, Patsy Reed, typist, would ever be rich seemed incredible. She had never been materially ambitious. In the old days, on the rare occasions when she had thought about the future, she had seen love in a cottage, or a suburb, with babies and cheerful room-mates, and a clerkly young husband who came home regularly every evening and praised her cooking. But the future had been very nebulous. The day had always been so much more than sufficient.

She plunged her face in cold water and held it under till her skin tingled and her eyes were bright. She ran a damp comb through her soft, unruly curls. It would never do to look so pale. She rouged her soft young cheeks and shaded her lashes and made her mouth a defiant coral.

HER best evening frock was reverentially shrouded in its hanger. It was bluish pink, an absurd color for such a tragic feast! She had thought to wear it for happy occasions. It seemed a poor little frock since she had been at such close quarters with the wealth and luxury of some of the clients of the Harbor Bar.

She slipped it over her head. It made her look absurdly immature and helpless. It was the frock of a very young girl. She looked innocent and virginal and defenceless, just when she wanted to look hard and sophisticated and worldly-wise.

There was a knock on the door and a breathless young voice said, "It's only me, Miss—Tommy." He peeped round the door.

"What is it?"

"The Chief, miss, says would you go along to his office right away, as he wants a word with you."

"All right, Tommy. I'll go."

SHE picked up her evening bag, thrust her belongings in anyhow, and with no further time for reflection hurried to Mark's office.

"Quick girl," he said approvingly. "Nervous?"

"Horribly."

"So am I. I wanted a word with you before the others arrived. We've got to show a united front."

She nodded. "I'm ready, Chief."

He looked with rather a forlorn smile at his only supporter. "This dinner is going to be a bit of an ordeal. This is your real opportunity to show your capacity for coping."

"I know."

"There'll be a lot of joking comments," he said with distaste, pacing restlessly up and down the room. "I don't mind taking a hard sock on the chin, but I do hate being tickled in the ribs! The whole thing will be about as funny as a funeral, but it's up to us to give 'em no change, no value for their money. Do you agree?"

"Absolutely."

"Between them they've pulled a dirty trick on us. But we both come of fighting stock."

"I'm game."

He came across to her and held out his hand. "We will go down with the flags flying and the band playing and our noses in the air—Look out! Here they come."

"Good luck!" she whispered.

This time, Lady Merrick came in by the ordinary door, but she made a gesture of her entrance. With both hands outstretched she came towards Mark. She was all in white, a frock fitting close to her small, slight figure; the only touch of color was in her sapphires.

Patsy was keenly conscious of her own three-guinea taffeta and her bare throat and her curls that were so unfashionably natural. But Eve Merrick did not even glance in her direction.

"It was beautifully done, Mark," she cooed. "Such an extravagant gesture to save my honor. You shouldn't have troubled, my dear."

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly, "but I think you're making some mistake?"

But Lady Merrick was also going down with flying colors, refusing to know when she was beaten. Already she had almost persuaded herself that the whole affair had been arranged so that she and Mark could enjoy greater freedom and security. That at any rate was the story she meant to make public.

"You needn't pretend with me," she said.

"I understand . . ."

Mark interrupted her ruthlessly. "You know Patsy, don't you?" he asked. "Your husband tells me you're going to help her choose a wedding frock. So kind of you!"

"Mark . . ." The dark eyes implored for a moment, and then Eve remembered that she had an audience, and swung round to speak to Patsy. "My dear, he'll make a dreadful husband—he isn't even a polite lover."

For a moment Mark was shaken out of his calm. He hit back. "I wonder who was able to give you that bit of information, Eve?"

The shot went home. For a second, the dark eyes were clouded. Patsy, arguing with herself that Eve Merrick had asked for it, still had a spasm of compassion. Mark could be pretty ruthless.

They were interrupted by a knock on the door. A waiter came in with a tray of cocktails and, hard on his heels, followed the rest of the party. At such short notice Sir

James had only been able to secure a Mr. and Mrs. Willings—people whom Patsy had occasionally seen at the Merrick table. The party was completed by Nicholas Harrison and Burton, the Press agent.

As Mark had predicted, there was a great deal of false heartiness and Patsy could see that Sir James was watching closely, hoping that they would be embarrassed by the flow of conventional jokes. But Mark gave as good as he got. As they drifted down to the restaurant he had once more the upper hand, was leading and directing the conversation and pushing hard on his enemies.

They were all against him. Sir James was the man who had the money. Any discerning subordinate could see beneath his veiled politeness. Sir James was matched against Mark, and Sir James' money was essential to Burton and Harrison, to Lady Merrick and the nebulous Willings. But Mark fought his way and the enemy lost ground inch by inch.

EVE MERRICK sat on one side of Mark, possessive and affectionate; she managed to convey that she was in some way responsible for the whole affair.

"I've been telling Mark for ages that he must get married," she pouted adorably, "just to please me."

"And now," he said curtly, "I'm doing it to please myself."

Patsy reflected that Eve Merrick had it coming to her! There was really no one but herself to blame. Only fools rushed into verbal battle with Mark Gaynor.

He turned to the next comer. "No, Burton," he said, parrying a joke about his secrecy, "there's nothing secret any more about this affair. Is there, Patsy?"

"Oh no," she agreed fervently.

"We've changed our minds—and get this straight, Burton, I want you to put this story over big. You've got to do better than you did with the gala." Mark carried the war into the enemy's country. "You'd better take Miss Reed to the photographer's to-morrow. If, by the time she's Mrs. Gaynor, her face isn't as well known as Greta Garbo's, you'll hear from me!"

"Sure, Chief," murmured a surprised and subdued press agent, who had been promised a grand evening of ragging his boss. "Sure, I'll put it across." He subsided like a pricked balloon.

After that Mark led the conversation round to the swimming season and kept the others to business till Terry made an interruption by coming across to offer his congratulations.

"Well, Chief, this is a dirty trick," he said with his disarming smile.

An attack from a new quarter. Mark took it cautiously. "How's that, Terry?" "Going off with my girl."

Mark glanced at Patsy and there was understanding in his look. He guessed now why she had cried over her typewriter. "You should have acted quicker, you know."

"It's a shame," said Terry, cheerfully addressing the company. "The Chief can never keep a secretary. If he can't find an excuse for sacking her, he goes and marries her. What a man!"

The line of Mark's mouth was grim. "Go on, young man, you get back to your job. And, Patsy, we'd better do the same."

"Your job," said Eve Merrick. "Oh, surely not to-night!"

"Very much to-night," said Mark laughingly. "Work can't stop, or so would your dividends. So we'll thank you all very much for your sincere good wishes and say good night."

He got up with determination. He was never an easy man to contradict. No one made any further effort to detain him. Patsy followed him gladly.

"They can have the time of their lives discussing us," he said as the restaurant door swung behind them.

Neither of them spoke again till they reached Mark's room. He settled to his desk and busied himself lighting a cigarette. "That's behind us. And we didn't do too badly, did we?"

"We did well," she said judiciously. "I rather fancy that they won't come back with the same gusto."

Mark unlocked the drawer that held Eve Merrick's letters and looked at them meditatively. "No envelopes." Suddenly he looked up and there was infinite relief in his face. "I'm an idiot. They never got here. He intercepted them at home." He smiled broadly. "That's a relief. I'd hate it to have been one of our own people." He shut the drawer with a bang and locked it again. "Now, Patsy, you run off to bed, child. You must be tired."

"But the work?"

"In the morning." He turned on his desk lamp. "I'll just straighten up a few things. I don't want to go downstairs again."

She started automatically to tidy her desk for the night. As she pulled a drawer open she caught sight of the envelope which had fallen at her feet that afternoon—the envelope which had contained Eve Merrick's letters. She slipped it into her bag and closed the drawer.

"I'll be off then," she said. "Nine to-morrow."

Already he was absorbed. "Nine to-morrow, child," he said without raising his head. "Night."

Alone, absorbed. "Night, Chief."

She closed the door softly behind her and walked down the corridor. There was a light under Harrison's door, but she knew that Harrison himself was downstairs.

"You there, Hope?" she asked outside.

"Come in, Patsy," said Hope eagerly.

"What's all this I hear?"

"I'll tell you all about that later." Patsy spoke quickly. "I want a long envelope now. Back up the Chief's in a hurry."

"The Chief, indeed. Mark, to you, I hope." She handed her one of the regulation envelopes used by all the clerical staff.

"No. I've got heaps of those. I want something stronger."

"Stronger? Wait a sec. I believe Mr. Harrison has a few." She crossed to his desk. "I'm dying to hear your own story, Patsy. Rumour has been very wild."

"I'll tell you later," said Patsy urgently. "Only back up now."

"Here you are," said Hope triumphantly. "I knew he had some." She handed Patsy a long cartridge-paper envelope.

"Thanks awfully. See you later."

Outside in the corridor Patsy took the two envelopes and examined them under the light. The same size, shape, quality—she held them up—the same watermark.

Her arms dropped hopelessly to her side. She retraced her steps slowly until she stood outside Mark's door. She raised a hand to knock—and let it fall again.

WHAT should she do? Patsy stood silent for a long time. She couldn't bring herself to tell Mark—not now—not yet. She couldn't destroy his faith in the only person in the world whom he loved and trusted. She couldn't leave him so utterly alone. Some day, perhaps, it might be necessary—but not yet.

Nicholas Harrison, she supposed, had counted on stepping into Mark's shoes, when Sir James, as an outraged husband, had thrown Mark out of his position. It hadn't worked—but she had an uneasy feeling that Harrison would not let things rest as they were.

She hid the envelopes in her suit-case and revolved these puzzling matters in her mind while she undressed. She had only just got into bed when Hope, for once shaken out of her superiority, came in, eager for gossip.

Patsy hastily prepared a version of the story suitable to Hope's consumption while she parried with her opening questions.

"Tell me all about it," said Hope. "And

why in bed so early? You should be celebrating. How did it happen? When did it happen?"

"It happened to-day," said Patsy, without raising her head from the pillow. "And how? Well, how do these things ever happen?"

"You're an extremely dark horse, young woman." Hope looked at her curiously. "Burton was pretty tight to-night. Sir James filled him up with champagne. He was saying that Lady Merrick arranged the whole thing to keep her husband from suspecting that she and Mark were lovers."

"That's a good one." Patsy yawned elaborately. "Tell me more."

"Mr. Harrison doesn't believe that."

"No. What does he believe?"

Hope grinned maliciously. "You won't like it."

"I can bear up."

"Yes. After all, no matter what they say, you'll be the Chief's wife and worth—"

Patsy interrupted her. "What did Mr. Harrison say?"

"You won't get mad?"

"No."

"He said that right from the first you'd thrown yourself at the Chief. That he warned him the very day he took you on. He'd always known that the Chief was no judge of women but he never thought he'd go this far. It's got Harrison all hot and bothered. He's genuinely upset about it. His oldest friend. You know the stuff."

"By heart."

"Well, I think it's clever of you. I'll admit I thought you were a little fool. I never dreamt you'd pull off anything like this. You know, I even thought you'd fallen a bit for our playboy, Terry."

Patsy's head stirred restlessly on the pillow. It was bad enough that Hope should vulgarise her relations with Mark, but Patsy wasn't going to have Terry brought into it, too.

SHE changed the subject.

"Were the Merricks still below when you came up?"

"Yes. She must be pleased."

"She'll live it down," said Patsy carelessly, voicing a sentiment in which she did not believe.

"Do get into bed and put out the light. I'm dying of tiredness."

"Well, you take it all very calmly," said Hope suspiciously.

"I don't really," said Patsy, anxious to correct this impression. "To-morrow I propose to let my feelings run riot. But I've a headache to-night, between being proposed to, and drinking champagne, and breaking the news and being congratulated. It's very wrong and unromantic to have a headache, but there it is. Do back up into bed."

Patsy thought all this sounded extremely convincing. Mark wasn't the only one who could tackle an opponent.

"All right," said Hope. "I expect the rest will keep till to-morrow."

Patsy closed her eyes on this bad news. She had hoped that the subject might be considered exhausted and that on the morrow some new theme might take its place. Happily, in the morning there was only time for both the girls to hurry with their dressing and gulp their breakfast before they had to report for work.

"But surely," protested Hope, "you're not secretary any longer?"

"Well, someone else has to be found before I chuck it up. The clients will go on expecting lunch and tea and dinner, even if I am going to be married."

But when she went in to report to Mark it seemed quite incredible that they were going to be married. He looked just as he had on every other day, he said good morning in the same absent-minded way, and he started dictating his letters as if he had quite forgotten that there was anything of a personal nature between them.

They worked with the utmost concentra-

tion till eleven o'clock. Then Mark permitted himself to relax and explain.

"I thought we'd better get that off our chests first, Patsy, before everyone starts worrying us. Now there are one or two personal matters." He picked up a piece of paper on which these personal matters had been impersonally jotted down. "What about the girl from the agency?"

"Listen, Chief." She paused, half shy. "Mayn't I go on working? I'd so much rather. You see, they can't get at us here to ask us all sorts of embarrassing questions."

"That's all very well, but you won't have the time, child." He consulted his notes. "Lady Merrick is fetching you at twelve about your frock. Burton is meeting you in town at two about the photos. I must have the flat upstairs done up for you. I thought you might like to see the decorators at three. And I want to make a settlement on you, and open an account. I'd like you to meet me at the lawyer's at five. That's the way your days will get filled."

SHE gave a little sigh. "Well, mayn't the new girl be just an assistant—to carry on when I'm not there?"

"I don't understand," he said gently.

"I'm safe here." She looked round the room. "They all suspect there's something queer about our marriage. Hope retailed me some of the gossip last night. They all want to ask questions. You see I must have a refuge, some way to escape them."

His face looked troubled. "Poor little Patsy—what a hole I've got you into! I'm sorry, dear. I'll have to try to make it up to you in material ways."

"It's all right, Chief." She smiled at him. "We'll pull through. But I may stay as your head secretary, mayn't I?"

"You may, but ring up the agency all the same for your subordinate."

"I will." "And Patsy—" He looked across at her and stopped.

"Yes, Chief?"

"You mustn't be frightened," he said slowly. "This marriage won't mean anything. Your only enemies are outside. You can trust me."

"I do, Chief," she said simply, and she meant it.

He got up slowly. "I haven't been round the kitchens this morning yet. You'll get ahead with those letters. Lady Merrick will be here with the car at twelve—to choose your frock."

"He might have spared her that."

"A nice refinement. I suppose a frock like that means something to a woman."

It meant a great deal, thought Patsy, as she sat beside Lady Merrick while the car purred its way swiftly towards the West End. They had so far exchanged the merest formalities of greeting, and Patsy had sought safety in silence.

It was Eve Merrick who reopened the attack.

"This is a big thrill for you," she said, insolently patronising.

Patsy suppressed her very natural rage. "Yes, it's very exciting getting married," she said demurely.

"I expect you're quite dazed by it all. The voice was slow and silky. "All such a change. And then feathering the nest—"

The implication was obvious. Patsy chose to ignore it. "That, too," she agreed. "I'm to see the decorators this afternoon."

"You are a lucky girl."

Patsy bit back a number of remarks, all of which would have been extremely rude. Once she had been sorry for this Dresden china shepherdess, but now— "Yes, very lucky."

"That is, of course, if you don't mind Mark's temper."

"No," said Patsy. "You see, I've got a temper of my own." She only wished that circumstance would allow her to show Eve Merrick what she could do when in a temper.

"Dear Mark. Of course, he never shows me that side of his character. But then, with me, it's different—" The word was long drawn out, each syllable dropped separately. "I understand him. So few people do. He values that."

"You must give me some tips," said Patsy dryly.

Eve Merrick glanced quickly at her companion. For a second, she had a horrid suspicion that the demure little typist was making fun of her.

The car was held up for a moment by a convoy of lorries coming out of the rival road house. Lady Merrick leant forward in her seat to watch. "They say it will be finished in time for the end of the season."

Patsy noticed with alarm how rapidly the new road house seemed to be growing. "Will it be dangerous?" she asked.

"Not with Mark at The Harbor Bar and Sir James to finance him. It may cost a bit to fight them, but my husband says these people can't last."

"Let's hope they don't find a millionaires."

Lady Merrick gave a little sigh of self-satisfaction. "I assure you they're not easy to come by." She should know, thought Patsy. It seemed unreasonable that she wasn't satisfied with the one she had got. "Of course, that makes them more interesting, doesn't it? Easy things are so dull."

Well, she couldn't accuse Mark of being "easy." "I don't know," said Patsy bluntly. "I haven't much experience. Sir James is the only very rich man I've ever met."

"Mark isn't exactly poor, you know. But I forgot. You're not interested in money. You're just marrying for love. And what would you like to wear?"

PATSY winced. It wasn't only for Lady Merrick that it was painful to choose this wedding dress. "Something simple, please," urged Patsy.

A little smile touched the corners of Lady Merrick's lips. Patsy had given herself away. Now it would be easy to do the exact opposite. "Ribaux had just beautiful ideas," she said. "One daren't interfere with him. He's a great artist."

"It doesn't much matter," Patsy thought wearily that it was a waste of precious energy to argue over her frock, when there were so many much more important things at stake.

But it happened that in his own line, Ribaux really was a great artist. He took one look at Patsy, at the soft brown curls and the honest brown eyes, at the mouth made for laughter and the fine, white skin, at the slim young figure in the cheap little washing silk. He wondered why the girl's face was clouded and unhappy and he smiled with instinctive friendliness.

"Ah, mademoiselle, always I make the frock to match the personality. And for you. . . ." His eyes narrowed, he stopped back half the length of his salon. "For you I have it. . . ."

"It's to be a very smart wedding. Ribaux," interrupted Lady Merrick. "Sir James' gift to the bride. He wants you to spare nothing."

Ribaux did not seem to hear. "Very proud and honest and courageous."

"C'est mieux. You look so serious when you come in. Yes, in white velvet. I have it. You will be delicious." Suddenly he clasped his hands. "Marion," he called. "Take the young lady's measurements."

A perfectly ordinary English flatter appeared as if by magic, and started the perfectly ordinary business of taking Patsy's measurements, while Ribaux went on backing and advancing, drawing imaginary curves and angles in the air.

"Now," he said at last, "you come back to me Thursday."

From Ribaux, Patsy went to meet Burton, and from the photographers to the decorators, and from the decorators to the lawyers—and so started a three weeks' round of bewildering activity.

The idea that she could be the future Mrs. Gaynor and at the same time the Chief's secretary died within the first few days. All sorts of new duties seemed to arise. She had no time to think about her own emotions because someone was always asking her to make a decision.

Would she have an Ambrosian carpet for her sitting-room? Would she grant five minutes to the reporter from the "Daily Sun"? Would she have any bridesmaids—and, if so, who were they to be? Would she like a bouquet of white orchids? Would she speak to the choirmaster about the music for the ceremony? Would she go and be fitted? Would she tell Mark's new secretary where she had put the list of July fixtures? Did she want to invite any relations to the wedding? Would she choose an engagement ring? Would she open the present from Mrs. Maxton? Would she acknowledge the fish knives from Major Webb? Would she do this, that and the other?

She hardly ever saw Mark alone. He was trying desperately hard to prevent the routine work of The Harbor Bar from suffering by the distraction of the wedding and to contend with a staff only too ready to grow slack. It was the busy season. The long warm days had begun. The place was always crowded and the clients didn't care who married who, provided their cocktails were cold and their soup hot.

The ceremony at the by-pass church was timed for two, and the reception afterwards was to be in the main restaurant of The Harbor Bar—the room was to be closed to the general public for that afternoon.

In the end, it was found that Sir James had to contribute practically all the guests. Mark had been unable to think of any one to invite. His only friend was Nicholas Harrison, and he was already on the spot to act as best man.

Patsy was just as unhelpful. Her only relation was a brother and his vague address was "somewhere in Yorkshire." She knew a few girls she might have asked, but she didn't think they could come. They would be working in the afternoon, or if they weren't working they wouldn't want to waste their money on fares, and they wouldn't have the right clothes; and, anyway, she didn't think they would find it very amusing.

Terry held his wedding present back till the eve of the ceremony, and then presented it in person.

"Patsy," he said, "I wanted to give you something just for you."

He enjoyed his own light sentimentality, his little regrets, his dash of melancholy. She knew it. She had grown very clear-sighted during these last few weeks. She knew it, and it made no difference.

He opened a jeweller's case, and took out a very fine platinum bracelet set with diamonds. "Will you wear it—for remembrance?" He slipped it round her wrist.

"Thank you, Terry." Her lips felt stiff as she framed the halting words. "It's beautiful."

He bent and kissed her lightly. "So is the wearer," he said.

SHE put out a hand to steady herself. If only he would go away. "You shouldn't have been so extravagant," she sought safety in meaningless phrases. Extravagant, Terry's salary was fabulous. "You're my good cause," he said. "And you're to be happy." He shook his head. "Though what on earth does the Chief know about making women happy? He should come to me for a lesson."

"You're a specialist," she said.

He did not detect any irony in her tone. "Sure. Two things I do supremely well; brighten the lives of lovely ladies and play the tenor four-string guitar. Which reminds me I must away to practise the wedding march. 'Bye, sweetheart.'"

She watched him out of sight. He had come into her life with laughter, all the

hours they had spent together had been gay with laughter, but on her part, it was laughter that hurt far more than tears.

She turned away and went into Mark's office to say good-night.

"There are about a thousand things I haven't done," she explained, "but I'm going to bed. I must try to look my best to-morrow."

Mark nodded. "I was wondering," he said reflectively, "whether it would be better to put Luigi or Alphonse in charge of the small dining-room to-morrow? I don't like this upsetting the clients."

Patsy laughed at the unexpectedness of his remark. At least Mark was refreshingly sane. You knew just where you were with him. "Upsetting the clients." That was all being married seemed to him. A sturdy independent point of view, if not very flattering to his bride. She considered his problem. "I should put Alphonse," she said.

"Alphonse it shall be. Thanks. And good night, child. Sleep well."

"I shan't see you again till we walk up the aisle," she said and waited.

"No. That's right. Nick made me buy a top hat. I look most distinguished."

"Till then, Chief." She moved towards the door.

"Till then, Patsy. Oh, by the way—"

"Yes?" She waited anxiously.

"Mustn't call me 'Chief' any more."

"All right, Chief. Not after to-morrow."

"To-morrow! She couldn't believe it. She wasn't going to be married. It couldn't be true."

And yet somehow the morrow dawned. And there was Hope, shaking her, and offering her—unwonted luxury—a cup of early tea; and telling her that she had let her sleep on because she seemed so tired, but that the hairdresser would arrive in an hour.

She must be going to get married, for there was Ribaux's beautiful white frock, and the veil and the orange blossom, and the bouquet of white orchids. And there was the car with Sir James, who was to give her away, and somehow, at last, she was walking up the aisle to where Mark was waiting.

She could smell the lilies. She could smell the varnish that was still fresh on the ugly little church. She could see the crowd of well-dressed strangers who had come to stare at the lucky little triplet.

They were making the responses. She was fully awake now.

"I will."

Such simple words to change the whole course of one's existence!

"I will."

Words gay with promise, or heavy with dread—an inviolable vow, or a broken pledge.

"For better or for worse."

It had a solemn sound. She looked at Mark's grave face. For a moment she hesitated, something naturally honest in her nature rebelled. The pledge they did not mean to keep. She was suddenly frightened. Her voice seemed to refuse to obey her. The clergyman waited with the dull patience of a man long used to other people's weddings. Mark touched her lightly on the arm.

"For better or for worse," she echoed obediently.

PATSY had signed the register and was walking down the aisle on Mark's arm, between a congregation of well-dressed strangers. A moment before, he and she had been actors in the drama; a moment before, she had been unconscious of anything save of the fealty which she had sworn to the man at her side.

Now the world and its complications were crowding in again. She heard the rustle of the women's skirts as they moved in their seats. She felt the air of the by-pass on her face. There was a click of

cameras, a spray of rice, and Mark was handing her into the car that was to carry them a quarter of a mile along the road.

Mark sat with his hands clasped between his knees, his face white and still. "I feel like a thief and a murderer," he said.

"Why, Mark—?" she protested.

"I've stolen you. I've murdered your right to a wedding with the man you love." He smiled grimly. "I've a kind of feeling a second wedding can never be just the same."

SHE laid a hand on his arm. "You mustn't worry, Mark. We've just got to cope till we see a way out. You mustn't reproach yourself. The consensus of opinion is that I'm doing very well for myself. 'Feathering my nest' is the popular expression."

"I'd hate to believe that, Patsy, and I don't!" he broke out, roused to sudden animation. "I couldn't begin to believe it. Through this whole sickening business only you and Nick have come clean—and if I ceased to believe in either of you I might just as well throw my hand in."

Her heart beat fast. She was glad now that she hadn't told him about the envelope. And yet—Harrison must be carefully watched. There was no telling what else he might be planning, and the next time the proofs might fall into less sympathetic hands.

The car drew up outside The Harbour Bar, and Patsy could already hear the strains of the wedding march in a jam version invented by Terry for the occasion. She stood, for a moment, hesitating on the threshold. She had come to know his tricks of orchestration. Every note of Terry's music beat on her heart.

"What is it?" said Mark. "You've gone so white, child."

"It's nothing," she said unsteadily. "I expect I want a drink. Let's go in."

He tucked her hand firmly inside his arm. "Hold on to me. I'm a tower of strength."

The big restaurant was gay with flowers and white ribbons, and at one end a platform had been erected and a big floral bell. Like a cinema wedding, thought Patsy, so unreal and insincere. This wasn't how she had meant to be married. She had always imagined some quiet registrar's office, or a dim London church early in the morning, a wedding at which love would preside.

Terry had come forward to greet them. "Bless you both. This way," he said, leading them to their stand, under the absurd floral bell.

Already Sir James and Lady Merrick had arrived, and the other guests were stepping out of their cars. Introductions and congratulations had started and the room was filled with noise and perfume, and Patsy was only conscious that dozens and dozens of people, whom she had never seen in her life before, were conscientiously wishing her happiness.

The waiters were circulating with champagne, and Sir James had jumped on the platform and commanded a moment's silence.

"Fill your glasses," he said. "I give you the happy pair."

The room swam before Patsy's eyes. She swayed a little, and then she was conscious of Mark's hand at her elbow, of the pressure of his strong fingers.

Sir James turned towards them. He was dangerously hearty. "Hang it all, Gaynor! Kiss your bride."

Mark gathered her gently into his arms. She turned her face up to his and their lips met. She clung to him a little. The only person who believed in her, the only person she could trust. He held her warmly, tenderly. She seemed very young and slight and lovely. And, as they kissed, something seemed to happen. They felt shaken. They were surprised. The blood ran more warmly in their veins. Their

hearts beat faster. When they released one another they felt suddenly, momentarily, shy. They did not know it, but their old, emotionless friendship was dead—killed by a kiss.

"Will you cut the cake, madam?"

It was so large that the waiters had to wheel it in on a service table. It was like Sir James, she thought bitterly, to see that everything should be so large and vulgar and overdone. It was a deliberate insult.

But she cut the cake, smiling politely, and the waiters circulated with it, along with the trays of food that emerged from the kitchen in an apparently endless procession.

It seemed to Patsy that she stood for hours and hours and made meaningless small talk, and her feet ached in her new white shoes, and her head ached in her orange blossom wreath, and her heart ached with loneliness.

At long last the guests began to remember their homes, and their other engagements, and the cars to drift away, and finally the room was emptied of all save the staff and the principals.

Mark's first thought was to call the head waiter. "Now, Francoise, get the place straight for dinner. Offer all our clients a piece of wedding cake with my compliments. I'll get out of these clothes and come back and give you a hand. And hurry—"

"Yes, Chief."

"And that new man—the one you took on yesterday. I've been noticing him all this afternoon. He's slack. Tell him he works or he goes."

"Yes, Chief."

Then Mark turned to Patsy. "Come on, child. You must be tired. We'll go upstairs."

She realised that she came a poor third, but she smiled politely, and from force of habit she said, "Yes, Chief." But he did not notice.

THE flat which Mark Gaynor had always occupied was at the top of the building, neat, compact, with every modern comfort and fine views over the surrounding country.

It had four rooms and a tiny kitchen—which was never used, as Mark took nearly all his meals in the restaurant, and, on the rare occasions when he ate upstairs, the waiters served him from the Harbor Bar kitchen. There were two bedrooms, each with its bath, and there was a dining and sitting room. At the moment it was all resplendent in new paper and paint.

They walked upstairs in silence, till the front door had closed behind them, and they found privacy in the sitting-room.

Mark's steady grey eyes were a faint tired look of amusement. "Anything more unsuited to our personalities than that wedding I find it hard to imagine." He shook his head. "I'm sorry, my dear."

She summoned up a smile. "It was an exceptionally grand wedding."

"Exceptionally vulgar—and you know it as well as I do! When you do marry the right man, Patsy, I'll superintend the arrangements and see that you get the quietest registrar, with the homeliest office and the most secretive clerk in the country!"

"Oh, the right man!" She made a hopeless little gesture. "Where do I find him?"

He looked at her young face, so pale that the brown eyes looked almost black, emphasised by the shadows that exhaustion had brushed under the long lashes; he looked at the brown curls that had defeated the hairdresser's attempt at standardisation, and had remained soft and unruly; he looked at the soft mouth that drooped a little now, but that still held that hint of ready laughter; he looked at Ribaux's masterpiece of white simplicity that emphasised her slim boyish lines; he looked and shook his head and smiled.

"The right man, my child. So many will present themselves, you'll only have to make your choice." He turned abruptly away from her and when he spoke again it was in the familiar businesslike tones. "I expect you'd like to get to bed early. I'll come in very quietly."

"Yes," said Patsy, a little blankly. She was, it seemed, no longer the heroine of the occasion. She had played her necessary part and now, like a child, she was being sent to bed.

Mark stood with his back to the mantelpiece and looked round the room. "You know I want you to do just whatever you like here, have whoever you like, order whatever you like, spend whatever you like. I won't get in your way. You know how it is with me. I'm in the kitchen as a rule by eight every morning, and I work all hours of the night. You know that."

"Yes, I know." She knew, too, that a little thing like marriage wouldn't be allowed to interrupt this routine.

"So I won't disturb you. Oh, and I nearly forgot—"

"Yes?"

He laughed. "I'm a good bridegroom. I nearly forgot your wedding present. I got you—well, to be fair, Alec, the garage foreman, did the actual buying—it's a two-seater. One of the men will teach you to drive in no time. Then when you want to run up and down to town you'll be independent of the lot of us."

"It's very kind of you, Mark. I don't know what to say. I'm sort of overwhelmed with everything."

"I know—from Major Webb's fish-knives to my car. My dear, you don't have to say anything. I know it doesn't mean a thing. I know it would be happier for you to have some young man you loved who could give you nothing better than a bus ride. I know, Patsy. You don't have to pretend with me." He turned her gently round till she faced in the direction of her bedroom. "Now run along and change. I'll phone for tea. Don't be too long."

She tried to hurry, but her fingers trembled and there seemed to be hundreds of invisible hairpins in her veil and in her wreath and her frock had rows of exasperating little hooks. But at last she flung them all on the bed anyhow. There would be plenty of time afterwards to tidy up time it seemed for anything she ever wanted to do, time to kill. She found the pale pink wrap that she had bought in the belief that all brides needed such a garment, she pushed her tired feet into a pair of mules, and joined Mark in the sitting-room.

He indicated the tea which the waiter had just left. "That's what we need. Just give me a cup quickly. I've got to be off."

"Won't you have anything to eat?"

"No thanks. I haven't time."

HE took his tea and drank it standing, while he inspected the tray with a critical eye. "I must speak to the chef about these pasties. They're too ornamental." Then he laid down his cup. "Now, I must be moving. Take care of yourself, my dear."

He was gone. Patsy looked in blank dismay at the tea tray. There was so much of everything. Hot buttered scones, and caviare sandwiches, and wafers of currant bread, and pastries and biscuits, and Dundee cake for more masculine appetites. It didn't seem the kind of tea that anyone should be asked to sit down to alone.

She was frightened but determined. She was not going to whine. Ages ago, it seemed, she had promised Mark that she knew how to cope. She meant to keep her word.

Over a cigarette she argued with herself. She should be self-sufficient. Only stupid people are bored and lonely. She should educate herself, or do something to help others, or—

...The cigarette went out unheeded. All the arguments were unanswerable, but they didn't help a lot. For after all, philosophy isn't acquired overnight when you are sweet and twenty and know that "youth's a stuff will not endure."

Life settled into a new routine. Mark was so careful not to intrude, that as her husband, she saw less of him than when he was her employer.

He was off on his daily rounds every morning before she was even awake. No use to wake too early, the day was already long enough.

One of the maids brought her her breakfast in bed at nine. She killed half an hour dressing, she killed an hour being taught to drive her new car.

"You'll ask your friends along, won't you?" said Mark.

"Oh, yes."

But she hadn't any of that kind of friend. Here were working in the daytime, and if she were to invite them to the Harbor Bar they must be fetched and taken back. Once she went into town and took a couple of girls she knew to the theatre. But the evening was not a success. She had dropped out of their set, they no longer had the same office jokes, they resented her patronage, and they were jealous and a little embarrassed at her spending powers. She knew that they would have had more fun, by themselves, in the pit.

Sometimes in the early morning, before the clients arrived she swam, and the instructor taught her to swallow dive. He was servilely polite and careful, as was only right and proper with his employer's wife.

SOMETIMES she played tennis with the professional, but it was inevitable that what was a game should develop into a lesson.

"Now," she thought to herself, "I can drive a car, do the crawl, and have a lovely backhand drive. I'd be an addition to any party—only nobody seems likely ever to invite me anywhere."

Sometimes she went into the restaurant, but the atmosphere had changed. The staff were coldly polite. They suspected that she was there to spy on them. And, worst of all, in the restaurant there was Terry. She didn't want to see him. She wanted to forget. She had to be loyal to Mark. "Forbearing all others."

So she read, she walked along the country roads, she drove to town. But when she got there she was too shy to go by herself into the unfamiliar, expensive restaurants. It seemed futile to buy clothes which she had no occasion to wear, and often she ended by lunching at a tea shop and going to the pictures.

Once she had had Hope up to dinner in the flat. She did not repeat the experiment. Hope asked too many awkward questions; Hope's prying eyes saw too much. Mark was scrupulous in asking her every day if she were quite happy, and if he could be of service.

She was proudly emphatic. "I'm perfectly all right."

"You're not bored? You're giving yourself a good time?"

"Sure."

Sometimes he would linger rather uncertainly. She didn't seem to have any need of him. She was very definite. He had always been told that the world was at the feet of a rich young married woman with a complaisant husband.

Sometimes he wondered what she did all day. Did she meet Terry? In the morning, perhaps, when, as now, he was in town making gramophone records. He hoped she did. When he asked her, her answers were always suspiciously vague.

"I went into town," she would say.

"I went into the country."

He did not like to seem to pry into her

activities. He hoped that she was finding consolation.

Then one evening the monotony was relieved by an unexpected visitor. Patsy was surprised to hear a ring. The waiters and maids all had a pass key. She wondered who it could be.

Patsy herself opened the door to Eve Merrick.

"May I come in?"

Patsy was conscious that she was staring stupidly at her companion. If there was anything unusual in the encounter it had not ruffled Eve Merrick's composure. She stood smiling politely. She wore a little frock in pastel shades of blue, and the only things that were hard and definite and glittering were her dark eyes and the sapphires at her throat.

"May I?" she repeated.

Patsy pulled herself together. "Why, good evening. Of course. Please. This way." Patsy led her into the sitting-room.

"Is Mark here?"

"I'm afraid not. He's working."

"I must speak to him. Perhaps you'd be awfully kind and phone through and ask him to come up? I wouldn't bother you but it's rather important—for him, of course—and it's impossible to catch him alone downstairs."

Patsy wondered whether Eve Merrick had tried and failed. "Why, of course."

"So kind."

"Won't you sit down. A cigarette?"

"Thank you." But she did not sit down. She stood by the mantelpiece smoking and watched Patsy with faintly superior amusement.

Patsy rang through to the office. "Is that you, Mark?" She had hitherto made it a rule never to bother him when he was working.

"Why, Patsy!" She thought he sounded pleased. "What is it, my dear?"

"Are you very busy? Could you come up for a moment?" She hesitated. "It's rather important."

She would not tell him why. He might refuse to come. And they could not afford to make any more enemies.

"I'll be with you right away."

"He's coming," said Patsy, as she rang off.

"Now, may I offer you a drink?"

"No, thank you. And how is he? How do you both enjoy marriage?"

"He's very well, thank you. How about a little sherry?"

"No, thanks. You were saying?"

She was saying precisely nothing, and Lady Merrick knew it. Patsy tried again. "I was saying we were both very fit. And don't you like the flat? It's nice being so high up. You get so much light." She rattled on about the view, conscious that Eve's dark eyes watched her with quiet disdain.

It was a relief when she heard Mark's key in the door. He hurried into the room, but he stopped short on seeing Lady Merrick.

"Well, Mark, how are you?" She smiled, and coming very close, looked up at him.

"You weren't expecting me, my dear."

"No, Eve," he said coldly polite. "Did you want me?"

"Yes, I have something to tell you." She stopped dead.

"What is it?"

"Ah, for that I'm afraid I must see you alone."

He moved away from her and walked over to Patsy. "Anything you have to say, Eve, will interest us both."

"Don't be silly, Mark. This is a matter of business. I can only tell you in private."

"There can be nothing to be said between us that cannot be said before my wife."

"Suppose I don't agree?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Come on, out with it, Eve."

"How if I refuse?"

"I'm afraid that then our curiosity will have to go unsatisfied."

"That would be very rash. I came to warn you."

"That's very kind of you."

"You'd better hear me in private, Mark."

The line of his jaw was set. "I think not."

"Some people never seem to learn a lesson, do they?" She was silent for a moment. "Well, that's the only way I speak."

Patsy put a hand on Mark's arm. There was some danger. He ought to hear. What was the use of antagonising this woman further?

"I'll go," said Patsy softly.

He put his hand firmly over hers. "You'll stay, Patsy."

"I can go," said Lady Merrick. She moved towards the door and paused a moment to see if Mark looked like yielding. "Don't say afterwards that I didn't come to warn you. You'll be sorry." Mark did not stir. She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, there it is. Good bye."

She moved quietly out of the room, and a moment later they heard the front door close behind her.

AS the door closed behind Lady Merrick, Mark Gayner laughed—a warm, full-blooded, friendly sound that filled the lonely flat.

"That woman!" he said.

"But, Mark—"

"For over a year I've been longing to tell her what I really think of her. But it wouldn't be wise. Not while her husband holds eighty per cent. of our shares. But some day, Patsy, I'll have enough money to buy him out. What a moment that will be—and then I will tell her what I think of her."

"But what did she mean?"

"Nothing. She's just trying to make herself interesting."

"I wonder," said Patsy uneasily. "She frightened me."

"You mustn't let her. She doesn't mean a thing. She has a passion for being melodramatic, for creating scenes, for lime-light."

"I hope you're right."

"I'm sure I'm right. You mustn't worry your head about her."

"But still, I hardly think she'd have come up here."

"Now, Patsy, what could she tell us? What danger could there be?"

"Still, I wish—"

"You wish I'd seen her alone! Yes, and perhaps she'd have involved us in another scandal. That's probably what she was after. That's a great deal more to be feared than any warning she can utter."

"Perhaps you're right there."

"And I resent her assumption that you should be sent out of the room like a naughty schoolgirl."

Patsy laughed. "So do I—but I'm trying to be sensible."

"Oh, away with sense. It never got anyone anywhere. Let's forget it." He sank into one of the big armchairs and she handed him a cigarette. "This is a magnificent chair, Patsy. I don't believe I ever sat in it before."

"You never did," she said. "And I got it specially masculine and outside for you."

She stood back a little to see him the better. She liked his sprawling length in the armchair. Suddenly the flat seemed homelike. She had never seen him out of office hours. He seemed to have no life save that of manager of the Harbor Bar.

"Do you know," he said, and his voice was lazy as he sat relaxed watching the smoke of his cigarette. "I've hardly been in this room since our wedding day. Every morning at seven Luigi pushes a cup of coffee under my nose and every evening I creep in to avoid waking you." He looked

about him. "It's a nice room, too. I seem to have missed something."

"We've both missed something," she said, so low that he did not hear.

"And it's quiet up here, too. There's a terrible din in the restaurant to-night. The something-or-other swimming club are opening their season with a dinner, and they seem to be a bunch of rough necks."

"Francis can manage them. Let me mix you a drink."

"Thanks. Not too strong. Oughtn't I—?"

"No. You sit still. I like to see you there."

"Landscape figure of large proportions."

She handed him a glass and raised her own. "To ourselves," she said, drew up a low stool and sat opposite him, wondering how she could prolong his visit. "How's business?" she asked as the surest road to his heart.

He leant forward and answered with characteristic concentration. "Magnificent. Packed every day. Our turnover for the last fortnight has been a joy. The chef and the costings clerk have devised a five-shilling dinner with six courses and a profit. One of Terry's boys has invented and dances the Harbor Bar hornpipe. It tickles the clients."

Alec, the garage foreman, tells me that the repairs business has been wonderful. Apparently this sunny weather tempts people to rush out on to the by-pass and stage a head-on crash. There's always a queue for our swimming expert, despite his sea lion moustache. The tennis—"

He stopped suddenly. "But all this is very dull for you. It's too much like work."

"No, Mark, I want to hear it."

"That's just your good manners. Now—much more important—tell me about yourself? Are you sure you're getting on all right?"

"Splendidly," she said, with almost too much emphasis.

"What do you do with yourself all day?"

"Oh, lots of things," she said vaguely.

"I see."

A shadow crossed his face. She wouldn't tell. She didn't trust him.

She ought to have known that whatever she did he wouldn't have objected. He knew she'd had a raw deal marrying a man just to get him out of a jam. He knew money wasn't any real compensation. Poor little kid.

Patsy was frightened of the silence. He might remember his duties downstairs.

"What do you think about the Good Pull Up," she asked.

"Grand competition," he said eagerly.

"Kind of straightforward fight that I always enjoy."

"You're not afraid. They're just that much nearer town. People might stop there just because they met it first."

"They can't stand the pace. I've been making some discreet inquiries. You've got to be ready to lose a lot at a game like this." He stopped and looked across at her enquiringly. "What are you doing to-night?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Mind if I have dinner here with you?"

"Patsy."

"You'd tell me—if you wanted anything—wouldn't you?" The words came staccato as if they cost him an effort. "I can't guess. And if you overdraw at the bank, you mustn't let it worry you."

"Why, whatever makes you think I'm

overdrawn?" she said in astonishment, for she had barely touched his very generous allowance.

"I just hoped you might be," he said, softly.

"Hoped?"

"Because then I'd be sure you were having a good time."

She looked at him in bewilderment.

"What on earth has that to do with it?"

"I thought it had."

SHE walked to the window and looked out across the fields. Poor Mark. He didn't know a thing about love in a cottage, about happiness with a dish of herbs. But she was wrong. Few men had simpler tastes, but then she had still a lot to learn about her husband.

The waiter was outside. She turned.

"I'm going to choose our dinner," she said, and escaped quickly into the hall.

She chose the meal carefully. Melon, clear soup, trout, lamb cutlets, green peas, a soufflé, and a bottle of champagne. Then she hurried into her own room, pulled off her frock, and, for the first time, wore one of her little trowsau dresses. At last there was someone to look at her. When she came back, her eyes were shining.

"I do hope you'll like your meal. It's dreadful. If we went on a honeymoon now, I'd have to ask you if you took sugar in your tea!"

"Patsy, some day we'll have to go on a honeymoon." He laughed. "If we don't get divorced first. Where would you like to go?"

"Italy," she said, promptly, and thought it would be rather fun.

"If I could get away from all this—"

"How's the new secretary?"

"Terrible. Simply terrible! I can't keep her."

"You are a bluebeard among employers. What happened?"

"I lost my temper—and she wept. You wouldn't have done a thing like that, Patsy. You'd have told me to behave myself and gone on telephoning for the week's supplies of beer." He sighed. "I miss you downstairs."

Patsy reflected that she was obviously more successful and more esteemed as a secretary than as a wife. "You shouldn't have sacked her," she said. "The agencies will begin to give you a bad name."

"That's not all. Hope Wilson is leaving too."

"Hoped!" she gasped. "Why?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask. That's Nick's funeral."

Patsy was uneasy. "Did they have a row, too?"

"I didn't ask."

Before she could question him further, the waiter served dinner. Patsy led the way into the dining-room. "Come on—you've got to pretend I cooked it and do justice to it."

And it occurred to her, as she spoke, that nobody cared much whether Mark ate his food, kept his feet dry shod, or took his quota of fresh air, and sound sleep. Eve Merrick might love him passionately—but that was quite another matter. No woman was just "food" of Mark, and it suddenly seemed to Patsy that here was a gap she could fill.

They drew up to table, and he praised her choice of dishes and she told him funny stories of her early efforts to drive her car, and his great warm laugh filled the lonely flat. Patsy exerted herself to keep him happy and amused, and make him forget that he was manager of a road house that never slept.

But, over his coffee, Mark made a move. He had already remembered his duties.

"I must get back, Patsy. It was a lovely meal and first-rate company." He paused a moment and added reflectively: "I can't think when I last ate a meal in somebody's home."

"It's your home," she said softly.
"Yes, of course," he corrected himself hastily. "But it never seemed so till to-night. I wish I could stay, but I expect you've got a date, and heaven knows what they're doing downstairs without me."
"Yes," she said, blankly, "I expect you have to go."

She got up and wandered to the window and stood looking down at the by-pass. In the dusk the cars roared up and down. Life going by for ever-important, beautiful, happy, tragic things going by—passing her—leaving her isolated. Instinctively she put out a hand, and then drew it back quickly. Absurd gesture. You couldn't ask life to wait.

Mark put down his cup and came and stood behind her. For a moment he looked down at the road and then he put his hands on her arms. He had never touched her before—save for that one strange kiss on their wedding day. His hands were strong and firm, and comforting.

"Patsy, my dear," he said, and his voice was low, "I want to thank you so much for everything. You mustn't think I've just accepted your sacrifice and thought no more about it. I haven't. I do realize what you've done. I'm not forgetting it for a moment. I'm watching my opportunity. You can rest easy. The very first minute that it's safe I'll take the necessary steps to set you free."

She stared down at the by-pass through a mist of tears. Mark didn't know what he was doing. "Set her free." Free—for what? Terry didn't want her. What should she do in a world where she knew no one, a world where she had money and no one with whom to spend it? She didn't want to be "set free." Mark was all that she had left.

But her lips framed the correct answer. "I know, Mark," she said.
"And I'm working doubly hard, so that I can make you a really handsome settlement." His hands slipped from her arms. He drew himself up. "So you mustn't worry, Patsy. Give yourself a good time and I'll look after the future."
The future—that dreadful blank. "Thank you," she said.

"Good-night, my dear."
"Good-night, Mark."
She heard the door close behind him, but she did not move. She stood looking into the future, stood so long that the cars lit up and the great headlights glared and dipped, saluting each other in passing and the flood lights came on at the Harbor Bar.

When she returned from the window, Patsy knew what she had to do. She telephoned downstairs and asked that a page might be sent to find Miss Hope Wilson and to say that Mrs. Gaynor would like to see her when she was disengaged.

SHE had not long to wait. Hope had, as always, something defiant and faintly hostile in her bearing.

"You wanted me, Patsy?" she said, standing in the doorway.

"Why, come in, Hope. Have a seat? Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."
"I hear you're leaving. I was so surprised."

For a second the color ebbed under Hope's white skin. "Who told you?"

"The Chief."

"I see." For once Hope was embarrassed. "Of course, I wouldn't have gone without telling you myself. I'd have been up to say good-bye."

So that was it. Patsy was not to have known. "But why are you leaving so suddenly?"

"I'm going to America."

"But the money?"

"Harrison made it up."

"What—the whole forty pounds?"

Hope nodded. "To be exact, he gave me a cheque for a hundred."

"But why?"
"Why shouldn't he?" Hope was defiant. "I've been a super secretary to him for the last two years."
"Then doesn't he want you to go on being a super secretary to him for another two years?"

Hope watched her cigarette smoke rise to the ceiling. "Apparently not," she said coolly.

"I don't understand."

"Does that matter?"

But Patsy did understand very well indeed. Hush money. Blackmail—said an inner voice. She looked at Hope squarely. "You don't mean to tell me?"

Hope smiled. "Why should I? You don't mean to tell me why you married Mark Gaynor?"

Patsy gasped. "But that—"

"—Was different! Nonsense. You don't for a moment imagine that anyone thinks it was a love match, do you? No. It's obviously a bit of hanky-panky and, as far as I can see, you've pulled your chestnuts out of the fire with great dexterity." Hope laughed insolently. "In a much shorter space of time you've gone much better than I have. I congratulate you."

Patsy did not answer. It was all useless. Hope would never believe any explanation she could offer, and perhaps it didn't much matter.

Hope smiled and nodded. "Wonderful how home." "I don't think there's anything to choose between us, except that you appear to be cleverer than I am." She got up and stubbed out her cigarette. "It's good-bye then and good luck."

"Good-bye," said Patsy. She could not bring herself to say any more.

HOPE smiled and nodded. "Wonderful how you preserve that little air of frank and friendly innocence. Must be a great help." She moved to the door. "Good-bye."

The door closed softly behind her and Patsy was left to her thoughts. Of one thing she was convinced, Mark must be told. To-night she would stay awake and speak to him.

Too restless to read, she turned herself on a bath. The bathroom and its luxuries were so far the only item of her riches that had made any impression.

She bathed very slowly, thinking hard as she watched the cloudy, silky water slide over her body. Mark must be told. Then perhaps he would realise his danger. Mark must be told—and then he would know that her prejudice against Harrison was not irrational.

She chose one of her new nightdresses, a bluish pink crepe-de-chine, worked with little knots of blue silk. "True lovers' knots," she thought sadly. She added an absurd bed jacket, a wisp of ribbon and lace. She stood before the mirror and examined her reflection. Very slim and young and lovely she looked.

She left the bedroom door ajar and slipped into bed with a book. But somehow she could not focus her attention on the words. She was listening for Mark's footsteps—listening, and her heart beat quickly with an unaccountable excitement.

He came at last. She heard his key in the latch. She heard him pause for a second to switch on the light in the hall.

"Mark," she called softly.

"Yes?" He stood outside her door waiting.

"Come in a moment, I want to speak to you."

It was almost with reluctance that he crossed the threshold. He looked at her quickly and then he looked away. The excited beat of her heart slackened. It was an effort to speak.

"I have something to tell you."

"Yes?"

He walked away from the bed towards the window. He stood rigid, his hands in his pockets. Her heart dropped like a stone.

He could not even trouble to look at her, decked out in her absurd little bed jacket. She did not know that the blood sang in his ears that his hands were clenched so hard that the nails bit into the flesh.

MARK looked down at the by-pass, out at the dim fields beyond, up at the star-strewn sky—anywhere but at the slender, tempting figure on the bed. Below him the cars passed ceaselessly, unendingly.

"It's about Nicholas Harrison," Patsy said at last. The words cost her an effort. Suddenly it did not seem so easy to tell Mark.

"What about him?" His tone was casual. "He's been slaving to get the books ready for the auditors on Monday. He took the night plane to Trouville for a week-end's rest."

"He's gone!" she gasped.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing." She pigeon-holed the information for future reference, her eyes on Mark's broad back. "He gave Hope Wilson a hundred pounds to go to America." Somehow it did not sound so impressive an accusation now as it did before.

"That won't get her far—"

"To make up—with what she had saved—so that she could go now, right away."

"Well, jolly generous of him."

"But don't you see?"

"See what?"

"It wasn't generosity."

He swung round quickly, his eyes flashing with temper. "Now what nonsense are you talking?" Automatically his hands came out of his pockets. This was Patsy, his secretary, the exasperating girl to whom he gave orders, not a lovely, defenceless child in a bluish pink nightdress.

"It's not nonsense," she said with equal anger. "It wasn't generosity. It was hush money."

He laughed abruptly. "You're absurd. On that one subject you really can't see straight. And what is Hope supposed to be hushed about?"

"I should have thought that was for you to find out."

He moved away from the window and stood for a moment at the foot of the bed. "There's such a thing as loyalty to a friend."

"I suppose he is your friend," she remarked.

"Don't worry. He's that all right." He walked quickly to the door. "Good night," he said abruptly and closed the door sharply behind him.

Patsy sat still among her pillows staring in front of her. She gave a sigh of weariness. Nothing turned out as she had planned, nothing she did seemed to be right.

It was no use to try to please men, to try to help them. She wouldn't bother her head any more about them. What did she care if Mark were ruined? What did she care if Harrison were a crook? In the future she would only play for her own hand. What did she care?—But the long lashes lay damp on her cheek.

The following afternoon, Burton, Mark's publicity manager, asked Patsy to join him for dinner in the restaurant as he had one or two things he wanted to discuss.

It was nearly a week since she had been in the restaurant, nearly a week since she had seen Terry. She had, of course, decided that men no longer played any part in her life, but all the same she dressed with care. Burton was waiting for her with a number of invitations to public events, which had been sent to her as the wife of the manager of the Harbor Bar.

Burton was explaining the relative publicity value of the different offers, but Patsy was barely listening. She was watching Terry, who, with his violin, was passing among the tables, stopping every now and then before some woman and playing at it he laid his head at her feet. He worked his way round to Patsy, and, while he kept

strictly to the walk's dreamy rhythm, he gave her a friendly wink.

"My Patsy," he said under his breath. A look at his orchestra and they brought the tune gently to a close. Terry bowed, smiling at the applause, and pulled out a seat for himself at Patsy's table.

"Young woman, you've been neglecting me for another man."

Patsy smiled at him. She thought that it must be the new dress that gave her such self-confidence. Her heart beat fast, but not so painfully as usual.

"I think you're well looked after," she glanced round the room at the other women.

Terry turned to Burton. "Say, can't you run away and think up some new adjectives and then fit them with some new nouns?"

"I was going to suggest," said Burton, "that you ran back and did a bit of conducting. Mrs. Gaynor and I are talking business."

"Now, Burton, I saw her first—long, long ago. Didn't I, Patsy? The elephant and the Terry never forget."

"Possession," said Burton, "is nine points of the law."

"Ah, but it's me she loves—isn't it, sweet-heart?"

She wondered if he knew just how true that was. She didn't have to answer the question because Burton was saying: "Beside the point. I'm managing her publicity, not her love affairs."

But it was Mark who settled the dispute. Suddenly Patsy was conscious that he was coming down the room towards them. He had his own way of walking through the restaurant. Other people seemed dwarfed and insignificant. Even Terry was tamed.

Now he jumped to his feet. "Hello, Chief! Like that last time?"

Mark gave him a little nod of dismissal. "Seemed all right. Play some more."

Terry went back to his job. Burton indicated the invitation cards. "I was just telling Mrs. Gaynor about these—"

"All right. You can tell her to-morrow." Mark took Burton's vacant seat and turned to Patsy. "Sorry, my dear, to break up your party, but I've got news for you."

The waiter appeared. Mark looked up at him attentively. "Ah, Henry, you're new. Let's see your paces. Some of our discreet services. One dish—cold—and a bottle of Chablis." He turned to Patsy. "All right?"

She nodded her approval.

"Yes, sir," Henry departed flushed and a little anxious.

"You didn't know that our waiters are trained to give special discreet service to couples in—?" He stopped and amended his expression. "To couples who obviously do not wish to be disturbed."

THE discreet service of lobster sailed materialized and Henry effaced himself. Mark was watching Patsy closely, his hand playing nervously with the stem of a wine-glass.

"Now, tell me your news," she said.

"The Merricks are going abroad next month."

"America?" For a moment the significance of the news escaped her. She was confused by Mark's close scrutiny. He never took his eyes from her face.

"America," he echoed, "and you can get your divorce."

"Oh, I see." Then she realised that her voice was blank and she hastened to rectify the error. "Of course, the divorce—"

He looked at her keenly. "You do want a divorce, don't you?"

Was it her imagination, or was there a wistful note in his voice. It must be, her imagination. "Of course—of course," she assented eagerly.

"I've been thinking that I'll be able to manage pretty handsome alimony; and you've earned it. I've felt awful, Patsy, having you tied like this." He paused a

moment and went on more slowly. "Somehow at first it didn't seem so bad. I knew you were a nice kid and a splendid secretary, but I didn't know all."

"All?" she echoed, puzzled.

"Yes. You see afterwards I realised that you were all that, and a great deal more—and the better I liked you, Patsy, the worse it grew. The better I thought of you, the meaner the whole thing seemed. If you'd been a little crookier, I'd have been happy. I'd have thought the money would have been some recompense for you. If you'd seemed rather stupid, I'd have consoled myself, saying you couldn't feel much about anything. If you had been plain, I could have pretended that you were lucky to get a husband at all."

"But you weren't any of these things, Patsy. You were cut out to be the very best wife any man ever had, and it seemed so terrible that I'd got you placed so that you couldn't exercise your talents. So you see, Patsy, I think a hundred per cent. more of you than the day I married you, and so I'm a hundred per cent. more eager to set you free."

SHE did not look at him. She stared straight ahead. She was afraid something might betray her. She could hardly trust her voice. Perhaps she would make a wonderful wife—but to whom? Who wanted her?

"You think too well of me," she managed at last. "You've forgotten my berserk rages."

"No, I haven't. I like your rages. No one else ever had the courage to rage at me," he looked at her compassionately. "And you so young and so little! I shall miss you, Patsy."

She played her part valiantly. "Yes. Bon voyage to the Merricks."

"Bon voyage," he echoed, "and may they never come back!" They drank the toast. He laid down his glass. "You'll forget all this, Patsy, just as it had never been, when you're married to the right man."

She did not want to discuss her future. It was too frightening. She turned the tables. "And you?"

"I shan't forget you, Patsy," he said. "It's funny. Our relationship hasn't been exactly romantic—"

"No."

"Yet, you know, you're the 'only-girl-in-my-life.' I've always been so desperately busy. By this time next year, I suppose, you'll have walked out of my life. But I shan't forget, my dear."

"What will you do, Mark?"

"Do? What is there for me to do, except my job? I hope that every year I shall earn a bigger dividend for Sir James—not to mention myself—and that every year will see the Harbor Bar expand." He stopped.

His voice was a little flat. The prospect did not sound very exhilarating. "And I shall hear of you—and stand godfather to your first child; or would the King's Proctor object? And when your husband is annoying you can say to him, 'Mark would never have done a thing like that!'"

"I won't find another man as kind as you are, Mark."

"Nonsense. I want you to find a prince among men and live happy ever after."

"It's not as easy as it sounds," she said.

He got up. He paused for a moment and laid his hand on hers. "Think what you have to offer them, my dear."

After Mark had gone, she sat on watching Terry lead his "boys." Terry wasn't kind; he was vain and selfish, and self-centred. No woman would live "happy ever after" with Terry. And yet—and yet—his crooning gave "a very echo to the seat where love is throned."

Patsy would never have her lunch in the dining-room at the flat. Somehow, alone at the long oak table, she seemed more solitary than ever. So on Monday, as was

his wont, Alphonse put her lunch in the sitting-room with the service table drawn up beside one of the armchairs.

"How are you, Miss Read? We never see you these days."

Neither of them noticed that he had used her unmarried name. "I'm fine, Alphonse, and you?"

"Busy!" He smiled and arranged the hors d'oeuvres adroitly round her plate. "What a week! What a summer! But the Chief works too hard, Madam. You should make him rest."

"It's not easy."

Alphonse nodded. "I know," he said. "Years I have worked for him—." For a moment he raised his eyes from the tray and looked into space. His expressive hands made a little gesture of despair. "Always, he is the world's orphan."

"What do you mean?" she whispered, afraid to break the spell, with a sense that she was on the verge of discovery.

But Alphonse remembered suddenly that he was primarily a waiter. He busied himself dressing a salad. "I talk the nonsense," he said evasively. "A touch of mustard—Yes? No?"

She nodded indifferently. "Is Mr. Harrison back?" she asked.

"No, but I have taken the drinks to the auditors. Mr. Harrison is expected for lunch. So, is everything all right?"

"Everything is perfect, Alphonse, thank you."

He bowed and left her, the man once more merged in the perfect waiter.

She ate very little. There had been a time when food was scarce, when three meals a day had been difficult to acquire, when she had always risen hungry from table. But now there was such plenty that her appetite revolted.

She hardly ate, but she sat and thought of Terry, the world's playboy and Mark the world's orphan, and how between them they had used her and hurt and abandoned her.

She was astonished to hear a key in the lock. Then slow, heavy footsteps in the hall. Something told her it was Mark. Normally, his tread was firm and quick, but now his feet dragged as if every step were an effort. She waited breathlessly. The door of the sitting-room was pushed open. Mark stood looking at her in silence. His face was drawn and ashen.

She jumped to her feet. "Mark, what is it?"

She knew so well the set of his jaw when he had himself on a tight rein. His lips were pressed firmly together, his steady grey eyes looked at her squarely, but his strong hands hung limp. He looked her over as if making quite sure of himself before he spoke, then he said slowly. "Bad news, Patsy."

She laid a hand on his arm. "You look so tired," she said softly. "Sit here."

He let her push him gently into the big armchair, let her light him a cigarette, and mix him a whisky and soda. He watched her silently as she moved about the room. He was glad of the respite.

At last there could no longer be any excuse for delay. "For the second time I have to apologise to you, Patsy."

She drew up a little stool and sat at his feet. She laid a hand on his knee.

"Why, Mark?"

HE took her hand in his and twisted the wedding ring round on her finger. "You can say, 'I told you so.'"

"I shan't."

"I know you won't." He ran his tongue over his dry lips. The words came hard. "Nicholas Harrison has absconded with all the convertible assets of the Harbor Bar."

"Oh, my dear—." For a moment it meant nothing to her but that Mark's trust had been betrayed.

"It's not the money," he said brokenly. "That Nick— You understand—"

Her hand pressed against his knee. There was silence between them. There was no sound save the unceasing hum from the by-pass below, where the world still speeded up and down.

Patsy rested her cheek against his hand. "Dear Mark. I'm so sorry."

He let one of the brown curls slip through his fingers. "I was a fool."

"The auditors?"

He nodded. "Yes. They've just found out. The books are cooked. All the bonds are gone from the safe. All the current account from the bank—"

"And he's got away?"

MARK nodded. For once, a flicker of a smile crossed his lips. "Thank God! I find a boat sailed for South America from Cherbourg on Sunday. I hope he's on the high seas."

"Then you won't have him stopped?"

"No. Happily it would have cost more than it's worth, so even Sir James won't want to try that."

"What does he say?"

"Sir James? He's out somewhere. We've been trying to get hold of him, but we haven't succeeded yet."

"What is there to do now?"

For a moment he was silent. "It's of you I'm thinking," he said at last.

"Me?"

"Yes." She waited. Suddenly he pushed her hand off his knee as if the contact upset him. He got up and walked to the window. "You," he repeated. "And I've made up my mind what I have to do."

Patsy sat back on her heels. "And what's that?"

He did not answer for a moment. His eyes were on the by-pass, the road of adventure that had led them only to unhappiness. The speeding cars were no longer gay with youth at the wheel and pleasure in prospect. Now they seemed a procession of dead hopes and lost loves.

"You're the one to suffer," he said at last. "I've got to make that good, as far as in me lies."

"Oh, me—!" She dismissed the notion. "Why me more than anyone else?"

"Perhaps because I happen to care more about you." He turned round and faced her, and now she saw that his lips were twisted in pain and that there was despair in the steady grey eyes.

"We made a bargain," he said. "You agreed to marry me and I agreed to provide for you handsomely. Well, my money is tied up here. There's only one thing I can do to keep my side of the bargain: sell out, resign, and get out. That's what I'm going to do."

She jumped quickly to her feet. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright. "If you do that, Mark Gaynor, I'll never speak to you again."

"You don't understand," he said patiently. "You'll want alimony when we're divorced."

"We won't be divorced," she said. "You can't divorce me and I won't divorce you. We're going to stay right here and fight."

"Fight," he echoed. It was as if an almost imperceptible flush spread over his pallor, as if somewhere life stirred behind the mask. "Fight? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. We're not going to give way before any of them." She rallied him. "You and I—fighting was always our strong suit."

"But supposing we can't pull it off." He was speaking quickly now, argumentatively, like a man come to life again. "You see, if I give in now you're certain of something—quite a substantial something—whereas if we take this risk we may lose everything. That wouldn't be fair on you."

"Fair on me. Well, would it be fair on all the others here if you quit? Who is going to look after them? And you—I can't

understand you. I thought this was the thing you cared about, the thing for which you were ready to make such big sacrifices, the thing for which we got married."

"That was a month ago," he said slowly. "What's that got to do with it?"

"A great deal. You wouldn't understand."

"Well, I think I've a right to know."

For a moment a little smile twitched at his mouth. "Yes, you're a right to know." He came away from the window and stood looking down at her. "You see, a month ago, Patsy, you were my secretary—a very excellent secretary and a very charming girl. But now, Patsy, you're my wife, and I find it makes a difference. I've learnt a lot about you and quite a bit about myself in the last month. Once I was ready to sacrifice you to the Harbour Bar. He paused and smiled. "The wheel has come full circle, that's all. Now I'm ready to sacrifice the Harbour Bar to you."

She laid a hand on his arm. She rubbed her face to his. "I won't let you. I don't want the money."

"I know. I know," he went on quickly. "Money is nothing. It can't buy love or health or happiness, but since I couldn't give you any of these, let me at least do the other. Money can't buy anything that matters, but it can buy comfort and service and entertainment and a host of second-best things."

"I'd rather work and fight."

Anxiously he scanned the upturned face. "But are you sure? If we once start in on this fight we can't retreat. Patsy, you've got to be very sure."

"I am sure."

Gently he laid a finger under her chin. "You're such a child. I shouldn't let you stand so in your own light."

"I'm not a child, Mark. I look like one, I know, but I've been reared hard. I never had anyone to help, anyone to look after me—till you came."

"And a nice mess I made of things."

"No, you didn't, Mark. I was to blame, too."

"You?"

"Yes. I think you should know now." She looked at him anxiously. "You are quite disillusioned, aren't you?"

HE caught her suddenly by the wrist. "I'm not disillusioned about you, Patsy—yet."

She shook her head. "It's not me. Eve Merrick's letters. It was Harrison who gave them to Sir James. I knew. Perhaps I should have told you, but I—"

Her voice faltered. "You cared so much for Harrison. I hoped nothing else would ever happen."

His mouth set grimly. "And I used to think you were unfair to Nick. You needn't blame yourself. I'd probably have refused to believe you. I was that kind of a fool." He looked at her searchingly. "Once, Patsy, I said I only trusted two people—you—be swallowed hard—and Nick. Now I've only got you. It's not easy to believe in anyone any more. You won't let me down, will you?"

"I won't. I promise, Mark."

She held out both her hands. He took them in his and held them firmly for a moment. "It isn't all a waste, Patsy. Without this I'd never have known just how high you could rise to an occasion." "I'm afraid it's too big a price," she said.

"I don't know." He was smiling now. The look of strain had lessened. "I often tell my costings clerk: 'You've got to judge price on the long run—the very long run.' It's agreed then. We'll fight together. We'll lick creation. Where do we start?"

She smiled up at him. He had thrown off his depression. Some instinct in him always responded to a call for action. "You lead, skipper," she said.

He looked at his watch. "In ten min-

utes the auditors will have finished lunch. The first thing is for me to go down and get the exact figures of our loss."

"We'll have to economise."

"The Harbour Bar will have to spend less and take more. Not so easy. It's going to be a tough fight. Still, Sir James can pull us through at a pinch and ultimately get a return on his money. I hope someone has located him. Of course, he'll be furious."

The telephone rang. To Patsy's imagination the bell had a sudden, sharp insistence. She picked up the receiver. At the other end was Sir James himself. He sounded urgent, and angry.

"Yes," she said steadily. "Mark is here. Will you come up, Sir James?"

She rang off. "Here?" said Mark.

She nodded. "It's better. You may want a secretary."

He smiled. "In any case I know I'll want an ally."

"You've got one."

"Thanks."

"If it comes to a crisis, Sir James has everything: money, power, influence."

"Not everything. You're twice the man he is. You have brains and energy and—"

"And I have you," he supplemented.

"Don't weaken."

He laughed. "Think you're the only one who can cope?" The light of battle was in his eye.

"You're enjoying this," she said accusingly.

There was a step in the corridor, a pass-key in the lock. One of the waiters had come upstairs with Sir James. Patsy saw Mark stiffen, saw the laughter die from his eyes. The battle was engaged. He caught her hand for a second in a reassuring pressure. He released her just as Alphonse opened the door for Sir James. No one spoke till Alphonse had closed the door and his footsteps had died away.

It was Mark who broke the silence. "This is a bad business."

"The collectors have told me. They caught me on the phone just before I sailed. I came straight here. I was in your office on the way up. The auditors can't say exactly yet, but I gather that it's a very considerable loss. The books are cooked. The whole thing is a disgrace, and I hold you entirely responsible."

Mark Gaynor looked steadily at his opponent. "Yes, I'm responsible," he said. "I'm glad you realise it." Sir James had not apparently expected such ready agreement. He had evidently been elaborating his statement of the case, because he continued just as if Mark had denied the accusation. "I accepted Harrison on your recommendation. You regarded him as above suspicion. Why didn't you look into his books?"

"My fault again," said Mark steadily. "I trusted him."

"Trusted him." Sir James made a movement of impatience. "You didn't trust anybody else. The wine waiters didn't even manage to drink the heel taps under your vigilance. Why were you so trusting in this one instance?"

"Because I thought Harrison was my friend."

SIR JAMES came a step nearer. "Or because he was your accomplice?"

Mark looked unflinchingly into the cold eyes.

"You know that's not true." Sir James's glance dropped. Somehow there was no doubting Mark's word.

"I was a fool," said Mark. "I've admitted it. I can't undo this thing. We're getting no further like this."

"First thing is to get the police after Harrison."

"He's sailed to South America."

"You're glad?"

"Yes, I'm glad."

"Why?"

Mark smiled. "Why, I wouldn't even care to see you in prison."

Patsy caught her breath. Mark shouldn't have said that. It wasn't safe. Sir James was such a very vindictive enemy.

"The next thing," said Mark, "is to consider how we can repair the damage."

Sir James moved away to the other side of the room. He stood for a moment by the window. A fly fell before the flip of his fingers. When he spoke he did not turn round, but his words came clearly and precisely. "The first step, my dear Gaynor, is to appoint a new manager of a less trusting nature."

"What?" Mark was shaken out of his calm. He swung round and stared at Sir James's back, at the slim outline and sleek bullet head with the close-cropped hair.

"What?" he said again.

"A new manager," Sir James repeated distinctly.

Patsy laid a hand on Mark's arm. His hand closed over hers. The contact seemed to steady him.

"Have you anything else to suggest?" said Sir James.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

But Mark did not answer. He was looking at Patsy, and his look was a question. She did not know what he meant, what he wanted to propose, but she was anxious to reassure him.

"Go ahead," she said softly. "I'm with you whatever you propose."

"Thank you." He looked away from her and back at Sir James. His eyes narrowed as one taking aim. One of the combatants was bringing up a heavy gun. "I'll buy you out," he said.

IT was Sir James's turn to swing round in astonishment. "You're mad," he said. "Even I wouldn't be so cruel to you as you propose to be to yourself. You're mad."

"Possibly," Mark dismissed the state of his mind as of no importance. He was thinking quickly. "Now, listen: We're a private company, so the whole thing can be done quite easily. You're off to America shortly. You'd be glad to be quit of this responsibility."

Sir James interrupted. "You're mad," he repeated. "You couldn't raise the money."

"That's my affair. You'll have your money by the end of the week. You'd better take it. Your shares will probably never be worth so much again."

"You've gone clean out of your mind. And when you've raised the money to pay me, how can you raise enough to carry on here? How can you—" He broke off impatiently. "You're a fool."

"That's my look out. Will you sell?"

"With pleasure." Triumph glittered in the cold blue eyes. Mark was punishing himself in a way that had escaped even Sir James's ingenuity.

"That's definite then," said Mark.

Sir James's laugh rang high pitched. "I'll sell," he said. "What do I care if you're insane? I'll instruct my lawyers to get in touch with you right away—before you change your mind."

"I shan't change," said Mark grimly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, there's nothing more to be said. I wish you joy of your acquisition." He looked across at Patsy. "I'm afraid when you last helped him out you made a very bad bargain, my dear. See that your marriage settlements are well tied up, because your husband is losing his grip."

"You mustn't worry about me," Sir James said. "You see, I know Mark can pull it off."

"You poor child. Aren't you ashamed, Gaynor, to abuse her trust?"

Mark's voice was stormy. "That is between Patsy and me, Merrick. I shouldn't advise you to interfere. This deal will see the end of our association."

The thin lips smiled. "Will it? I wonder. One can never be sure. Thank you so much for the interesting half-hour."

He closed the door softly behind him. His light step in the corridor had a triumphant ring. The others stood in silence staring after him, almost as if they expected him to reappear. It was not till the outer door closed that Mark moved.

"Patsy, what have I done?" The lines of anxiety deepened in his face, his eyes sought hers for reassurance.

"You did the right thing," she said stoutly, though in her heart she was afraid.

"No. No." Mark turned away and began to pace restlessly up and down. "The little beast was probably right. I'm mad. Mad. It wouldn't matter but that you're involved. What do I care if I fight and lose and take a knock-out blow? I can always get along. But now there's you—it's different, Patsy. What have I done?"

"It will be all right."

He stopped in front of her suddenly and raised her angrily, tempestuously, just as he had done in the old days. And she was glad. She noted it as a sign of convalescence. "Why didn't you stop me?" he stormed. "Why didn't you have sense enough for two? Why didn't you say to Sir James that your poor husband was obviously not responsible? He'd have believed you all right. Why didn't you tell me to come down to earth and act my age?"

"Because I didn't want you to."

"Then you're demented, too."

"I dare say. I don't care. I don't want you to come down to earth. There are so many, too many, people on the earth already. So few of them have got wings. Let's take a glorious mad flight. I don't want you to act your age. I want us to be different. I want to be ready to take a risk—even an insane risk."

"Oh, Patsy, Patsy." Laughing he caught her up, and without the slightest effort he lifted her off her feet and held her up as if she were a child. "Oh, Patsy, you're too good to be true," he said warmly. "Too good to be true." Then as if he remembered everything, he set her on her feet again. The smile faded from his lips. "Too good to be true. Ominous words, my dear."

"I'm not as good as all that Mark. Just good enough to follow your lead."

"Well, I suppose I should now lead you straight into action. I've got to go and see my solicitors and try to raise that money. And you—"

"Yes?"

"When I've pushed off, go down and hang around, talk to the staff, keep your ear to the ground. I want to know whether they've heard anything, whether they suspect anything, and if we have to make salary cuts on whose loyalty we can count."

"Loyalty," he said bitterly. "If there's any left, which I doubt." He smiled without pleasure. "We thought we'd bitten off too much wedding cake, but wait till we try chewing this one. Ouf! It will have to be a slaughter. And if the question arises," he paused painfully, "Nick is still at Deauville, but he'll be back any day. See?"

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

"I see."

"And I'll be back between six and seven."

"Good luck."

She wandered first into the garden, chatting with everyone she met. Terry spotted her, and came down to speak to her.

"I say, Patsy, where have you been all this week? You're never visible these days, and I particularly wanted to speak to you."

"Well, speak away."

"Not here. Listen, I'll be through in ten minutes. We'll take the car and go to that inn. Do you remember?"

She nodded. "I remember." She only wished she could forget.

"And you won't be scolded if we're late this time. Well, lap up your drink and get your bonnet while I croon a last ditty."

A quarter of an hour later they were on the road, sitting silent behind the roar of Terry's car. For the moment Patsy's dominant feeling was one of curiosity. What had Terry heard? How quickly rumor travelled. What would be his reactions? It mattered terribly that he should be an ally for Mark.

THE old inn garden was gay with early summer flowers, with lupins and delphiniums, with roses and violas, and many of the well-scrubbed wooden tables were occupied. Terry led her straight to the stile, and lifted her up and set her on top.

"Same place, same man," he cocked his head on one side, "but not the same girl."

"No. I've lived a lot in four weeks."

"So have I, sweetheart. And I've learnt a lot of funny things—some of them from your old friend, Lady Merrick." Then he fell silent.

He was silent for so long that at last she said, "Terry, you wanted to tell me something."

"Yes, Patsy." But he did not go on. He leant his elbows on the stile, and looked at the fields beyond.

"Well?" she prompted, softly.

"Patsy—Chita is leaving next week. She and I are finished—washed up for keeps."

For a moment it was almost as if she did not understand him, so confidently had she expected something quite different.

"What?" she said stupidly.

"I'm free. I'm one eligible bachelor."

Then he threw off the little air of gravity which sat so uneasily on him and laughed. "Free and this time I'm sober and serious. What about it, sweetheart?"

"Free?" Patsy echoed dully.

"Darling, you're not very bright this afternoon."

"But I'm not free," she said slowly.

He made a movement of impatience.

"My darling, that absurd marriage engineered by Lady Merrick—you get them to make it worth your while and they'll be delighted if you slip out of the picture."

She did not answer. There was so much she might say and so little she could say without betraying her trust.

"I can't do it, Terry."

"But why not? You don't love the fellow; nice big-hearted creature and all that, but most unsuitable matrimonial material."

Somehow, she found Terry's proposal when he was sober was less attractive than Terry's proposal when he was drunk. "How do you know that I love you?"

He turned her hands upwards and kissed the soft palms. "I know," he said. "Sweetheart, I need a little girl like you. I'll get into trouble otherwise. I need you, sweetheart. I love my love with an S, because she's sweet and sane and sensible."

"And what about my side of it all?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "Darling, I earn three hundred a week. You can have rings on your fingers and bells on your toes and a jazz band wherever you go!"

She sighed. They all thought that money settled everything.

"You don't believe in love in a cottage?"

The dream died hard.

"Good Lord, no. Give me a luxury flat and you."

"You can't have me, Terry." She laid a hand lightly on his shoulder and jumped off the stile. "I want my tea," she said.

"But—"

She wondered just how little she need explain. Suddenly she felt tremendously tired. Men were so unendingly stupid. "You've got everything wrong, Terry. You're too late. Don't let's discuss it any more."

He looked baffled rather than unhappy. "But Eve Merrick told me herself."

"I know. I can imagine the story. It's a good story, only it doesn't happen to be true. Please let's forget it."

For a moment Terry paused in the gravel path and contemplated the situation. Then he shrugged his shoulders resignedly. For himself he was always only too ready to lay aside any unpleasant thoughts. He had been serious long enough. She'd change her mind later on—unless he changed his first. He could always return to the attack later. If he really gave his mind to the business, victory was inevitable.

"All right, sweetheart," he said. "You know best which side your bread is buttered, and for my part I wish you jam as well. Forget it. We'll go on being friends."

"Of course, Terry."

So much heartache for a man who knew her, respected her, loved her so little.

"Let's sit here." She followed him to the table and he ordered and enjoyed his tea.

They were back before Mark himself. Patsy took up her position in the restaurant and ordered a second tea, danced with such of the staff as asked her and tried to think only of Mark's affairs and not at all of Terry's callous proposal. She could keep feeling at bay only by concentrating on the practical business of the Harbor Bar.

At half-past six Mark crossed the restaurant. She could not judge from his face how far he had succeeded. He wore a set smile as he greeted his regular customers. When he came to Patsy's table he said, "Let's go up to my office."

She followed him up to the familiar room. It seemed unusually untidy. It wore an air of neglect. She examined what had once been her desk.

"That girl leaves things in a mess!"

Mark nodded wearily. "She's going on Wednesday, thank Heaven!" He slumped into the chair by his desk. He looked utterly tired. "It's hot in town."

Patsy put her hand gently on his shoulder. "What luck did you have?" she asked softly.

"I've got the money. Of course, I have to pay pretty heavy interest on some of it, but that's only natural. My lawyers fixed everything. That part's all right. By the end of the week we shall hold two-thirds of the shares in the Harbor Bar private company—for what they're worth."

"Is something wrong?"

He made an effort to pull himself together. "No, oh no. It's now that the fun starts. We've spent a bit getting the place, now can we make a lot running it—after we've retrenched? That's the snag. We've got to cut down everything, and once the public tumble to the idea that the management are being economical—well, you know the rest of the story." He paused to light a cigarette. "And just to make things more difficult, the Good Pull Up opens on Wednesday."

"They can't hurt us," she said. "You told me so yourself."

"I hope I was right." He turned and looked up at her. "And you? Tell me how you fared?"

"I didn't accomplish anything. I went out with Terry—"

Mark looked away quickly and interrupted her. "Et tu Brute," he said under his breath. "I understand."

"You don't understand." She was angry. Really men were so stupid. Her temper flashed quickly to the surface. "I went with him because he had something to tell me." She paused. "And then it wasn't anything to do with our affairs at all—"

She couldn't explain Terry's proposal to Mark.

"I quite understand," he repeated obstinately. "You're not called upon to explain. You're perfectly free. I've told you so a dozen times. I can quite well imagine what Terry had to tell you."

"But, Mark—"

HE affected not to hear.

"The upshot is that we gather so far the staff suspect nothing. Well, I'll go into the figures now and see how we stand."

"Won't you have your dinner first?"

"I couldn't eat it." He deliberately straightened the papers on his desk. "I'll be very late to-night. I hope I don't wake you."

She was being dismissed. Men were so stupid. Well, if Mark liked to be a fool that was his own look out.

"I shan't wake, thank you," she said. "Good-night."

But for all her defiance she did wake—wake and lie for what felt like hours staring miserably into the darkness, reflecting on the stupidity of men. Wake and hear Mark come in some time in the early morning; wake and hear him pacing softly, restlessly, up and down, hour after hour; awake torn by pity and anger and fear. Men were so absurd. They hurt themselves. They hurt others. Terry knew the best way to love; lightly, laughingly, to make few protestations and fewer promises. Then it was not hard to keep one's word and people were surprised and delighted if you exceeded the letter of your bond. Mark couldn't love like that. He was an all-or-nothing man, faithful unto death. But he would never be a trusting man again. Nicholas Harrison had seen to that. There were some wounds that left a man scared for life.

At last she fell asleep, and when the morning brought the maid and her breakfast she found Mark in her room. The girl withdrew discreetly, and Patsy, barely awake, sat up in bed, and blinked at her husband.

"What is it, Mark?" She saw that his face was white and lined and unhappy. There was a haunted look in the grey eyes. It hurt her. "Sit here," she said. "Have you had your breakfast?"

He nodded. "I've got things to tell you. Go on, eat yours. Make it seem ordinary. It gives me courage." He sat down gingerly on the edge of the bed.

She poured her tea, very carefully. "I'm listening."

"I've been through the figures thoroughly," he said slowly. "It's damnable, but we'll have to ask the staff to take a ten per cent cut all round. In the past I worked them like dogs, but at least I paid them like a lord. Well, that's all over. I never had a task I relished less."

"They'll understand."

"But that's not everything." He paused. "We can't even carry them all—"

She interrupted him. "For one thing you needn't get a new secretary. I'm coming in her place."

"You—?"

"Now don't pretend. I'm the only one you could ever get on with. We have the same brand of bad temper." She paused and added more slowly, "As a wife I may not be a roaring success, but as a secretary I was immense."

"You want to—honestly?"

"Honestly."

He got up and walked to the fireplace. He turned and looked intently at the small figure in the bed. "I haven't told you everything yet."

"Not?"

"The most expensive member of our staff must go. Believe me," he raised his eyes beseechingly to hers, "I wish to God it weren't so. Terry and his band. We can't afford them any more."

"Terry?"

"You do understand," he stammered. "I had no alternative— It's horrible—"

She did not speak. She went on automatically buttering a piece of toast. But her mind raced round in circles. Terry—if he went she would never, never see him again. He wasn't the faithful kind. He wouldn't remember. He'd be on with the new love before he was off with the old. Somehow it had been a background to her days, a sort of bitter consolation that she had only to run down two flights of stairs to find Terry. She had denied herself, but always with the knowledge that if she wanted them these sweet forbidden fruits were close at hand. And now—now—

She hated the silence had not been too noticeable. "I suppose they must be very expensive," she said, quietly conversational.

He explained in kind. "I've heard of a man said to be quite good at a quarter the price."

"That sounds hopeful."

They were making conversation, talking now only with their lips. "I'll be getting along then," he said.

"I'll be with you in the office in half an hour. I'll help your departing secretary to depart."

"Till then."

She stepped out of bed. She wouldn't think—it was a useful, painful process. She'd drug herself with work, immerse herself in details, think only of the big job they had on hand.

So she took her old position at her desk and it seemed natural and soothing to fall into line. After the first momentary embarrassment she and Mark resumed their old relations without difficulty. Besides they had a new tie in their fierce determination to succeed. They were swamped in work, in readjustment of staff and wages, examining catering contracts, to see where they could save a little, in drawing up new regulations with a view to stricter economy behind the scenes and always keeping a watchful eye on the clients lest they should suspect.

The Good Pull Up opened with a tremendous burst of publicity on the Wednesday. Inevitably the Harbor Bar suffered.

"It's just the novelty," said Mark. "People always rush after the latest thing, but they tire of it and come back to the old favorites."

Patsy guessed that he was arguing just to convince himself. Sometimes when she looked at him these days she was frightened. He seemed to have aged suddenly. He was as purposeful, as hard-working, as combative as ever, but in his rare moments of immobility she could read new lines of worry on his face.

Patsy was too tired at night to do anything but sleep, too busy by day to think of anything but the immediate task.

"The Good Pull Up seems to be doing a great line in visiting stage stars. I was thinking that on Friday night we might have a gala and invite that film brute, Barney Barrett—the reason why girls' hearts beat in quick time. He lands at Southampton to-morrow and I'll have him here on Friday if it kills me."

"It will kill you," said Patsy severely. "If you go on working without eating or sleeping."

That arrested his progress up and down the room. He came over and stood beside her. "Patsy, I can't eat or sleep. I've got to pull this off—for you."

"But, Mark—"

He interrupted her quickly. "Don't say it, my dear. I've got to make you free and independent and rich. You don't suppose I'd let you slave here for me. I know now just how big a wrong I did in letting you marry one man when you loved another."

SHE jumped up and faced him with tears in her eyes. "How often have I told you that I don't care about your beastly money? You make everything I do seem so mercenary. Can't I want the place to succeed from any motives save feathering my own nest? Eve Merrick started that theory and you've adopted it." The brown curls tossed rebelliously.

She waited for the answering storm. It didn't come.

"Patsy," he protested mildly, "I don't think anything like that. If you only knew—" He broke off. "What's the good, my dear? We're always at cross purposes, you and I. Let's leave it at that. Let's get ready to court fortune in the shadow of Mr. Barney Barrett."

Fortune, however, was not so easily wooed and won. Mr. Barney Barrett arrived and drew a fairly large crowd, but the evening could not be voted an unequalled success. Mr. Barrett brought a small selection of girls with him, and proceeded to treat them, "on the house," to a great deal of champagne laced with brandy, with the result that, by 1 a.m., Mr. Barrett was extremely quarrelsome and some of the girls were speechless.

Then Mr. Barrett picked a quarrel with a customer at the next table and proceeded to knock out the gentleman's front teeth, which was good work regarded as drama, but not so good regarded as publicity for the Harbor Bar.

"Luck!" said Mark, as he signed a cheque for fifty pounds for the gentleman in compensation for his front teeth and his injured feelings and as the price of his silence. "Luck seems to have deserted us in favor of our rivals. Alec counted three hundred cars last night at the Good Pull Up. They seem to have plenty of money. The competition is straining our resources. They do a table d'hôte dinner at four-and-six while ours is five shillings."

"They can't keep it up." But in her heart she wasn't so sure.

"I wish I knew who was backing them."

Patsy determined to try to discover. That afternoon she ran her car down the by-pass and stopped for petrol at the Good Pull Up. The garage foreman always liked to serve pretty girls himself.

"What can I get you, Miss?"

"Six of B.P., please." Patsy gave him her most charming smile. "Lovely place you have here," she said gazing rapturously at his array of petrol pumps.

"Not so dusty, Miss. And have we been busy!"

"Must be making a fortune for someone."

"Wish I had the half of it."

"Who is behind it all?" she asked casually.

"I've heard it's a city chap called Willing."

"Well, he's lucky." The man screwed the cap on her tank. She handed him a note. "Thanks so much."

He counted out the change. "Always a pleasure," he said.

Patsy drove slowly away, estimating the number and the value of the cars. She had a glimpse of the garden beyond, of flying figures on the tennis court and a queue at the swimming pool.

Willing? Where had she heard that name before? Willing... It made a dim echo in her mind. Mark might remember.

She sought him out right away. "I've found out something about the Good Pull Up. It's run by a man called Willing."

"Willing?" Mark looked puzzled. "Of course—"

"Who is it?"

"Remember the engagement dinner Sir James organised?"

"That vague old man. But he told me that nothing was any use to a real business man except industrials."

"Willing. Timid, unadventurous creature. It isn't Willing—"

"It's Sir James. Willing is just a blind." She saw it all now. Sir James had had his revenge.

"And the money in that show is my money; the money I paid that little rat for his shares—" Mark's lips set tight. "I'll beat them yet. I swear I'll beat them."

The process of trying to beat the Good Pull Up was so absorbing that Patsy almost forgot her other preoccupations, till suddenly, without warning, it was Saturday and there was Terry come to say good-bye.

"Sweetheart, it's the end of the road. The Chief isn't sorry to get rid of me, I suppose. He knows I've looked over his garden wall."

"Nonsense, Terry. We've got to economise."

"Economise my aunt, darling! Primitive passion, sweetheart, the caveman defending his mate. I don't blame him."

She looked at him gravely. "There are an awful lot of things you don't understand, Terry."

"Sure. Einstein and Epstein and the binomial theory. But I do know men and women and the secret places of the heart. Your husband is not going to have my attractive brand of competition hanging around. He knows he wouldn't have a chance if the Terry really got to work."

Something was stirring within her. To Terry she had always been the sweet little girl to whom he went for comfort. He had never seen her temper. He didn't know the danger signs. He didn't know that side of her that Mark knew so well. There was no warning for him in the faint flush under the creamy skin, in the set of the mouth grown hard, in the light that killed the laughter in her brown eyes. He went on heedlessly.

"Jealousy, my Patsy. Men are like that. And when it's between an employer and an employee well the former has a pretty effective weapon in his hands. It's easy—"

But he got no further.

"SHUT UP!" said Patsy suddenly, blazing at him like a miniature fury. "That's a mean, disloyal thing to say."

"But Patsy—"

"You can't speak like that to me about my husband, because I won't stand here and listen. Get that quite clear in your mind."

She thought of all the agonised hours that Mark had spent before he could bring himself to dismiss Terry. This playboy wasn't worth all that they had both suffered on his behalf—only worth never seemed to have anything to do with one's strongest emotions.

"Calm down, darling." Terry was surprised rather than angry. Interested too. He had never suspected Patsy of so much spirit. It was rather becoming. There were red lights in her soft brown hair. He'd never noticed them before. Temper! There was nothing he didn't know about temper. Chita had seen to that.

"Mark isn't the kind of person that would

dismiss a man because he was jealous of him. You're not very observant or understanding. You've been six months with Mark. You don't seem to have learnt much about him."

"Possibly not, but I don't see, darling, what there is to get so angry about. It isn't as if you loved the man."

"I might still like to see fair play."

"You don't love him, do you?" Terry's own calm was unruffled.

"That's nothing to do with it."

"You've answered my question. So you mustn't fly out at me. Though, mark you, I'm not objecting. You look charming in a temper."

"It's no good your trying to charm me," she said stoutly, nursing her wrath.

"Isn't it?" he drawled, still smiling.

It was difficult to be angry with Terry for long; especially difficult for Patsy. She capitulated. "You're never serious."

"I'm terribly serious about you, sweetheart. Smile for me. Someone told me you had a dimple."

She laughed in spite of herself. "Of course, I haven't. How can you be such an idiot?"

He watched her judiciously. "No, you haven't. Isn't that a good thing? I think they're so affected." He slipped an arm around her. "Now, stop laughing. Prepare to weep. The Terry is passing right out of your life." His voice in her ear was very sweet and seductive. "Darling, I shall miss you from morning till night."

IT was a lie, she knew it was, but she liked to hear it said. His cheek brushed hers. "Kiss me, sweetheart. I'll never know another girl like you—morning fresh and pure of heart. Kiss me good-bye."

He drew her towards him. For a moment she clung to him, thinking only of all that might have been, thinking that she would ache for his light love and laughter, for his music, his gaiety, his charm, even his childlike vanity. She felt his quick kisses on her cheek and she came to her senses. She pushed him suddenly away. It wasn't loyal or decent. She wasn't any better than Nicholas Harrison himself.

"Good-bye, Terry," she said quickly. "good-bye and good luck."

"Good-bye, sweetheart. Be good till I come again."

Terry had gone and Mr. Al Cox was installed. Mr. Cox was a wizard on the muted trumpet and an expert on hot music. He had graduated to jazz by way of Bach and Beethoven. He was a first-rate band leader. He commanded his money from the B.B.C. and the gramophone companies. But he was not born to star in a restaurant. He was five foot nothing, had a small fair moustache, vague blue eyes, red hands, and a tendency to stutter.

Mark was going down fighting—and he was fighting alone. Ever since the day when Terry had proposed, Mark had been withdrawn. He was studiously polite and impersonal. With grim determination he applied himself to work, but he no longer laughed or stormed or gave anyone his confidence. He walked alone.

For Patsy something had died. Something between her and Mark, something that was more than friendship and less than love. It was something warm and intimate, something that had become very precious. She had killed it unwittingly the day she listened to Terry's proposal. It might come to life again perhaps if she had patience.

Mark looked ill. Often Patsy, waking in the night, would hear him walking up and down his room. He ate little. He would wave Alphonse aside when the waiter came to remind him of his meals.

Alphonse held Patsy responsible. He

surveyed one of the many trays which Mark had left practically untouched.

"The Chief hasn't eaten anything; but not anything," he said in despair. He looked at her reproachfully. "He will fall really ill and then where shall we all be?"

"I don't know, Alphonse."

"You should make him eat," he said.

"He won't listen. He's too worried."

Alphonse picked up the tray, sighing at the inadequacy of women. "You should know how to make him," he said.

ONCE everything that Mark touched had succeeded. Now it seemed as if nothing could go right.

The failure with Barney Barrett was followed by other failures. In an effort to attract custom, Mark invited certain bright young people, well in the news, to supper "on the house," but the bills they ran up were out of all proportion to the custom they brought. He arranged a tennis tournament, and it happened on almost the only wet day of the summer. At the swimming gala one of the guests sprained an ankle on a slippery patch of diving board, blamed the management, and created a scene calculated to spoil any afternoon.

Weeks passed; the season was ending, and still the cars were parked outside the Good Pull-up, while the Harbor Bar was empty. Mark and Patsy no longer even pretended to optimism. They had both grown silent. They no longer discussed the future. They faced each other with grave concentration, and, to Patsy, the days seemed very long and lonely. There was something now very much nearer her heart than the success or failure of the Harbor Bar. The one thing that mattered was that she and Mark should be friends again. That they should laugh together, rage together, even fall together.

One evening she was startled. The light was fading, and coming into the darkened flat she imagined herself alone. She had come quietly and opened the door of the living-room, and then in the half light she saw Mark, sitting by the empty grate, his head bowed, his hands clasped between his knees. He was holding a slip of paper. He did not see Patsy. He did not raise his head. His dejection went straight to her heart. She forgot that he no longer trusted her.

Obedying her instincts, she came across quickly and put an arm around his shoulders and her cheek against his head.

"Mark, dear, what is it?"

She felt him start, stiffen, and then relax. She took the piece of paper gently from between his fingers. There was just light enough to read that it was a list of waiters. Mark loved his personally-picked waiters as a good general loves his troops. So far, his dismissals had been among the kitchen and cleaning staff. Now it had reached the rank of the waiters.

"I trained them," he stammered. "I'm proud of them. I can't bear to cast one of them adrift at a time like this when a chap hasn't much chance." Mark was shaken out of his reserve by the strength of his feelings.

"We can't—we mustn't."

"What else can we do?"

"There must be some way—"

"I can't find it," he said hopelessly.

"I can," she said suddenly.

"You, Patsy?"

She nodded. "We'll keep them all for one more week at least."

"But how?"

"Wait a minute."

Patsy slipped into the bedroom. Terry had called it a souvenir. Well, she didn't need anything tangible by which to remember Terry, and all she wanted was to forget. The little bracelet of platinum and

diamonds lay in the palm of her hand. She thought that the stones winked at her laughingly, like their donor. She shut her hand so that she should not see and carried the bracelet back to the sitting-room.

"Look, Mark. Someone gave it to me for a wedding present. It must be worth several waiters' weekly wages. I never wear it."

He looked at the bracelet as it lay on the palm of her hand. "I can't take it."

"Why not? It's not for you. It's for Luigi and Alphonse and Francois and Henry."

"For Luigi and Alphonse and Francois and Henry," he repeated, and let the fine coil of platinum slip through his fingers. But Patsy—

"Please, Mark, isn't it better to keep the men we care about in work than to have a bracelet lying idle in a dressing-table drawer?"

"I'm a good taker," he said bitterly. "It's all I do. First I took you as my wife and since then I've never stopped taking. You must think I'm a pretty poor fish, Patsy."

"I don't, Mark. I think you're rather wonderful!" She slipped an arm around him. "This is a rough passage, Mark, but we'll come to port. We've got a good skipper."

He leant against her arm with his eyes half closed. "And a pretty handsome mate, Patsy."

She settled on the arm of his chair. "It's important that they should pull together, Mark. Lately," she said, her heart in her mouth, "I've thought you didn't trust me."

HIS hand closed over hers. "It's not easy for me to trust anyone again."

"You promised."

"I'm sorry; but these days—anything—everything—makes me suspicious."

He smiled wryly. "It's not pleasant."

"I'm on the level, anyhow, Mark." Her hand touched his forehead lightly and pushed back a lock of thick brown hair.

"You're looking very tired, skipper."

He smiled at her. "You're looking very beautiful, mate."

"I can't return the compliment," she said, and with her finger she traced a line across his forehead. "You've got to eat more and sleep more and worry less. I know it's hard, but, Mark, dear, what would be the good of setting the Harbor Bar on its feet if it stretches you in your coffin?"

"Would you care?" he asked with an appearance of indifference.

"Don't you know?" She looked at him squarely. "Don't you know, honestly, Mark?"

"Wouldn't you like to be a wealthy widow?"

She shook her head. "That's not funny."

A queer little pain clutched at her heart. "Nothing matters but people, Mark. You and I, we're only got each other left."

"Poor little Patsy," he whispered.

"I'm not poor," she said stoutly. "Not while you keep me as first mate."

In the days that followed the skipper and his mate were no nearer port, but at least they pulled together, and though the outlook at the Harbor Bar was no better, the atmosphere changed. Patsy could be heard humming as she ran up and down stairs, Alphonse noted that the Chief ate almost half of what was put before him. Burton found that Patsy could still dance better than any of the clients, and several people reported that Mr. and Mrs. Cayner could be seen together every morning at the swimming pool.

But business continued to decline, and within a few days, the problem of the waiters' wages would once more confront them. Then at last Patsy had an idea.

For her purpose she chose an inconspicuous little frock, and pulled a soft felt

hat over her curls. It half hid her face and cast a shadow on the lips that were learning to smile again. It was absurd. Things at the Harbor Bar looked as black as ever, but there was a song in her heart.

She ran lightly downstairs. She went into Mark's office for a moment before she left.

"Hello, where are you going?" He stubbed out his cigarette. "Can't I come, too? I've balanced the books and I've counted the customers and I've sacked the swimming instructor. Isn't that a day's work?"

"You can't come," she said lightly. "I shall be back to dinner. Francois says we'd better eat a lot of salmon because it won't keep, and no one will order it. In fact, he says, all our diners seem to be dieting."

"I hope they die of under-nourishment, then."

"Not till they've paid their bills. I won't be long."

"No, but, seriously, where are you going?"

"I shan't tell you. At least, not yet. You've got to trust me."

"I do." He stretched out a hand. "Come and say good-bye." She took his hand and came and stood by him. "Do you know, Patsy, you've never kissed your lawful husband except on your wedding day and at Sir James' orders? Do you remember?"

"Perfectly."

"Shouldn't you repair the omission?" His words were light, but the grey eyes pleaded his cause.

Unhesitatingly she bent towards him and kissed him softly on the lips. "Good-bye, my dear."

"Good-bye, my little love," he whispered, so low that she barely heard.

She hurried out of the room, and the world seemed suddenly very exciting. She ran lightly downstairs and out to the garage. She wore so smiling a face that Alec commented on the fact.

"Well, you look like a bit of good news, Miss—I mean mum—" he said, as he brought out her car. "Who's left you a legacy?"

"None."

"Well, I wish it would do the same for this dump."

"You're not to call the Harbor Bar a dump."

"Well, mum, I don't suppose the Chief would be sorry to see the last of some of us. I've heard of a job in town. Do you think—?"

"I can't advise you," she said shortly.

"You must ask the Chief."

BUT somehow Alec had cast a tiny shadow on her happiness. The Harbor Bar must succeed.

She turned her car in the opening of the Good Pull Up and parked between a Rolls and a Sunbeam. It was tea time, and dancing was in full swing. She took a table in a far corner, and looked about her. She'd find the server. Why should this roadhouse have stolen all their custom? It couldn't be better run than theirs; they hadn't a second Mark to combine efficiency and inspiration.

"I'll take the tea, please."

She cast a critical eye over the food, over the scenes and the exits. Nothing there that they didn't supply better. At the Harbor Bar the cakes were lighter, the scenes had more butter, the napkins were linen, not paper, the china was a gayer pattern, and there was always lemon supplied unasked—in these days of slimming so many women avoided milk.

She watched the service. The little maids were adequate, but they were not as deferential as confidential, as quick as the waiters at the Harbor Bar.

She studied the decoration. It carried out the idea of the name. There was something suggestive of the old chop house,

wooden tables with partitions, mob eyes on the girls, but the thing was only done half-heartedly.

The garden was visible from the window. Their pool she judged a little bigger, they had the same number of tennis courts. What was it? Did they sell drinks after hours? Well, that wouldn't fill the place at tea-time. Pass dope? The clientele looked extraordinarily healthy and respectable.

Her eyes wandered to the orchestra, and here her attention was arrested. Hitherto she had only listened to the music, and it was not as good as the music supplied by Mr. Al Cox. But now Patsy studied the band leader.

He was a sinuous Argentine. His face was lean and dark and handsome. His body was slim and graceful. He was conducting a tango. He wore a little Spanish bolero and tight-topped trousers; as he conducted his little body moved in time to the music. He had his back to his men and his dark eyes searched the room in a grand melancholy glance. Every now and then his eyes met those of some woman and for a moment a wain smile hovered, and his sorrow seemed to be lit by a gleam of hope.

Patsy's own eyes wandered to the dancers. She saw the old miracle. The women swooned and gazed; they were lapped in soft, delicious sentimentality. "Just like me," thought Patsy, angrily, "all in love with a clever showman. All in love with a band leader."

So that was the reason why the car park of the Good Pull Up was always crowded, that was the reason why they could make no headway against the competition.

Then hot on this idea came a new realisation. They must get Terry back. Terry could beat this Argentine at showmanship and sentiment.

Terry must come back—but could she—dare she—suggest such a thing to Mark? Would not that put too great a strain on his new-born trust in her?

PATSY absent-mindedly speared an éclair. Mark had a good pupil. From force of habit she noticed that it was filled with custard instead of cream.

She sat on for a long time because she was afraid to go home. At the Harbor Bar she had to risk her new found happiness and Mark's new-born faith. It wasn't pleasant. All that she had built up with pain and patience would be wrecked. This new Mark—distrustful, hurt, suspicious—would never understand.

For a time she wondered if the Harbor Bar were worth this sacrifice. She thought about it for so long that the Argentine conductor played a waltz and a fox-trot and crooned a little lament about his South Seas blues without managing once to attract her attention.

She wondered whether she should let their fortunes suffer and try to save their personal relations.

But she couldn't do it. She had a feeling that it wouldn't be fair. Mark must be given the opportunity to build his business anew, to win back his self-confidence. Besides, there was another consideration. If Mark didn't trust her now, their happiness was on too insecure a foundation. She must put it to the test—and behind it all was a faint hope that perhaps he would understand.

Reluctantly she paid for her tea. She didn't want to go back home. She had found what she set out to discover, but she was returning like one defeated. If it had been anything else in the world! She let the little car crawl along the by-pass.

Mark was in his office. He greeted her gaily. "We'll dine upstairs," he said. "I can't bear the sight of acres of empty restaurant a minute longer, and I've ordered you a chocolate soufflé."

It was so rare and sweet and precious that Mark should be gay—and Patsy knew that she was going to destroy his gaiety, she managed a smile. "I'll lose my figure."

"You'll regain it presently when we're out on the streets on a crust." He was conscious of a droop in her spirits. He looked at her anxiously. "Anything the matter, my dear?"

She pulled her self together. "Of course not."

"I should say, anything more than usual." He paused and looked blankly ahead. "I've even stopped saying that some day I'll make it up to you. Now I don't think that day will ever come."

"Nonsense, Mark. There's nothing the matter with me except that I'm too hot. I'm going to change."

"I'll follow you up in five minutes and hear all about this afternoon's secret expedition. Was it a success?"

"A success?" she echoed thoughtfully. "I don't know yet; but I shall know—quite soon."

HE caught her hand as she passed him. "Why don't you ever reproach me, Patsy?"

"What for, Mark? I've a flat of my own and a room with a view; about six square meals a day, and a handsome husband. What more do I want?"

He sighed. "I know, but I shan't say," he countered. "You're a great girl, Patsy. I shall always be in your debt. Make me more so. Run along and mix me a long, cold drink."

But she did not run. She walked slowly upstairs as if her feet were lead. Mark's laughter was in her ears. Mark was happy and she was going to hurt him.

On the table in the flat was a small registered parcel from a Bond Street jeweller. It was addressed to Mark.

"What on earth is it?" he asked, when he joined her later.

"Open it. I'm consumed with curiosity." Mark broke the sealing wax and tore off the white paper. A pale grey jewel case was revealed. Mark crossed the clasp and there on the velvet lining lay Eve Merrick's appliques. The warm light danced on the blue stones and every facet shone cold and hard.

Mark gazed as if fascinated. "Good God! Look at that!"

"Conscience money," whispered Patsy.

"W-what has she sent them for?" He searched among the papers. There was no card and the parcel was clearly addressed to himself.

"It's a gift," suggested Patsy. "She may have thought she gave you a raw deal and wanted to make amends."

"A gift—or a trick?" He picked up the necklace so that the light glittered wickedly on the stones. "This might be one more way of landing me in trouble." He put the necklace gently round Patsy's neck. As he clasped it behind, his hands lingered for a moment on the soft, white skin, where the hair grew in little curls on the nape of her neck. He stood back and looked at her. "Somehow they're cruel stones."

She laughed. "I look better in a daisy chain."

"Can't Eve frame up something to the effect that I stole them from her?"

Patsy took off the necklace. It was uncomfortable. It felt like a halter round her neck. She held it out to him. "I think perhaps she was sorry—when it was too late. You see, she loved you, Mark."

But Mark's lips were grim. "As a lioness loves her dinner." He laid the necklace back in the case. "I'm going to ring up the jeweller." He looked at his watch. "This is important enough to permit me to ring him at his home. We can't have thousands of pounds of sapphires knocking unclaimed about a road house."

The jeweller was able to throw some light on the matter. Before going to America Lady Merrick had had a copy made of the jewels, and had left instructions that the originals were to be sent to Mr. Gaynor without any card. In response to Mark's inquiry the jeweller expressed his willingness to buy back the stones.

"That," said Mark, as he hung up the receiver, "should provide me with a cast-iron alibi against theft, and the Harbor Bar with a little ready money."

The moment had come. She had got to tell him. Her heart beat very fast. He would be hurt; she knew it. He would be hurt and she would be to blame. She hated to deal him this blow. If only he would understand—

"We've got an immediate use for that ready money; the best possible use, Mark. I found it out this afternoon."

"What's that?" He picked up the drink she had mixed for him and stretched himself in the armchair. It would have been easier if he hadn't looked comfortable and happy and homelike.

"It's something I discovered at the Good Pull Up."

"That was where you were! Did anyone recognise you?"

"No. I behaved most discreetly. After all, you know, Burton never really got going with his publicity on my behalf."

"Burton will have to get going in a different sense soon. Well, tell me all about it."

"They were packed—mostly women, and the men that women bring in their train. You know what I mean. And plenty of middle-aged women, the kind that have money to spend."

"Well, how do they do it? What is their set tea?"

"Not so good as ours." She had a feeling that she was being cowardly, that she was putting off the evil moment.

"Have they better service?"

"No."

"Come on. Out with it. What's the big discovery?"

"The Good Pull Up appeals to women because—"

She faltered. She stopped. He gave her his undivided attention. He put down his glass and sat upright. "Because, What is it, Patsy? You look positively scared." He held out his hand and drew her towards him. "My dear, you were never scared of me even in the days when I was your Chief and you were my secretary. Why start now?"

She couldn't explain. She couldn't tell him that she hadn't had the power to hurt him, that in those days she wouldn't even have felt that it mattered much. So all she said was, "I'm not scared."

"Then out with it."

She swallowed hard. "The Good Pull Up have got a band leader, a South American; the women get a thrill. Tea is one-and-six, but the rapture is thrown in free. Al Cox couldn't flutter a heartstring."

"All of which means—?"

She plunged. She had a feeling that she was going down into deep waters. "Which means that we should get Terry back."

HIS fingers let her hand drop. There was a moment of silence, ominous, oppressive. Mark sat immobile, staring ahead. Then he got up abruptly and walked to the window and stood staring down at life's procession on the by-pass.

"I see," he said. "Your expedition was a success."

Patsy spoke fast. She had got to make the whole thing appear natural and businesslike. "This fellow doesn't play nearly as well as Al Cox; but what does that matter? Our customers wouldn't know the difference between a cello and a double bass."

But they know that Al Cox doesn't suggest glamour and romance. Terry did. You said so yourself. You called him the world's heart-breaker."

"I was right," he said softly. "Women will pay for that. With the sapphires we can afford his salary."

"And you know where he is?" Mark's voice was cool and level.

It was a count against her, but she supplied the information. "He finishes this week at Bourne-mouth. I saw it in that trade paper that Al Cox takes."

"I see."

"We could get on to Rosenbaum, his agent, anyway, and find out."

"You have it all planned."

Patsy had herself well in hand. Her tones were businesslike, no matter how troubled her senses. "Well, we must do something pretty quickly, surely. With our running expenses we can't afford to go on losing money week after week."

"You're right," he said bitterly. "We need the world's heart-breaker. I hope he'll keep sober this time. I'll go down now and look at Cox's contract, and I'll phone Terry's agent." He moved towards the door.

"But, Mark, your dinner—"

"Don't trouble. I'll get something later in the restaurant."

He crossed the room. Not once did he glance in her direction.

"But, Mark—"

For answer he closed the door firmly behind him.

Patsy dropped wearily into the big arm-chair. She couldn't cope. She was beaten. It was all very well for Mark, but what would it mean to her? She had begun to forget the world's heart-breaker. She had begun to smile again. Even the ruin of her fortunes seemed nothing when she and Mark were working happily together; and now all that would be undone. Mark would consider that she was as little worthy of his trust as all the others. Yet she couldn't resist. She was too tired and lonely. Terry would come and break her heart all over again.

SHE couldn't cope with things, she felt—and yet she had to cope. For the days brought their duties and she went on automatically doing her job, while she and Mark were studiously polite and distant and spoke only of the things that did not really matter: of the night's turnover, and the price of asparagus, of the new cloakroom attendant and the dismissal of the youngest kitchen boy. They spoke with the lips, but their hearts were dumb.

Patsy interviewed Terry's agent. Mark pretended to be too busy. In the old days she had often met Mr. Rosenbaum at the Harbor Bar. She had liked him because he seemed genuinely fond of his distinguished client.

"You know Chita has left England?" he asked.

Patsy nodded. "Terry told me."

Mr. Rosenbaum looked worried. "I'm not sure that it was the best thing for him."

"They used to fight."

"I know, but she kept him up to scratch. She was an artist." He paused. He looked across at Patsy. "You're his friend. He's told me, so I'm going to be frank with you."

"Yes?"

"Entirely between ourselves."

"Of course."

"Terry is drinking too much. I know. He always did, but now he's worse than ever. He's the kind of man that needs a woman to look after him. When he comes back to the Harbor Bar you must do that."

Patsy looked serious. "My husband thinks I've come out to engage a band leader, not to get a job as nurse. I can't undertake anything."

The old man leant across and patted her hand. "Oh, yes, you can," he said gently. "You can and you must—because you love him, because we all love him, because he cares for you and you have influence with him. You wouldn't like to see a fine young fellow like Terry slip downhill when you have the power to pull him up. I've loved that boy—bless me, ever since I handed him as a child prodigy. It's not so long ago. He'll always be just a kid."

"Rather a dangerous kid," she said rather bitterly. She was putting up a good defence. It was so much easier to harden her heart against Terry's advocate than against Terry.

"Dangerous?"

"To other people's happiness."

"Because he loves 'em and leaves 'em?" He looked across at her attentively. The dark eyes were significantly solemn. He emphasised his next words by bringing his hand down forcefully on his desk. "When he finds the right woman he'll settle down. But it must be the right woman. Then you'll see. Terry will be hers alone."

FOR a moment she hugged the suggestion to her heart, then, uncomfortable under his scrutiny, she reiterated. "I can't undertake anything."

"Listen, I'm not talking to you as an agent. I'm talking to you as a human being—"

Patsy looked at him gravely. "And I'm talking to you, Mr. Rosenbaum, not as a prospective employer, but as a woman. My husband isn't too happy about Terry's return. He's inclined to think that your protégé is a menace to the feminine population."

"Mark Gaynor." The old man smiled. "Your excellent husband, my dear, is a Juggernaut of the very nicest kind. He rides over everything with the best intentions, but without noticing what's under his wheels."

"That's not true," she said hotly.

"My dear Mrs. Gaynor, I've known him a great deal longer than you have."

"But perhaps not as well."

"You listen to me a minute. Quite rightly, and all in the way of business, he may give out that he doesn't care for Terry's return and hope thereby to subtract a nought from the figure on Terry's contract. Your husband is quite right. Between him and me this is a business deal. But between you and me this has to do with human hearts and that is something your good husband does not understand."

"You're quite wrong," Patsy was surprised at the strength of her own indignation. "My husband is much more sensitive and understanding than your band leader." She made a helpless little gesture. "It's not a thing we can discuss, is it?" She pushed back her chair. "You send up the contract. And I'll do what I can, but I don't promise anything."

He took her hand. "When you see Terry again, you'll do what I ask," he said confidently.

Terry was to resume his duties on a Monday. The money from the sapphires had been liberally used in splashing the news around. Already tables were booked and there was a new air of hope and expectancy about everyone at the Harbor Bar. It seemed almost like old times to hear the phone's incessant ring; to hear Mark giving his precise orders; to find Burton with a bunch of Press men in the bar; to see Francois puzzling how to give everyone tables on the edge of the dancing floor. It was like old times—save that Patsy had grown up; and Mark no longer laughed, and his temper which had been hot had grown icy.

And then—surprisingly quickly—it was

Monday. And there was Terry bounding up the stairs, two at a time, Terry smiling and flushed, standing before her in the office, Terry drawing her swiftly towards him and covering her face with his light kisses, Terry laughing and chattering, Terry with his heart-breaking smile and his gay voice and his easy flirtations—the Terry.

Terry in the flesh. And as Patsy looked at him she knew the truth at last.

"SWEETHEART, aren't you glad to see me? I've been all over the world, it seems, but here I am, back in port—here with you and Mark and Francois and a mess jacket! Say something, darling. Tell me you've missed me—tell me you love me—tell me I'm handsomer than ever. Tell me everything."

But Patsy could not speak. She stood quite still staring at the man she had loved. It seemed almost incredible that this should be he. She had begun to forget, and now here he was in the flesh—a little paler, a little thinner, with dark shadows under his eyes, and an air of dissipation new to him. Here he was and she felt nothing, absolutely nothing. When he spoke her heart made no answer. When he kissed her she was unmoved. Was it possible that all these weeks she had been breaking her heart for a man who did not matter?

"Patsy, why are you staring at me like that?"

She pulled herself together. "I'm sorry, Terry. It was surprise at seeing you again."

He laughed. "It should have been delight, darling." He perched on her desk and anchored her to him by catching hold of her frock. "How are you? Tell me everything. You look lovely, sweetheart, like the dew at morning or the stars at night. And how's marriage?"

Gently she tried to detach her frock from his fingers. "Fine," she said. "Let me get you a cigarette."

"Don't you stir. I wouldn't let you go, not even to fetch me the nectar of the gods—or a double Scotch—though Heaven knows I need it. Tell me, how's the Chief?"

"He's tired, Terry. He works too hard."

"Nonsense. He loves work. Bless you, the man's not like you and me. If he had a spot of leisure he wouldn't know what to do with it."

"Still, no one likes worry, and he's had more than his share of it."

"Worry! What has he to worry about with you here to look after him?"

MARK appeared at this moment. Terry jumped off the desk and came forward with outstretched hand. "Chief, how goes it?"

"Fine," said Mark automatically.

"Of course," Terry swung back to put an arm around Patsy. "Your child bride here has the nerve to tell me that you're worried. Ungrateful. After marrying the only girl I ever loved, you've nothing to complain about."

Terry meant nothing, but Patsy saw Mark wince. "Was I complaining?" he said.

"I should hope not."

"It's five to one," said Mark closing the conversation with an air of finality.

Terry took the hint. "Well, I'd better get my lads to their places and make sweet music for lunch."

"Your public is faithful. We haven't had so many bookings for weeks."

"Bless their silly faces. I'll go and drink to them first and play to them after. See you both later."

Mark stood by his desk rigid, fighting for self-control. But Patsy's heart was light.

She was cured of her old infatuation. Life was going to be easy from now onwards. She smiled happily to herself.

Mark noticed the smile and drew his own conclusions. But all he said was: "Fifteen tables booked. The world's heart-breaker still draws them."

"But don't you think he looks ill?"

"I didn't notice."

She paused for a moment, wondering whether she should tell him what Rosenbaum had said. Better not. Mark had worry enough already. Besides, it might prejudice him still more against Terry.

"It may be my imagination."

"You were right to get him back at any price." He paused and repeated the words: "At any price."

"I hope so," she said with sudden misgivings. Her radiance was dimmed.

"Terry will pull the business up."

"Yes."

"Yes."

BUT what else would he do? Would he again pull down the world about her ears? She saw him now not as a menace to her heart, but as one who might destroy Mark's trust in her. She was frightened. There was trouble ahead. She did not have long to wait. On the Saturday evening when the restaurant was well filled, Patsy was sitting alone in Mark's office finishing off his letters. It was a quarter to seven. She was thinking that in a few minutes she would have to go and dress, when she was interrupted by a knock. "Come in."

It was Benito Alfieri, Terry's first violinist. He put his head cautiously around the door. "You alone, Mrs. Gaynor?"

She smiled. "Quite alone, Benito."

"I-I didn't want to see the Chief. May I speak to you?"

As she looked at his troubled face she knew that something was wrong with Terry. She got up. "What is it, Benito?"

"You're Terry's friend, Mrs. Gaynor. He'll do things for you."

She nodded. "Where is he? It's a quarter to seven."

"He's in the bar," he said shortly. Then he spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "I can do nothing with him."

"How bad is he?"

He shook his head. "Very bad."

"I'll come."

They walked quickly down the stairs together. Benito had not understood the case. Terry was in the little room behind the bar, where the supplies were kept. He was slumped down, unconscious in a chair.

The bar-tender was anxiously explanatory. "It's not my fault, Mrs. Gaynor. Of course, he's had a lot, but it wasn't my place to stop him, and he seemed all right; and then—quite sudden like—he passed out on me." He sighed gustily. "The Chief'll skin us."

Patsy looked anxiously from the limp form to the bar-tender. "Can't you do anything?"

He shook his head. "Guess he'll have to sleep it off." He sighed again. "Saturday and all."

"It's ten to seven," Benito whispered anxiously.

"How long will he sleep?" said Patsy. The bar-tender was skilled in the ways of such as Terry. "You could wake him up in an hour and he wouldn't be his happy self—but he'd be sensible."

"I see. He could take over then."

"I saw the Chief go down to the kitchen," volunteered the bar-tender. "If we could keep him there."

"We can't," said Patsy shortly.

Benito shook a gloomy head. The two men gazed in dejection at the sleeping Terry.

Outside there was a rap on the bar counter. "Where's everybody? Where's that service?" It was Mark. Further concealment was impossible. He pushed his way past the counter into the little room and he stopped short at the spectacle that met his eyes.

"What's the matter with him?"

The bar-tender was almost tearful. "Just went like that, Chief—before my eyes, all of a sudden like. He was as sober as you or me, Chief, honest he was, and then one nip more and it's curtains."

Mark looked angrily at the recumbent figure. "He'd better sleep it off. Wake him at eight and send him up to me in my office. Come, Patsy. Benito, you'd better start the music."

Terry was left alone with the bar-tender. In the corridor outside Mark paused and turned to Patsy. "What were you doing there?"

"They fetched me."

"They'd no business to fetch you. What am I there for? Dealing with drunks is hardly your line of country. Who fetched you?"

"Benito. But it wasn't his fault."

"Why not?" he countered. "They knew where I was."

Her temper was rising. "They were afraid, because you shout at them—just as you're shouting at me. But I'm not afraid." She pressed her quivering lips together. She faced him squarely. "It's no use shouting at me."

Suddenly his anger died. "I'm sorry, Patsy. I'm unreasonable. You were all doing your best—all except Terry." His face hardened. "Terry has let us down."

Patsy was afraid to plead Terry's cause. She changed the subject. "We'd better go and have dinner, Chief."

Afterwards, on a plea of letters to finish, she accompanied Mark up to his office. There would be a storm, and only she could control the situation. When Terry appeared he was pale but unrepentant.

"Hello, Chief! Much too potent liquor you keep in your bar. Knocks an innocent like me quite cold."

Mark did not pay any attention to this pleasantry. He looked straight across at Terry and his tones were measured and even. The anticipated storm did not break. It was something more ominous. Each word had a sledge-hammer weight.

"I've thought it over, Terry. We can't go on like this. I can't afford it. I've had a dozen complaints already to-night. This is the last time. Once more and you and I are through. I've instructed them at the bar not to serve you any more."

"What?"

"You heard me. I'm paying you a very large salary. While you are here I insist that you keep sober. You can save enough to drink yourself to death when you leave."

TERRY gave Mark one indignant look. "Have a heart, Chief. It's easy for you to be superior. You're never tempted. You never look upon the wine when it is red, or the women when they are dewy-eyed. You never fall."

Mark was playing with the paper knife on his desk. Patsy heard it crack between his fingers. Then he raised his head. "We won't discuss it." He got up. "Only remember the next time is the last. Now, are you fit to take over?" He crossed the room and put a hand under Terry's elbow. "We'll go down together. I told the clients that you had trouble with your car. Now I'll be able to tell them the happy news that you managed to get here."

Patsy watched them go, and presently she heard a gay little tune float up from the restaurant, and heard Terry's familiar

voice that once had plucked so painfully at her heart-strings. Now Terry was just a crooner like any other.

MARK was all that mattered. She knew now that she loved him—and perhaps some day he would love her. She could wait. Things would straighten themselves out. He would gradually realise that her only interest in Terry was for the custom he would bring to the Harbour Bar. She could wait. They had all their lives before them.

So in the days that followed Patsy waited patiently. Mark had withdrawn himself completely. It was as if their happy moments of intimacy had never been. He was the very polite and considerate employer. Absolutely impersonal, and consistently avoiding Patsy out of business hours.

She mustn't make a false step, she told herself—try to force things.

Although the bar-tender faithfully obeyed Mark's instructions Terry managed to get his drinks. Once Patsy met one of the page boys smuggling a bottle of whiskey up to the dressing-room, and once it was a waiter. The less conscientious of the "boys" were always ready to keep their leader supplied and, between performances he visited the Jolly Miller, half a mile along the by-pass. But on the whole he kept within bounds. He was often cheerful on duty, yet you could never exactly call him drunk. But Patsy was frightened. It was so easy to take one too many—especially for Terry—and Terry was still imperative to their success.

For success was on the way again. Business was coming back, slowly, but steadily. Old customers returned and declared themselves better pleased than ever. New customers came and decided that the place offered good value. And Mark worked and Patsy watched and waited.

It was the full before the storm. On a certain Thursday—early-closing day in most districts, and therefore good for business—Mark was obliged to go and see a Customs official down at the docks about a shipment of wine. He had left the Harbor Bar at teatime, saying that he hoped to be back before dinner.

Waiting had begun to be very hard, and Patsy moved about her duties vaguely depressed. The attitude of the staff had altered. They had come to regard Patsy not as a spy but as an ally. When the Chief was away they turned to her instinctively for orders. She had plenty to keep her busy.

She had stayed in the restaurant till the teas were finished. She liked to feel that she had something to do for Mark. She had made a tour of the grounds. Seen how many people were at the pool. Passed the time of day with a lonely colonel who was killing a spare half-hour at clock golf; and had then gone up to the office to polish off a few letters. At a quarter to seven she came down again to the restaurant. The invaluable Francols had everything ready, a few people were dining, and many more were drinking their cocktails. Benito Alfieri was sorting some music on the piano.

"Where's Terry?" Patsy asked casually.

"He's dressing, I suppose, Mrs. Gaynor. I haven't seen him since we played at teatime." He laughed. "Me—I had a siesta."

Tommy brought her a phone message. She detained him. "Run up to Mr. Terry's dressing-room. Say I want to speak to him. If he's not there, find him for me."

"Yes, madam." Tommy could be trusted on such an errand. It had a sleuthing quality which appealed to him.

Benito was telling her something about a new number. She was hardly listening. Ten to seven and Tommy had not come back. Eight minutes to seven—seven, six, five. There was Tommy now—alone.

"He ain't anywhere about the place, madam." Tommy was flushed from his exertions and a little proud to be the bearer of such exciting tidings.

Patsy looked quickly at Benito. "Do you hear that?"

"The pub along the road—the Jolly Miller."

"I'll go."

"The Chief?"

"With luck I'll be back first."

"I'll carry on here."

There was not a moment to lose. Patsy fled upstairs for a hat. As she passed the restaurant, on her way to the garage, she gave one last despairing look. Terry's "boys" were settling to their places and Benito was in command.

Alec had the car out for her in a jiffy. She sped along the by-pass, in and out of traffic, faster than she had ever driven before, ignoring rules of the road, shamelessly cutting in, vulgarly hooting every one else out of the way. She must—she must get back before Mark. Yet it was past seven when she drove up to the Jolly Miller.

The landlord belied the house's name. In the saloon bar he looked across at her sourly.

"He's all right," he said slowly. "You leave him to me."

"I can't," she said impatiently. "He's supposed to be at work at seven."

"You his wife?"

"What on earth has that to do with it? He'll lose his job."

"Then you're not his wife," he said triumphantly.

Patsy's fighting spirit was thoroughly roused. "If you don't fetch him this minute I'll shout for him and make a scene."

"All right—all right."

But at that moment Terry himself ended the argument by appearing at the door that led from the bar to the landlord's parlor. Terry, white and unsteady, but only slightly drunk.

"Patsy!"

"Terry, it's after seven."

"Good God!"

"Quick—I've got the car."

He was roused now to the necessity for action. He tumbled across the room, pushing the publican out of the way.

"Holy smoke! The Chief will have my life."

PATSY jumped in quickly and started the engine. "Mark is in town. With any luck we'll be back before him." She stepped hard on the accelerator.

"With any luck," murmured Terry, and for a moment he was silent, thinking. Patsy was too busy with the traffic to talk. "With any luck," he repeated. "Listen, Patsy—"

"Yes?" But her mind was on her driving. She must get back in time. Could she cut in before that lorry? She could. And did.

"You leave the whole thing to me. I wasn't canned—see? I'll tell him the tale. I'll make it quite all right. Don't you worry."

"All right," said Patsy breathlessly. "You say whatever you think best. I'll back you up." The speedometer showed sixty-five.

The Harbor Bar was in sight. Patsy swung the car neatly up to the front door. She raised her eyes. Mark was standing there waiting.

He looked at Terry. "Where have you been?"

"Now, I'm telling you, Chief," Terry jumped out. His voice was animated, laughing. "You go away and leave little bride to languish." He waved extravagantly in Patsy's direction. "Little bride and I went for an innocent country run. No drop of drink taken. Just fresh air and wholesome talk. But trusty car has a puncture which holds up little bride and yours truly"—he looked at his watch—"so that she later is twenty minutes late. Mustn't keep my public any longer, must I, Chief?"

Mark let him go without a further word. His eyes were on Patsy, who still sat at the wheel of the car. In his eyes was a questioning agony which she could not answer. She had promised to stick by Terry. She couldn't now tell the truth. She just sat dumbly at the wheel till Mark turned on his heel and went indoors.

LIKE one stunned, Patsy sat quite still at the wheel. Only the vociferous hooting of someone who wanted to draw up at the front door brought her back to her senses, sufficiently for her to swing the car into the garage.

"Lovely evening, madam," said Alec.

But she did not hear him. She was too busy with her own thoughts.

She walked down by the side of the garage to where a path led to the field beyond. She must get away by herself and think. She crossed two fields so that she would be out of sight and sound of the road house. She walked quickly till she reached the second stile. Then she sat down and started the painful process of reducing her thoughts to order.

What could she do? She had never felt so helpless in her life before. She couldn't go back on her word to Terry. If she did he'd be sacked.

Her thoughts went round and round. She looked across the quiet fields. It was high summer now and the birds no longer sang so lustily, but myriads of little creatures danced in the rays of the declining sun, and the swallows darted here and there, and in the long grass there were cornflowers and poppies and ox-eye daisies. Love in a cottage—she would have been content with so little. She lit a cigarette to keep the midges at bay and to clear her mind. Her thoughts came back to Terry. He was her only hope. She'd ask him to make a clean breast of it to Mark, to say that he'd lied on the spur of the moment. Mark couldn't sack him then. Mark was too generous.

She slipped off the stile. She felt better now that she had some definite line of action planned. She would speak to Terry right away. Of course he would see reason.

In the hall she scribbled a note: "Please let Benito conduct the next number. I must speak to you—Patsy."

She looked round the restaurant. Mark was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's the Chief?" she asked Alphonse. She trusted him most.

"I have not seen him since he came in—just before Mr. Terry started to conduct."

"Thank you, Alphonse. Would you give this to Mr. Terry?"

She waited. The tune drew to a close. Terry looked in her direction and nodded. A moment later he crossed the room.

"What's up now?" he said with a shade of irritation. "Have I got a hang-over? No one ever said a traw word than that the wicked pay for their misdoings."

"I must speak to you—but not here."

"Well, where? I can't be more than one tune absent. Having rescued me from the wrath to come, you don't want me to get in bad again, do you?"

Patsy looked about her desperately. There was so little privacy in the Harbor Bar. And

yet she didn't want to take him up to the flat. She wanted to be where she could be seen but not heard. She was growing cautious. No gossip should be able to report that she and Terry had gone off alone together.

"Let's go into the garden."

"Right. A breath of fresh air would not come amiss. I have a fevered brow that is no joke."

He followed her into the garden and flopped on the first bench. "Too exhausted to go further." He leant back and closed his eyes. "Go on, sweetheart. Spill the beans."

The moment did not seem to propitious, but she had no alternative.

"Terry, you've got to do something for me."

"Anything, sweetheart," he murmured drowsily.

"You've got to tell Mark the truth about to-day."

He opened one eye. "Don't be silly, darling," he said, and closed his eye again.

"No, listen, Terry, this is serious."

"I know it is, that's why I tell you not to be silly. We got away with it very nicely. Positively, I think he believed us."

"Of course he believed us," she said impatiently. "That's the whole point."

"Darling, respect my headache. Don't ask me to think. Point of what?"

PATSY'S temper was rising. She longed to shake him or slap him or tell him a choice assortment of home truths, but she restrained herself.

"The point is this—" she said deliberately. "Terry, are you listening?"

"All ears," he murmured, but he did not open his eyes.

"Here are all my cards on the table, Terry." She paused before the plunge. "It's like this—I love Mark—frantically—more than anything in the world."

"Lovely romance," said Terry sleepily. "Why didn't you tell me months ago—letting me waste my dulcet words of wooing on you."

"Because I didn't know, Terry. Once I thought I loved you."

"Darling, what made you change your mind?"

"Absence made the heart grow colder."

"And what does the Chief say to all this?"

"I don't know." She tried to answer honestly. "I—I think perhaps he cares for me a little; could grow to care for me a lot. But he's been let down pretty badly once. He's afraid to trust anyone now. He thinks that you and I—well, as you said yourself, he believed your story."

"I liked him for that. Showed a nice nature."

"Possibly, but now you've got to tell him the truth."

"As I said before, sweetheart, don't be silly."

"No, but listen, Terry; be serious for one minute. You wouldn't want to hurt Mark or me. If you don't tell him the truth anything may happen. You always said you were my friend, Terry. You must do this for me. You see, I can't. I won't go back on my word. Besides it would come more gracefully from you."

"Not on your life, my sweet!" Terry opened his eyes and sat up. "Between you and me, and those hollyhocks, things haven't been going too well lately. I don't want to lose my job."

"But you wouldn't. Mark isn't like that. He'd be so touched at your honesty, your generosity—"

"Terry in the confessional! Sweetheart, it isn't in my line."

"But, Terry—"

"Now listen, darling; don't be a little fool. Even if he thinks you were out with me, what does it matter? A man will forgive his wife anything, but his hand leader next to nothing. The Chief doesn't think I'm any gift from heaven, in the first place. If he heard the true story he'd do just what you say—white man forgives enemy. But the next slip I made, would I get the benefit of the doubt? I would not. Whereas with you it's quite different." He pinched her ear. "Anyone would forgive you anything. I even forgive you for not loving me. You go to him with your big-eyed innocence and your peaches-and-cream complexion—and, darling, who could resist you?"

"You won't do what I ask?" she said slowly.

"Now, my pet, when you've slept on it you'll see it's not a reasonable request." He got up unwillingly. "Lord, I'm all in. Tomorrow it will all look quite different. You'll see. I must go now and put in a spot of hard labor." He passed his hand before his eyes. "I suspect that The Jolly Miller sells a bad brand of whisky. You coming?"

"No, I'll stay here."

"Right. See you later, sweetheart. Be good, and let who will be worried."

In the garden beyond, people were laughing and talking. Patsy sat on. Her mind went uselessly round and round. She knew no way out. She had only one idea—an instinct to find Mark. He might be angry, but he would never be unfair or ungenerous, he would never be mean or spiteful. It was borne in on her that if she could find Mark somehow she could make him understand—somehow things would right themselves. She would rather quarrel with him than sit in this terrible isolation among the people who laughed and talked in the garden out there.

She got to her feet and moved towards the house. She paused on the threshold of the restaurant. Mark was not there. Henry, the young English waiter, did not know where the Chief could be found.

The office was empty. Mark's desk was very tidy, as if he did not mean to resume work till the morrow. Patsy climbed the stairs to their flat. It was silent. She knocked on the door of Mark's room. There was no answer. She went in slowly, half afraid. It had soldierly austerity and order. She looked around. The dressing-table caught her attention. It looked suspiciously bare—stripped even of brushes. Sheets of tissue paper lay on the bed. By the fireplace was a pair of shoe-trees. She pulled open the door of the wardrobe. Only an old tweed coat and a dozen empty hangers met her gaze. She pulled open the other side. Only a crumpled shirt, frayed at the cuffs, lay on a shelf beside a broken collar-stud and a worn tie.

Patsy stood looking hopelessly at these evidences of flight. Mark had deserted her. He couldn't cope either. He had run away. She had been right. Men weren't any great catch. She pulled the old tweed coat off its hanger and shook it angrily, just as she would have liked to shake the wearer. And then, suddenly, she knew that she couldn't cope either. She buried her head in the coat and dropped sobbing on the bed.

It seemed as if she had been crying for a long time when the telephone rang. She pushed her hair back, scrambled off the bed, and hurried into the sitting-room.

"Yes," she said, in a voice that was only a little uncertain.

"Mrs. Gaynor?" asked the telephone girl.

"Yes."

"Mr. Gaynor told me to ring you up at eight-thirty. He was called away. His apologies. He won't be back to-night."

"Thank you."

Patsy hung up the receiver. To-night—not to-night nor any other night. Mark had gone.

She stood quite still in the middle of the room, and then she squared her shoulders. She wasn't beaten yet. She'd show them. She'd make one last bid for happiness and the man she loved.

But with all the courage in the world, what was she to do next? How could she ever begin to look for Mark? He took no one into his confidence, he made no friends outside his work, he had no familiar haunts.

She powdered her face and picked up her hat. On second thoughts, she took a warm coat as well. She didn't quite know where she was going or how long it might take her to get there.

Downstairs, she questioned Alphonse and Francis, Alec and Mrs. Morley. No one knew anything. There was only one person in town of whom Mark had ever spoken—his lawyer. He had stood by him when Mark wanted a loan to buy the Harbor Bar shares. It seemed a faint hope, but Patsy headed her car in the direction of Mr. Hanson's private house in town.

The butler who opened the door looked grave and uninviting. "What name?" he said discouragingly. "I'll inquire if Mr. Hanson can see you."

"Mrs. Mark Gaynor."

The butler withdrew, taking with him the silver salver off the hall table, evidently under the impression that Patsy could not be trusted with the family plate.

When he returned, however, he had modified his attitude. "This way, madam."

He showed her into Mr. Hanson's study, where the old gentleman peered at her with benevolent curiosity. "Well, my dear, all your family are calling on me to-night."

"Mark has been here, then?" A little sigh of relief escaped her.

"Very much so. He disturbed my dinner with his insistence that I should attend to his legal affairs—after hours, mark you. Now, I hope you don't want me to draw up any deeds or transfer any property..."

Impatience got the better of her manners. She interrupted. "Where is Mark, Mr. Hanson?"

"Well, my dear, at the moment I couldn't rightly say. About Rugby, I should think."

"What do you mean?"

He smiled at her in fatherly fashion. "You had a little tiff, eh? I always tell Mark he'll lose by that temper of his. Seems to me he's lost something very charming this time, my dear."

"But where is he?"

"I've got a letter for you. It's to be posted to-night so that you shall have it to-morrow morning. Then you'll know all about it."

"Please give it to me now."

"Oh, no. I'm only a lawyer; I have to obey my instructions."

THEN Patsy used her last weapon. Her face and her lips trembled. "Please," she sobbed. "Please. You love Mark. So do I. You want to see him happy. So do I. Please give me his letter."

The old man softened. "Very irregular," he muttered. He drew the letter from his inside pocket. "I shouldn't do this."

She took it quickly and walked away from him and stood by the desk lamp and read: "My little love,

"When you get this I'll be on the Atlantic on my way to Canada. I'm deserting you, Patsy, so that you can divorce me and marry the man you love. Let old Hanson do the tiresome legal business. He's honest. I've got all the shares at last, and I've signed a deed of gift so that you're now the proprietress of the Harbor Bar—and it's once more on the up-grade, thanks to you. Please be happy, Patsy, and then it will all have been worth while.

"Mark."

The old man was talking to her. Gradually she awoke to the sense of what he was saying.

"... he thinks the world of you. I told him it was all dam' foolishness, that no woman was worth it, but he wouldn't listen to me." The old man chuckled. "Said you weren't like any other woman. They all say that, and then twelve months later they're coming to me to arrange a divorce. Poor Mark! After killing himself to get hold of that place—"

Patsy couldn't wait. "Where does Mark sail from?"

"Liverpool—the Semiramis—in the morning."

Patsy did not take a ceremonial farewell. "Good-bye. I—we—we'll see you when we get back to-morrow."

"Excelsior Hotel," he called after her and chuckled happily.

THE butler was astonished when he saw her rush through the hall into the car. He was glad after all he had put the salver out of her reach.

Patsy drew level with the first policeman at the corner. "How does one get to Liverpool?" she asked.

"Liverpool Street?"

"No, Liverpool."

The astonished policeman rose to the occasion. "Go out by the Barnet by-pass, miss, and head north, for St. Albans. Then follow your bonnet. You'll see the signposts."

Patsy did not stop to thank him. She headed north. All through the long night she drove steadily, and her preoccupation in finding the way excluded all other thought. The roads were empty. She kept steadily on, making good time. It was half-past five in the morning when she entered the city.

The clerk at the desk of the Excelsior was used to strangers arriving at all sorts of times.

"Mr. Gaynor, madam? Room 103. He sails early. Shall I telephone up to see if he's awake?"

"No, I'm Mrs. Gaynor." She pushed her driving licence under his nose to establish her identity. "I'll go up."

The lift boy shot her up. "Down the corridor on the right, madam," he said.

Now that she had time to think, Patsy began to be afraid. She walked slowly to Room 103. It was very early. The grim, cold light of morning was unfriendly. She knocked softly.

"Come in," Mark sounded wide awake.

He did not turn. He was standing fully dressed by the window. "Put it down," he said.

"Mark!"

He swung round. "Patsy!" he gasped. "Patsy! What in the world are you doing here?"

She did not move any nearer into the room. "I came to ask you a favor." Her voice trembled.

"Anything," he said quickly. "You know that. I'd do anything in the world for you."

"I came to ask you not to 'desert' me."

"Not to—"

"You see, I love you."

"Patsy!"

"I've always loved you. Only I didn't know it at first, and you didn't know it later on." He came across to where she stood. "But now we both know it together," he said, and he gathered her into his arms.

"Over the harbor bar and in port at last," she whispered.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.)

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